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Prince Rupert in the Making

By ERNEST CAWCROFT

From the Bookkeeper

THE modern captain of industry has achieved another triumph in undertaking to make cities to order. The creation of a city in the ancient world involved the problem of conquering and defending a pivotal site; the location and development of a metropolis in the days of our revolutionary forefathers was the combination of possibilities and circumstances; but the past fifteen years have been signalized by the making of cities to order either to gratify the pride of an autocrat, or to meet the necessities of modern business.

It is a trite truism of history that mankind tends to follow the water-courses of the earth. The ocean afforded the first open sea, inviting the adventuresome traders of all nations; then the rivers led men along definite routes of exploration, tempting them far into the interior of unknown continents because the voyagers were confident that they could return home by the same route; and the inland lakes became the basis for operations designed to secure vast tracts of the new continent for the exclusive dominion of the white race. During the days of Venetian commercial supremacy, the trade which flowed to that centre of life followed the Mediterranean Sea; the

ancient world boasted of no great city like Rome unless a river Tiber afforded a means of influx and egress; without the Thames London would not have become more than a thriving village, rather than the distributive centre of the earth. The Hudson River flowing into the sea furnished the basis for the commercial supremacy of New York city; the Great Lakes became the basin for the rich wealth of the west in the early days of the republic; and when the people of New York state showed their sagacious sense by connecting the Hudson with the Lakes through the construction of the Erie canal, they simply multiplied the number of advantageous locations open to the settling sons of men. Mankind followed this artificial waterway and a chain of cities resulted. The Merrimac furnished water power and Lawrence and Lowell became the textile centres of the nation; Duluth became the famed city of the unsalted seas because it was located at the head of Lake Superior. The number of cities which afford illustration of this historical truism may be multiplied without limitation. The racial principle still prevails in shaping the commercial destinies of the continent; but it has been supplemented



TEMPORARY BUSINESS STREET AT PRINCE RUPERT

or modified by the power which steam placed in the hands of the railroad magnate to promote the arbitrary location and development of cities to meet the demands of particular business enterprises.

The cities of the seaboard are destined to retain their commercial supremacy. The ocean invites the competition of all men; there can be no monopoly of routes and the existing cities of the sea reap the benefits of that fact. But in the growth of existing cities and in the location of newer communities on the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific, the railroads of the continent are to be the determining factors. The complaints filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by the commercial bodies of rival cities relative to differentials are an evidence of the fact that the future growth of existing cities is in the sole hands of the railroads subject only to government regulation. But the self interests of

the citizens of these rival cities assures an adjustment of this situation; and hence it becomes of more decided interest to witness the movement to select this or that location out of many available sites as the terminus of pending railroad or waterway projects.

The nations are racing to the open, warm water ports of both oceans. Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay, nearer to the wheat fields of the north than any other seaboard point on the continent would be the metropolis of the New World, were there no ice floes in the bay during seven months of the year: New Orleans and Galveston are becoming the export centres for western grain because the warm water of the Gulf of Mexico affords points of export open to ships of the world for twelve months of every year. The needs of the people of Russia, similar in effect to those of the inhabitants of the American

PRINCE RUPERT IN THE MAKING



THE FIRST DOCK AT PRINCE RUPERT

north-land, impelled the Czar into war with Japan. Prompted by the political will of Peter the Great, the Russians have ever sought the warm water ports of the south, whether on the yellow seas by force or along the Black Sea by skill in diplomacy. This racial tendency resulted in the making to order of Dalny, that wonderful city of the Russian littoral in Asia, just as the needs of the United States Steel Corporation led to the upbuilding of Gary on the Indiana shores of Lake Michigan. Colon has been modernized because it was needed as a canal terminus, and La Boca will be of commercial and strategic importance when it becomes the Pacific terminus of the Panama water way. Thus it is evident that in every part of the world the hand of the magnate may be seen modifying or supplementing the racial tendency to follow the water courses of the earth.

Once man located at a given point because he reached that spot in his sailboat, because the drinking water was wholesome, or the firewood available in quantities. To-day he is moved by somewhat similar considerations, but to a larger degree; but this mastery of his necessities is enlarged through the development of land transportation facilities. In other words, the railroads enable him to select the best of many sites on ocean, river and lake, which appeal to him as wholesome places to live and work from an economic and scenic standpoint.

The truth of this argument finds support through the location of a railroad city at Port Simpson on the Pacific Coast. Prince Rupert is the appropriate name given to this city which is being made to order. It is planned to create a commercial pivot, through the meeting of the Grand Trunk Pacific with the waters of the Pacific, which will be a fitting

monument to Prince Rupert and his associate gentlemanly adventurers, who took title to the soil of the western provinces in the name of their king and in the interests of their Hudson's Bay Company. The success of other cities on the Pacific coast, which have been made to order through the concrete application of the plans of the vigorous railroad magnates, assures the rapid completion of the work now under way in the upbuilding of Prince Rupert.

Every railroad must have a starting point and a terminus. The starting point in the past was and is to-day determined by the pivotal location of lake and ocean harbors. In the early days of railroad construction, the railroads followed the population which had located along the waterways before steam was applied to transportation; to-day the people follow the transcontinentals, rapidly filling the virgin lands opened to settlement through the laying of the steel highways. The former fact is illustrated by the existence of the Grand Trunk connecting in the east with Montreal and Quebec on the St. Lawrence and with Halifax on the Atlantic seaboard. These pivotal connections enabled the railroad to import European immigrants and in turn to export grain to the hungry cities of Europe. But once the starting point is predetermined, the terminus may be one of many available sites, particularly in view of the latter day willingness of population to follow the railroads and to inhabit the made-to-order cities of the transportation magnates.

To-day the Grand Trunk is working in conjunction with the Dominion Government for the purpose of constructing a transcontinental which will traverse the rich lands of the western provinces and connect with advantageous eastern terminals. It was clear to statesmen and railroad engineers alike, that

this quasi-governmental line must connect with the eastern depots of the Grand Trunk, thence tap Fort William and Port Arthur as the grain centres of the Dominion at the head of Lake Superior, and pass perforce through such strategic distributive centres as Winnipeg and Edmonton. But when the survey reached Edmonton and when the engineers were no longer led westward by the course of the waters of the fertile Saskatchewan valley, the matter of routes became a subject of interesting study. It is true that far beyond Edmonton the Indian hunters have continued to find valuable furs and that Hudson Bay missionaries continue to tell of the mining and agricultural possibilities of the Peace river country.

But the engineers and statesmen were confronted by the triple problem of selecting one of the several routes which complied with certain test conditions. In the first place, the engineers had to find a pass through the Canadian Rockies, just as the surveyors of the Canadian Pacific were compelled to spend two years in finding and working their way through the now famous Rogers Pass; then in taking the line through the country and over the grades of the Rockies, it was necessary to strike a deep and warm water port on the British Columbia shores of the Pacific. The engineers were checked on the other hand by the necessary demand of the statesmen that the railroad pass through fertile land, whose climate and summer sunlight invited the cultivation of the ambitious and adventuresome sons of both continents. Two years of work enabled a thousand young surveyors to combine their brains and brawn in meeting this demand. The Grand Trunk Pacific leaves Edmonton and the headwaters of the Saskatchewan to traverse the lake of the Peace river region, the territory adjacent to the famous Atha-

PRINCE RUPERT IN THE MAKING



TEMPORARY RAILROAD HOTEL AT PRINCE RUPERT

basca Landing, through the picturesque White Horse Pass, affording a lower grade over the Rockies than any other road in the United States or Canada, and thence down through the thickly timbered lands of British Columbia sloping to the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

And in approaching the waters of the Pacific the surveyors sought a harbor which combined depth of channel with surrounding hills to protect the promised city from the storms of the Pacific and from the guns of a possible Asiatic enemy. There at Port Simpson they found a bay of the Pacific which conforms to these conditions. A glance at the map of British Columbia shows that Port Simpson is five hundred miles north of Vancouver, the city which was created twenty-two years ago as the terminus of the Canadian Pacific railroad, and that the desirable harbor upon which Prince Rupert is located is nearer the Asi-

atic mainland than any other point which juts into the Pacific from the continent of North America. Situated on an estuary which to a degree is similar to the formation of the Clyde in Scotland, surrounded by forest-covered hills between which a navigable river flows and rendered defensible as a commercial and naval base because of the adjacent position of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the site of Prince Rupert as the terminus of a new transcontinental will inevitably impel the development of a metropolis of the Dominion.

The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific along the route described means that a steel avenue for the timber and grain of the north will be provided between the Atlantic and Pacific. The lumber of British Columbia will be removed eastward to the cities of the Atlantic, while the grain will be distributed in both directions along this route

to the bread centres of the continent. The arrival of the Canadian Pacific at the forest-skirted site now known as Vancouver signalized the creation of a commercial city within the following decade, and in the same sense the coming of the Grand Trunk Pacific to Prince Rupert implies that preliminary preparations must be made for accommodating the commerce and the passengers moving from the Occident to the Orient. The pivotal fact should not be overlooked that the Grand Trunk Pacific will afford the quickest route for mail and passengers between London and Tokio. And why? Simply because the railroad moves faster than the steamship the trains will meet the European ships on the eastern point of land extending into the Atlantic, while the harbor of Prince Rupert is nearer to Asia than any other site on the continent. The long rail haul is an assurance of speed and thus it is evident that this new railway and the commerce destined to pass through Prince Rupert are to play a distinctive part in cementing anew the ties of the British Empire.

Trade is headed for Prince Rupert in the same sense that it inevitably flows to Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver. The city is to be placed just in the convenient way of a commercial movement. The transportation leaders, no less than the people of northern British Columbia, have not overlooked this essential fact. To-day preparations are being made for the export and import commerce which will follow in the wake of the completed Grand Trunk Pacific two years hence. In other words, this day Prince Rupert becomes a city in the making.

Nor is Prince Rupert to be founded on ordinary village lines in the hope that the years will provide the spirit and characteristics of a metropolis. The town is not going to be permitted

to grow from a village into a metropolis. This made-to-order city is to start life upon a metropolitan basis. The exigencies of railroad development assure this happy consummation.

And are not the reasons for this clear to the thinking mind? When the Grand Trunk arrives on the shores of the Pacific at Prince Rupert, it must have freight and passenger business. Tourists cannot be led this way to the Orient without an assurance that the accommodations at the point of departure are excellent; and freight cannot be handled at a profit unless the point of export or import is supplied with every mechanical device to facilitate the cheap and expeditious discharge of large cargoes. Thus the railroad men responsible for the location and development of Prince Rupert have made it clear that the town will be laid out on a metropolitan basis. This means that first-class hotels and paved streets will be provided for the prospective globe-trotters; while cranes, large docks and every mechanical appliance will be afforded to promote the movement of cargoes from the cars to the ships of the Pacific.

To-day the traveler in visiting Prince Rupert by means of the steamships plying between the cities of Puget Sound and Alaska is impressed by the evidences of industrial activity which characterize the coming metropolis. Two years ago only a saw mill and the tents of the surveyors indicated the site of the city now making to order. To-day the docks which are being extended to line each side of the deep narrow harbor; the ships and government schooners which pass in and out of the harbor; the more substantial buildings in course of construction under the direction of the representatives of the Grand Trunk Pacific, are the forerunners of the bustle and metropolitan energy

PRINCE RUPERT IN THE MAKING

which will mark the town when the first transcontinental moves through White Horse Pass and down to the Pacific two years hence.

The construction of this city-to-be has attracted the attention of the globe trotter, the real estate speculator and the adventure-some from many lands. But while those types of humanity serve to give color and zest to the rapidly growing community, they are not being allowed to exploit the city at the expense of the future interests of the region. There are to be no narrow lanes running through Prince Rupert because a few speculators are not willing to undertake adequate and scientific surveys; there are to be no shacks which will remain as a vested interest to menace the town by fire and mar the architecture of the place; and the epidemics arising through faulty sewerage and bad water will not arise in connection with this city

as in the case of many similar municipal sites, because a wholesome supply will be tapped by the railroad at the outset. A city which is to be the export centre of a transcontinental railroad and the point to which the steamships of the Orient will converge will reap a decided commercial impetus because of the existence of a sanitary port from the beginning of municipal life.

The architectural defects of the cities of the republics of the world are well known. Only a Czar can plan and build a Dalny; only a United States Steel Corporation is able to lay out a Gary on a plain of land with streets running at right angles and every municipal device designed to aid in the upbuilding of the place as an industrial centre; and no successor of the autocratic Napoleon has dared to make the marked changes in the street lines which the First Consul made in his capital in the interests of the archi-



THE HILLS SURROUNDING THE HARBOR

tectural beauty of Paris but at the expense of the vested property rights of the citizens. The problem therefore, confronting the friends of municipal development, in a day when the courts afford every protection to the rights of the abutting property owner, is to lay out and promote the growth of a city on broad, expansive lines. Happily, this is possible because the Grand Trunk Pacific has retained the title to the site of Prince Rupert which it gained from the Dominion Government; and when the available city sites are placed on the market next September, the broad streets of the city will have been marked, the sewers will have been placed and those safeguards will have been established which are preliminary to the expansion of the community along metropolitan lines without a few individuals profiting at the expense of the general welfare. Hence the student of municipal government may look forward to the completed Prince Rupert as a type of community growth along deliberate and sound lines.

There is history to be made during the next twenty years with Prince Rupert as the pivot of human activity. Little did the men who first reached Vancouver on the Canadian Pacific realize that the path which they trod down to the sea would become the Hastings street of brick and pavements within ten years thereafter. Vancouver had to divide the glory of rapid growth with the other cities of the Puget Sound region, and it is in that sense that Prince Rupert will enjoy a distinction altogether unique. The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific

will force the growth of Prince Rupert and the existence of the railroad and the city will in turn force the establishment of another line of steamers plying between the Orient and North America and in fact the project is already announced; no less will the extent of the international and coast commerce, which will centre around this harbor under the shadow of Alaska, make the place of strategic naval importance. A glance at the map, with particular attention devoted to the location of Queen Charlotte Islands, will show the reader that Prince Rupert has the advantages of the seaboard without being deprived of those natural sources of defense from attack, which are an unconscious factor in the development of every metropolis.

To Hawaii by way of the Panama Canal and to Japan by way of the Peace river and Prince Rupert, will be the next call made to those whose feet are moved by the spirit of the wanderlust. The rapid construction and near-by completion of waterways and transcontinentals foretell the growth of commercial pivots along the whole Pacific Coast from La Boca at the mouth of the Panama Canal to the frost-bitten harbors of Alaska. The geographical location, the warm Japanese current, the inevitable commerce which must follow the steel avenues of trade, and the tendency of mankind to move along the lines of least resistance, in this age in Pullmans but in a previous century in river boats indicate that Prince Rupert will become one of the most important links in this new chain of commercial emporiums.



SAILING AT SUNSET

A Canadian Photographic Genius

By G. W. BROCK

Illustrated from Photographs by the Subject of the Article

GENIUS is a great gift. Its possessor should not be proud, but grateful. To be arrogant over an attractive face, a splendid figure, a rugged constitution or genius reveals weakness rather than strength. The majority of people, who use a natural talent wisely and well, are thankful for such a special endowment, particularly if it manifests itself early in life, and they have the means of cultivating and developing it. Inborn powers, that fructify in the morning of one's career, mean much to the possessor. Opportunities open and genius marches along life's highway to the attainment of success, the realization of ambition or the gratification of an ideal. Thus brilliant men and women, owing to

a favorable start, created by faculty and facilities, have gained a considerable lead on their competitors in the literary, business, scientific or professional world. Near the end they have now and then discovered that they have to reckon with some one who, at the outset, was not thought to be a dangerous opponent—whose powers and prowess had not been proclaimed. In the political arena the unknown—the newly awakened—contestant is termed a dark horse. Not only have men of latent talent and signal ability been discovered in mid-life, but they have often passed the meridian of their allotted days before they have discovered themselves or learned what is in them. They have, perhaps, just begun to comprehend



THE GREAT TEMPTATION

that "a man's best things are nearest him, lie close about his feet," or, with Benjamin Disraeli, believe "the secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes."

All victories do not belong to youth; neither do the greatest achievements come to the aged. Benjamin Franklin did not begin his philosophical experiments until after mid-life, and the great Lincoln himself did not crown his matchless career until he was fifty-three years of age, when he emancipated the slave, Cromwell, Galvani, Milton, Goethe, Angelo, Palmerston, Bismarck, Longfellow, Bryant, Whit-tier and many others accomplished most in and after mid-life. Some had no knowledge of talent; they had failed in other lines.

It is not necessary to go outside of our own country or province to find examples of men, eminent in their profession, who, a few years ago, were not aware that they had aptitude or fitness for any special line.

Less than a dozen years ago in the seaport town of Goderich, Ontario, there was a photographer with no mightier mission than making a living and giving his customers satisfactory service. He never dreamed of anything beyond a local reputation—was not cognizant that he could do anything more.

To tell the plain truth, he started the study of photography by accident—as a means of making a living. He might, if an opening had come along, have been a carpenter, a druggist, or a machinist. Leaving his father's farm in Huron county, one summer morning nearly 30 years ago, he walked into town, determined to get work of some kind. It mattered not what the employment was, so long as he secured a job. Seeing a sign in a studio window "Boy Wanted," he sauntered in and asked for a chance to learn the business which happened to be photography. After serving the usual apprenticeship, the youth—R. R. Sallows—began business for himself

A CANADIAN PHOTOGRAPHIC GENIUS

and for eighteen years he plodded along, sometimes doing more and at other times less than in the previous year. He was simply a rural "artist"—the term frequently heard—and there are dozens of them in every Canadian county. One afternoon Mr. Sallows took a stroll out on one of the many country roads leading to Goderich. He had no definite object in view any more than has the hunter, who, going to the woods, carries a rifle on the general principle that he may run across something worth shooting. Mr. Sallows had his camera. He thought he might see some object worth snapping and he did—a pretty domestic scene. He sent a proof to the Inland Printer of Chicago, more out of curiosity than anything else. When it was published and a credit line inserted under

the half-tone made from the picture, he was amazed. For the first time in his life he had permitted himself to wander from straight portrait work. Beyond the natural pleasure occasioned by seeing his production in the Chicago periodical, he thought nothing more of it at the time; but he does to-day. A few days after there flowed in from publishing and advertising houses all over America requests for samples. He practically had none of

the kind desired, but the latent talent in him—the ability to do special work of the highest character, which until now had been dormant—was aroused. The Goderich gentleman had discovered himself and incidentally been discovered. He now entered a new avenue—a vista of many viewpoints. Domestic scenes, pictures of rural life, views of nature in her wildest and love-

liest moods, hunting, fishing, boating, camping and outdoor pastimes generally came within the focus of his camera. He has received commissions from periodicals and art houses of the old and new world to such an extent that he is not able to keep up with the demand for his productions. Recently he made a trip to a lumber camp 150 miles west of North Bay, in the vicinity of Nairn, to



R. R. SALLOWS

procure views of life in the shanty for leading London publications. He still conducts the studio in his native town, but leaves portrait problems to others, while he devotes all his time to special work. The foremost American magazines and illustrated monthlies, railways and various other corporations have always been glad to accept his work at very high prices. Mr. Sallows has so far wandered from the usual that he knows instinctively what publishers desire and what will



SOLID ENJOYMENT

command the best figure. Any scene that affords a revelation of certain phases of rural life, peculiar tendencies or practices on the part of settlers, the development of human nature, the peaceful and picturesque in the great world about us—all find in him the means of wide and faithful portrayal. "What the publishers want," he remarked, "is something

around which they can build a story or tell a tale of the life and doings of the people. Anything out of the ordinary is always acceptable and the call constantly comes for more."

The ability of Mr. Sallows to take persons unawares, in their natural moods, at their common callings, or amid familiar environs, has resulted

A CANADIAN PHOTOGRAPHIC GENIUS



A BARNYARD TRICK



THE OUTDOOR OVEN



A FRIEND IN NEED

in imparting to his work, wonderfully natural and life-like qualities. There is an entire absence of that restraint, posing or stiffness frequently found in the photographs of persons, their pursuits and pleasures. Mr. Sallows

never takes a picture of an animated scene when the persons are conscious that they are being photographed. To this fact he attributes much of the success that has attended his labors in their realism and vividness.

Why Americans Fail in England

By LORD NORTHCLIFFE

From Printer's Ink.

YOU ask me why a number of American advertisers who have been successful in their own country have not met with a corresponding degree of good fortune in England.

I would point out that, as a matter of fact, there are a number of American businesses that are extremely prosperous. A business once established in England may be considered more permanent than anywhere else; that, we think, is a settled fact. The English are less changeable than any other people; but, on the other hand, they are not so easily captured.

Many of your business people who wish to establish themselves in England do not sufficiently survey the field, and, as a rule, do not send their best men.

People have come to me with letters of introduction, who have been sent over to open business in England, though they have never been out of the United States before, and have no idea of English customs, spelling or business habits. I have known them to come to London to introduce goods which are already over-produced in England. I have seen them send over tons of printed matter that, from lack of knowledge, was absolutely worthless, or less than worthless.

I remember one concern spending a great sum of money in advertising the fact that they were about to introduce American "shoes" to

England. No one could understand what they were after. A "shoe" with us means a low shoe; with you it means, I believe, what we call a boot. This is only one of many mistakes that I have seen made.

It is absolutely essential before entering the English market to have preliminary investigations made by one who understands British demands and British ways. The nature of the competition that will have to be faced should also be carefully ascertained.

A new-comer must also remember that the habits of the people in different parts of England vary much more greatly than do the habits of people in different parts of the United States. Scotland is in many ways entirely different to the North of England, and the North of England is again quite unlike the South. The hours and habits of business men vary considerably in various parts of the United Kingdom.

A common complaint made by the visiting American is that the heads of our business concerns are inaccessible. They are not inaccessible when the time comes for the discussion of business, but they very wisely avoid unnecessary business interviews, a principle that I notice is being followed in the United States much more than when I first made its acquaintance, fifteen years ago.

Our interviews are much shorter. The Englishman is said to be blunt

and brusque. He does not mean to be, but while he is at business he gets through as much as he possibly can. English business letters are much shorter than yours; you do not think yourselves courteously used if a business reply seems brief.

I do not think you can expect an American with less than a year's knowledge of England to make a very accurate survey of the field.

In regard to advertising, the situations are quite dissimilar; with you it is the evening papers that have great circulation; with us the morning journals, save in one or two parts of the North of England, where, as with you, the evening journal looks as though it may predominate. We have not your array of monthly magazines. We have practically no mail order journals, but we have hundreds of weekly newspapers and periodicals, each in their way valuable to the advertisers.

An American friend came to me eight years ago with regard to the introduction of his business into England, and asked my advice in handling a domestic commodity and necessity. It had been his intention to put the matter in charge of a gentleman in London who handled a considerable number of other specialties. I said to him: You would not dream of handing your Chicago business over to a middle man, and here you propose to do so with a population of 40,000,000 people. He thought it over, and, after adjusting his affairs, came to England himself, made a general survey of the country, and then selected one of the smaller towns for his experiment. I gather that he has made a large fortune, for he is now coming to England to embark on another venture, which I have no doubt will be as successful as his first.

Every country has its prejudices, its natural likes and dislikes, for many of which it is difficult to ascribe any reason. Many American

articles have failed in England for need of a little adjustment. In such small matters as the wearing of boots, for example. You wear light boots and in wet and cold weather put on "rubbers," or, as we say, "goloshes." Rubbers with us are regarded as something for old maids and curates; when they are mentioned it is a signal for laughter. You will remember that the Curate in the "Private Secretary" carried round with him a pair of goloshes and a bottle of milk. I do not see why the habit of wearing rubbers should not be made general in England, where we have more damp days than you, and are just as fond of catching cold.

It is useless, however, to try to force some things on people. The Pullman car, for instance, was a hopeless failure in England. I cannot tell you why, but the people did not like them. There are only one or two now running. But a modification of the Pullman car would, in my judgment, have been very successful.

Some years ago a man came to me with a letter of introduction, asking for advice as to whether he should open some "shoe-shining saloons." He had been through London once on his way to Paris, and had noticed that there were no "shoe parlors," as he called them. Here was a city, he said, with a population taken on a Chicago or Philadelphia basis of ten or twelve millions, where there must be a magnificent opportunity for such an enterprise. I pointed out to him that in England that kind of thing was done at home, and that if a person should appear on the streets with unbrushed boots, he would be regarded as far from respectable. However, my advice was disregarded. I understand that the shoe saloon was opened, and the proprietor gathered in about twenty customers a week.

Exercise That Rests

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

From *Cosmopolitan*

ONE of the oldest and truest of the Gallic gibes at the English was that they "took their pleasures sadly." *Matamus caelum non animum* ("We change our skies but not our temper"), and if old Froissart could comment on this hybrid Anglo-Saxon civilization of ours he would need to change only one word—we "take our pleasures strenuously." What else could be expected of a nation, one dominant influence in the founding of which had for its motto, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do?" In such an atmosphere idleness has come to be regarded not merely as a negative fault, but as a positive crime. Not even the rich dare to be idle, but are driven by public opinion to a perpetual round of busy foolishness, to make themselves believe they are doing something. Play must always be apologized for.

We have eagerly accepted and practised the Gospel of Work, but ignored the Gospel of Rest—save by postponing it to a future life. Indeed, any attempt to promulgate it in this world would have to reckon with the feeling that it was something almost immoral, and certainly against good public policy. Work, whether bodily or mental, is inherently virtuous and profitable, though occasionally dangerous in extremes. Rest, or to put it more frankly, idleness, is inherently immoral and injurious, though to be tolerated at times. One of our latest would-be philosophers has even lamented the irksome and humiliating necessity of wasting one-third of our time in sleep; and our "chew-chew"

friends propose to save half the time which we now waste in the coarse and unspiritual task of devouring our food. We have no time to live nowadays, only to work.

A decided reaction has set in, however, against this "strive, never grudge the strain" attitude, not only from an esthetic and hedonistic point of view, but more emphatically from a physical and practical one. On the one hand, we are learning from stern practical experience that it does not pay to work either ourselves or others too hard or too incessantly, if we want a high quality of product. On the other hand, our laboratory workers are piling up proof upon proof that all life, all activity, is emphatically rhythmic—a phase of activity alternating with a phase of rest, both phases being absolutely necessary to its continuance. The intenser the activity of the positive stage the longer and profounder the calm of the resting stage. They tell us emphatically that rest is not a mere breathing-space for recovery from action, a mere negative interval, but on the contrary a most positive one, during which are built up the energies which are to be expended in the next bout of work. In short, intelligent idleness is not only an important factor in success, but is as necessary as well-directed industry.

Take, for instance, such a classic illustration of incessant and unremitting activity as the heart. The "muffled drum" of its ceaseless beat has been one of the favorite metaphors for never-tiring, never-ceasing activ-

ity, work that cannot stop until death comes to its relief. Never will it rest save in the grave, we are dramatically assured. It is sad to destroy such poetic illusions, but to hold the stopwatch on this physiological little busy bee is to discover that, as a matter of fact, it is resting about thirteen hours out of each twenty-four. Even this eleven-hour day would, of course, disqualify it for joining any self-respecting labor union, but that is very different from its popular reputation of working twenty-four hours a day. The beat of the heart is a series of explosions, like that of a gas-engine or an automobile-motor, and the period of rest (diastole) is a period in which fuel is accumulated and prepared in its muscle-wall, just as gasoline-vapor and air are drawn into the cylinder of an automobile, to be used in the next explosion. Here, as elsewhere, periods of rest are really periods of concealed activity, and in one sense as much "work," and as important work, is done in our resting phases as in our working phases.

This is beautifully illustrated, in the case of the heart, in that as long as an abundant supply of fresh food-energy is brought to it by the blood, increasing the rapidity of its beat, it will, up to a certain limit, increase the work done. But this period has very definite limitations, and as soon as the rapid beating has continued for a moderate length of time, or the supply of fresh blood-fuel is interfered with, the rapidly beating heart begins to do less work than the slow one. The pulse of exhaustion and of weakness, for instance, is nearly always rapid, and the few drugs which will increase the work done by the heart are chiefly those which slow the beat and enable it to accumulate a reasonable amount of explosive force between its contractions.

Broadly speaking, the younger, the smaller, and the weaker individuals are, the more rapid will be their pulses; while the stronger and the more vigorous, the slower, within certain limits. Though other influences

are concerned in minor degree, it is significant, in this connection, that the child has a pulse of one hundred or more, the woman a pulse of eighty-five, and the grown man one of seventy.

Our forefathers stumbled upon a remarkably apt and significant word to express rest, or restful change of activity—"re-creation." For this is literally what is happening to our powers during apparent rest.

The other so-called incessant, or unceasing, activity of living bodies, breathing, is even more clearly and obviously rhythmic and alternating in character. We breathe about 18 or 20 times a minute, and of the three or more seconds consumed in taking each breath a little more than forty-five per cent. suffices for the active work of expanding the chest and producing the partial vacuum into which the air rushes. The remaining time is taken up by the falling back of the chest-walls under the influence of gravity, in driving out the inspired air, and in resting before the next inspiration.

Of course, all the open activities of the body, muscular and mental, undergo an eclipse of sleep for at least eight hours of the twenty-four. But even this is no longer regarded as merely a negative process, an interval for simple recovery from exhaustion. There are a score of physiologic facts to show that sleep is a positive process, a time of rebuilding, of recharging of the body-battery. Instead of its being analagous to death, it is during sleep that our bodies are more constructively and profitably alive—building up energy, accumulating capital to be spent recklessly during our waking hours. We save during sleep and spend when we are awake, and it is the latter which will bring us to bodily bankruptcy, not the former.

Another important, almost revolutionary, change in the scientific attitude toward work has come from the study of the nature of fatigue. Formerly it was, not unnaturally, regarded

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as a literal exhaustion of strength, a burning or using up of all the store of energy or fuel in our muscles. Now, however, we know that fatigue is simply the result of a form of self-poisoning. We are being suffocated and paralyzed by our waste products. To take a very simple illustration, if the leg-muscle of an anesthetized frog is stimulated by an electric current, after contracting rapidly and vigorously for some minutes, its responses will gradually become slower and slower until they cease altogether. The muscle, we say, is tired out. It, however, a current of normal saline solution (simple salt water) is driven through the muscle so as to wash it out thoroughly, and the electric stimulus is again applied, it will promptly begin contracting again. And this process can be repeated several times without any fresh food-energy being supplied to the muscle, although the periods of work will become shorter and shorter. In short, fatigue is due to the clogging of the body-engine by its own ashes and clinkers. A practical proof of this in the human body is the restful and invigorating effect of skilful massaging after violent and prolonged exercise. Scarcely a football team will take the field for an important game without being accompanied by one or more masseurs whose duty it is to thoroughly knead and rub and stretch every muscle in the players' bodies at its close. This will be found to make all the difference between waking next morning stiff and sore and rising almost as fresh and supple as ever. The explanation of the process is simply that by vigorous kneading, rubbing, and shampooing, the muscles are assisted to empty themselves of the fatigue-poisons, and circulation being at the same time stimulated these are carried away, to be burned up in the lungs, exhaled through the skin, or washed out through the kidneys. The well-known effects of a very hot bath in preventing soreness and stiffness after unusual or unaccustomed exer-

cise or exposure are another case in point. Here the heat stimulates both the waste-burning changes and the activity of the circulation through the muscles, and washes them clean of their self-poisons.

It is even being suggested by physiologists of repute that this process of fatigue-prevention may be carried a step farther, that by burning up or neutralizing these waste-poisons not merely after, but during, work itself, endurance may be greatly increased. The plan is simply to improve upon nature's great method of neutralizing these poisons by administering her own antidote, oxygen, in more concentrated form than it is contained in the air. Already Dr. Leonard Hill, a well-known English physiologist, has reported some remarkable improvements of endurance in long-distance running and other athletic feats, by allowing athletes to inhale pure oxygen at certain intervals from a flask carried with them. This is certainly much safer and much less objectionable than the prevailing method—which is far too common—of administering stimulants and narcotics in the last stages of endurance runs. As an ex-champion bicycle-racer remarked to me recently, "the first two days of a six-day race are run on your training and on food; the next two on your nerve; and the last two on champagne, cocaine, and other 'dopes.'"

This habit, by the way, is another illustration of the nature of fatigue. A drink of whisky or a small dose of cocaine or morphine will promptly remove "that tired feeling," not by adding any new strength whatever, but simply by dulling our nerves to the sense of discomfort produced by the fatigue-poisons and enabling us to stagger blindly on and use up more of our reserve energy. This is the chief secret of the danger of depending upon stimulants, so called.

But why does nature allow the body-engine to be clogged and "hot-boxed," as it were, in this apparently short-sighted and irrational way, long

before it has really exhausted its steaming power? A moment's reflection will show us; and this brings us to the most important and practical point in our new conception of fatigue, which is that it is a protective reaction on the part of nature, one of her greatest and most important danger-signals. In other words, when you are tired it is physically time to quit; that is nature's five-o'clock whistle. To disregard it is physically as irrational as to crowd on all steam and forge ahead when there is a hot bearing or a screeching axle.

But, it will be objected at once, this may be all very well as a matter of pure theory, but it is impossible, almost absurd, in practice. Here, however, comes in another important new discovery in regard to fatigue which makes the problem simpler and brings it within reach of practical solution. This is that each particular organ or tissue makes its own fatigue-poison, and that this, while disabling to the particular organ or tissue which produces it, is very much less so, and in some instances scarcely at all, to the rest of the body. This is why, within certain limits, change of activity rests us.

All life is, of course, chemical activity, and every change which takes place in our tissues involves the formation of chemical waste products which for the most part are poisonous. Whenever, for instance, unusual strain has been thrown upon the brain and the nervous system there is an unusual accumulation of their special kind of waste-poison in the nerve-cells, and we become conscious of "brain-fag." Meanwhile, however, our hearts, our lungs, and the great mass of our muscles have been comparatively inactive, and their fatigue-poisons have consequently been formed no faster than they could be burned or washed away by the blood. Now if we shut up our books, or pull down our desk-tops, and go for a brisk walk, or to attend to some out-door business appointments, not only are our brain-cells given a rest and an

opportunity to recharge themselves, but by increasing both the rate and the vigor of our heart-beats large supplies of blood are driven to and through the brain-cells, thus burning up and neutralizing the brain fatigue-poisons or washing them away at a more rapid rate.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that this process is also self-limited, though not quite so sharply so. The muscle-cells are now loading themselves with waste-poisons, which will soon be poured into the blood faster than they can be burned up, so that instead of pure, nourishing blood being sent to the exhausted brain, another poison is simply being added to its embarrassments. Practically, if the exercise be too violent for the enfeebled muscles of the brain-worker, or too long continued, or if by prolonged confinement in a badly ventilated room all the tissues of the body have become clogged by waste, produced faster than it could be eliminated, then muscular exercise will often simply pile fresh waste-poisons upon an already smoldering fire and increase one's exhaustion instead of relieving it. Many a fatigued and exhausted business man or overworked house-mother or teacher would be much more benefitted by an hour's rest or sleep in a well-ventilated room—if possible in the open air—than by a brisk two-mile walk. The best possible short vacation is often to sleep late, take one's breakfast in bed, and loaf industriously all afternoon.

This self-poisoning and specific nature of fatigue explains, of course, why we so quickly become tired by doing exactly the same thing over and over and over again. The particular group of muscles, and the brain and nerve cells which direct their action, become swamped with their own fatigue-poisons. No matter how perfect our circulation may be, or how deep and full our breathing, we cannot pump enough blood through the artery supplying the muscle and the nerve involved to wash out and burn

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up these poisons as fast as they are formed. This is peculiarly true in children and accounts for what we frequently hear lamented by parents and teachers as their "restlessness" and "lack of persistence." In our best and most intelligently planned schools now, the study period for any one subject has been cut down in a most surprising manner, until the maximum for children under twelve years of age is in the neighborhood of fifteen minutes. This is precisely parallel with the method now adopted by trainers in the gymnasium for building up general vigor and a symmetrically developed set of muscles. Light dumb-bells and rapid movements have taken the place of heavy weights and slow "heaving" exercises. No one set of muscles is exercised for more than a few minutes, indeed often a few seconds, at a time, and every practice period must stop just short of a sensation of fatigue.

But, objects some one at once, a ten-minute recitation period and a three-minute dumb-bell exercise are not like work at all, they are merely play. Precisely, that is the chief virtue of them; for when we play we are imitating nature and following her great method of development. All exercise, to do us good, must be play.

But this is equivalent to making mere enjoyment, pleasure, one of our chief guides in conduct! That is precisely what it is intended for and should be used as such, within reasonable limits. Pleasure is nature's stamp of approval. Like any other instinct or impulse, it may, if followed too blindly, lead to dangerous and harmful extremes, but within reasonable limits it is a legitimate and safe guide. No better illustration of both its value and its limitations can be given than the case of muscular exercise. When we come out into the glorious sunlight of a brisk October morning in the mountains, fresh from our night's rest and the bath, every sort of movement and exercise is a delight and an exhilaration to us. We are eager to run, jump, climb, wrestle,

even shout and sing for the sheer joy of living. But follow any one of these delightful impulses for half or three-quarters of an hour steadily at the top of our pitch, and it quickly becomes, first monotonous, then fatiguing, and finally positively painful. Pleasure, or the play instinct, has done its work and fulfilled its mission and now gives place to fatigue and the rest instinct. Both are wholesome and life-protecting in their proper time and place. Indeed, curiously enough even the pure abstract philosophers have come to the conclusion that pleasure is at the bottom merely the sensation connected with those actions which are done easily, without friction, and with a sense of reserve power behind them; while pain is the sensation accompanying those that are done with a sense of effort, of strain and drag and an overtaxing of the resources of the organism. Tasks which are easily within our strength are pleasant or at least tolerable; those beyond our strength are punishment.

So whatever we may hold in the field of morals, in the field of exercise and physical training it is safe to say that if an action gives us pleasure, and so long as it gives us pleasure, it does us good. When it begins to give us pain, to produce fatigue, in fact, it is usually doing us harm. Though in the world of work this sensation must often be disregarded for the sternest of reasons, yet in the world of play and of physical upbuilding its sway is absolute and its demands everywhere to be obeyed.

Now that we have grasped the underlying principles that control good exercise and helpful sport, their practical applications need not long detain us. First and most fundamentally, no exercise of any sort, whether bodily or mental, whether work or play, should be persisted in to an extreme or marked degree of fatigue. In the case of work this may be necessary, indeed is sadly inevitable at times, but it should be done only in

emergency, and not as a regular habit. The practice does not pay in the long run, either to employer or to employe. In the first place, it is the quality of the work rather than the quantity of it that counts. In the second, it is a fact as firmly established as the law of gravitation, that the shorter the hours of labor in a factory or industry the larger the output per workman. Men who are well rested, well fed, and clear headed will do more work in all ranks of life in eight hours than they will in ten, and in ten than in twelve. The secret of successful work, of real efficiency, is to keep oneself at the highest pitch of vigor and in the highest condition of efficiency during working hours, by intelligent rest and recreation between.

Every man, for instance, who is engaged in a sedentary indoor occupation ought to spend at least two hours a day in the open air in some light but enjoyable form of exercise—not merely as a concession to his laziness, as an act of self-indulgence of his lower nature, but as a means of increasing his efficiency during office-hours. If, however, one has worked and overstrained oneself until there is no play spirit left, then what is needed in the way of recreation—yes, of physical culture—is not exercise, but rest. Much as we may deplore our system of vicarious athletic exercise—taken by simply going and watching two hired teams pull off a match instead of playing the game ourselves—it may often happen that for the brain-weary and slack-muscled business or professional man or clerk, his tissues, saturated with nerve-poisons and the lung-poisons of foul indoor air, it is more wholesome to go out and sit for three hours in the open air in storm or in sunshine, upon a hard bench, with no exercise save for his lungs and his arms in the congenial occupation of “rooting,” than it would be to tire himself out by a long country walk, by an hour’s heavy work in a gymnasium, or even by exercise with an

axe or a buck-saw, so often recommended by rural philosophers.

Let everyone begin with the form of exercise in the open air which is most agreeable and most attractive to him, and let him always stop short of real fatigue, at least the degree that is accompanied by any marked discomfort. A mild sensation of fatigue, especially toward bedtime or toward the end of the day, is rather agreeable than otherwise and is no sign that exercise has done any harm. It makes no difference how light and apparently trifling the exercise may be; so long as it keeps you pleasantly occupied out in the open air it is doing you good. It will, of course, usually be found that the appetite for exercise grows by what it feeds on, and that while you may begin with the lightest and laziest forms of outdoor sports, it will not be long before you begin insensibly to increase your range and your endurance.

But don’t try to force the process. What you are after is not championship records, but health; not muscle-development, but heart-power and appetite; not specialization, but balance. Let your strength grow naturally, unconsciously, like everything else in nature, and in a few months you will be surprised at your own increase in vigor and endurance, not only in the open air but in the office as well. If the outdoor sport that you follow, the exercise that you take does not increase the clearness of your head, the keenness of your appetite, and your zest for your life-work, there is something wrong with it. Either there is not enough of it, or you are taking it too strenuously.

All sports and exercise, to be of real benefit, should be in the open air. This is obvious when we remember that its chief value to the sedentary man or woman is in burning up the old accumulated fatigue-poisons from nerves and lungs, as well as the new ones from muscular effort. Gymnasium work is at best only a substitute for real exercise, nature’s kind, and a poor one at that, often little bet-

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ter than a fraud. It is of surprisingly little practical value for real health-building, first, because it has to be carried on indoors, in an atmosphere loaded with the vapor of perspiration and overheated breaths and decayed teeth. Most city gymnasiums smell to the nostrils of the mountain-born or the desert-trained like a livery-stable or a Turkish bath-house. Then the work is so utterly uninteresting and unattractive that it will usually be carried on only from a sense of duty and in violent spurts for a few weeks at a stretch, which often do nearly as much harm as good. Again, exercise, to be really useful, must be of the nature of play in its attractiveness. The chief value of the gymnasium is in balancing up unsymmetrical muscular development in the young, under school or military discipline and skilled instructors (and even this can be done much better in the open air), and in enabling the athlete to get into that unnatural state of muscular hypertrophy known at "training." Even school gymnasiums, while admirable in many respects, are a mere apology for abuses instead of a reform—an attempt to correct our present outrageous over-confinement indoors of school children by another kind of confinement mitigated by muscular exercise and music.

Let everyone play and exercise according to his or her age and humor, so long as it is done in the open air.

For the young, nothing better could be imagined than the hundred and one running, racing, catching, and fighting games already invented by the wise mother-wit of the race. Let them play everything that comes with bat, with ball, with racket, hoop, top, marble; then they will be provided with resources for every state of the weather. There are not fifteen days out of each year in our North American climate in which some outdoor sport cannot be played by those who have once got the open-air habit. For manhood and womanhood, the great battle-like team and "side" games, the rod and the rifle, the racket, the paddle, and the snowshoe. For the dominant decades after forty-five, golf, the fishing-rod, the farm, the garden, and the collecting craze. Golf is the ideal sport for sedentary men and women of any age, for it combines the maximum of interest with the minimum of effort.

Above all, in starting your play, go slowly at first. Be as shamelessly lazy as you like for the first two to five days of your vacation. Be sure to get all the nerve-poisons and lung-poisons and germ-laden dust of the city out of your lungs and system before you begin to take any real exercise. Time so "wasted" will often save you from coming back to town with the feeling that your vacation has not done you much good.

Our Journey Godward

The race as a whole, however it may seem to deny it, is journeying Godward; and every human being will sometime, somewhere, ultimately come into perfect harmony with his highest aspirations. His heart-hunger will be satisfied, his noblest longings will be realized.

The Creator will not be foiled in his plans for bringing every created being into ultimate harmony, into that blessedness which satisfies all yearnings, all high ambitions, all legitimate desires.

This is the God we worship, instead of the god of revenge, the god of punishment. Perfect love punishes nobody. Perfect love only loves.

Love always loves. There is no shadow of hate or revenge, no thought of punishment, no suggestion of pain or evil in it.—Success Magazine.

The Progress of the Dinner Hour

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL

From the Lady's Realm

"DINNER was served to their Majesties at nine o'clock,"

reported the daily papers respecting His Majesty's arrangements on His Majesty's last official birthday in the year of grace 1908. So we may take it that nine o'clock is the last word as to the time of fashionable dining at the present moment. What would Pope have said had he received a command to dine at Sandringham at nine that evening? We can almost hear his gasp of incredulous horror echoing down the centuries at the mere suggestion. How he grumbled because Lady Suffolk invited him to dine with her as late as four o'clock in the afternoon!

"Young people," he urged, "might become inured to such things, but as for himself, if she would adopt such unreasonable practices, he must absent himself from Marble Hill." This was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when a four o'clock dinner-hour was undoubtedly a dangerous innovation of late hours.

It is an extraordinary and curious fact that the dinner hour, from the earliest times of our English civilization, has tended, century by century, to always move in one direction, namely; to get pushed later and later in the day. There seems to be a common intuitive consensus of opinion that a late dinner hour is a sign of fashion and grandeur, so that

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our street esteemed the greatest,

and an unconscious acting upon this instinct has caused the curious movement.

But, unless we very literally turn night into day, it would appear that the extreme limit has at length been reached, and one wonders what can happen next, for we have practically now gone completely round the clock in choice of the hour.

In the early Norman days dinner was at nine in the morning, a custom maintained longer in France than in England, for it soon established itself here at ten in the noble houses and at Court, though the monasteries still kept to the earlier hour.

Lever a cinq, diner a neuf,
Souper a cinq, coucher a neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

says an old rhyme of the period.

From Edward II.'s reign, which began early in the fourteenth century, up to the reign of Henry VIII. at the beginning of the sixteenth the Court dined at eleven. Matters were more conservative in those days, and fashions more stable, so that for these two hundred years there was no change. The great writer, Froissart, who was a contemporary of Richard II., and described manners from about 1350 to 1400, speaks of dinner as being at eleven, while among the rules laid down for the due governance of the household of the Princess Cecill—

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the mother of Edward IV.—we find this one: "Upon eatynge days at dynner by 11 of the clocke, Upon fastinge days by 12 of the clocke." This lady was of a very pious nature, and saw wisely to the ways of her household. We are further told: "She used to arise at 7 of the clocke, and hath ready the chapleyne to say with her mattins of the day, and mattins of Our Lady, and when she is full readye she hath a lowe masse from thence to dynner, during the time whereof she hath a lecture of holy matter. After dynner giveth audience for one hour."

But though through these centuries the Court and fashionable folk dined at eleven, yet this hour was felt to be a trifle late for ordinary folk, so provincial people, in many cases, still kept the ancestral hour of ten. Even great houses in the more remote parts of the country did so; thus we read in the Northumberland Home Book that even up to 1512 dinner was still served at ten o'clock in the morning in the halls of the Percys.

When the gay and fashionably-minded Henry VIII. ascended the throne, the Court moved on the dinner hour to twelve, and many of the Court nobles followed suit in their own homes; thus we find Sir Thomas More, later in the reign, dining at twelve in his Chelsea home. The Universities, however, felt twelve to be a somewhat flighty innovation, and they kept up the practice of dining at eleven until at least 1570, when the prevailing pushing-on tendency seized them also. With the Universities we must link the Church, and even great dignitaries did their dining at eleven until much later in the century.

Twelve o'clock continued to be the dinner hour for a long time. Pepys, writing in his famous Diary about 1660, speaks of dinner at noon over and over again. "At noon find the Bishop of London come to dine

with us," he tells us in one place. "T'p and put things in order against dinner. I out and bought some things, among others a dozen of silver salts, and at noon comes my company," in another. "At noon dined mighty nobly, ourselves alone," in a third. Whether he dined at the houses of his grander acquaintances, or in a tavern with some of his City friends, or at home quietly with his wife alone, he always seems to have dined at noon. But the Court had already begun to dine at a later hour, the alteration to one o'clock having arisen solemnly in Cromwell's Protectorate; and the Restoration, though it restored many things and customs, did not restore the old time of dining. In fact, throughout the whole course of this slow progress of the dinner hour, the Court appears to have been consistently about an hour in advance of that of the ordinary gentlefolk.

One o'clock lasted as the correct Court dinner hour for some sixty years or so, but by the time William and Mary had retired from this mortal scene, and Queen Anne ruled the destinies of England, it was not felt "modish" to dine so early, and two o'clock established itself. This was Addison's dinner hour, though in 1711 he makes his ultra-fashionable lady, Clarinda, describe herself as dining from three to four daily, after which she went out paying visits. At six o'clock she would go to the Opera when occasion served, and at eleven or twelve she went to bed. It was just a little later on in the century that Pope made his historic protest to Lady Suffolk on her invitation to dine at four. But three, passing on to four, was the characteristic dinner hour of the eighteenth century, a most inconvenient time to modern ways of thinking, involving, as it seems mostly to have done, setting out to visit, or pay calls, or even to trans-

act business directly the meal was over. When Dr. Johnson and Boswell ventured on their "curious expedition" to the Highlands, in 1773, we find that the great houses at which they visited had their dinner hour at three, and naturally, it would be earlier there than in the more quickly moving London. "We received a polite invitation to Slains Castle," recounts Boswell. "We arrived there at three o'clock, as the bell for dinner was ringing." Slains Castle was the seat of Lord Errol, Lord High Constable of Scotland, and Dr. Johnson on this occasion thought its position the finest he had ever seen. Its windows looked upon the main ocean and the King of Denmark was Lord Errol's nearest neighbor on the northeast. Again, when Johnson and Boswell had got a little further on their travels, they were invited to dine with Sir Eyre Coote at the Governor's House in Fort George, and here again, "At three the drum beat for dinner."

But down south the progress of the dinner-hour towards evening was being accelerated, for, by the end of the eighteenth century, five or even six was the hour fixed in fashionable circles. The four o'clock hour was not likely to hold its place long, as it is manifestly a bad division of time: the morning is far too long, the afternoon hopelessly spoilt. Hannah More, however, when acting, in 1779, as companion to her friend Mrs. Garrick, widow of the celebrated actor, speaks of that time being their accustomed hour of dining, and thus describes her life at Hampton. "After breakfast, I go to my own apartments for several hours, where I read, write, and work, very seldom letting anybody in, though I have a room for separate visitors, but I almost look on a morning visit as an immorality. At four we dine. We have the same elegant table, as

usual, but I generally confine myself to one simple dish of meat: at six we have coffee. At eight tea, when we have sometimes a dowager or two of quality. At ten we have salad and fruits." A few years later Hannah More took to much more fashionable ways, for on one occasion we find her saying, "We dine at six," and going on to describe a new "folly" of the winter of 1800, which consisted of having a substantial meal of muffins, bread and butter, with tea or coffee to follow at 8 o'clock.

In Wellington's day dinner was usually served at six in the world of society, but such folk as City merchants and the well-to-do people generally, who were not "in society," kept up the practice of dining at five o'clock until well into the nineteenth century. In "Vanity Fair," that inimitable picture of middle-class life when the last century was in its teens, we have a graphic portrayal of the home life of a rich City merchant and of dinner in particular. "When the chronometer, which was surmounted by a cheerful brass group of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, tolled five in a heavy cathedral tone, Osborne pulled the bell at his right-hand violently and the butler rushed up.

"'Dinner!' roared Mr. Osborne."

And the obedient bell in the lower regions began ringing the announcement of the meal.

Five o'clock, too, was the dinner hour of the French Court about this time—French hours always seem to have been a little earlier than English. When the Bourbons, in the person of Louis XVIII., returned to power in 1814, "The King in general," we are told, "took his daily excursions from one to five, and on his return dinner was served."

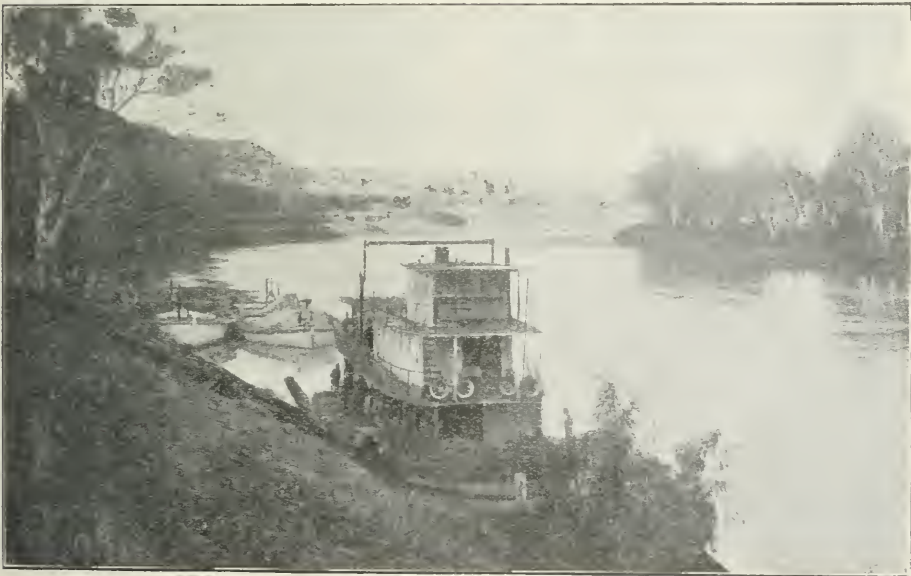
It is in the memory of many now alive how the dinner hour has progressed during the last sixty years. Six o'clock gave place to six-thirty

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by the middle of last century; seven soon followed as the approved hour but has long been superseded by all people with any pretensions to being "fashionable," and who "dine" at all. (Apparently only a meal taken towards evening can now be truly called "dinner," though few would follow De Quincey in his argument that, "Of the rabid animal who is caught dining at noonday and who affronts the meridian sun by his inhuman meals, we are entitled to say he has a maw but nothing resembling a stomach.") Among the "diners," then, probably half-past seven is the most generally accepted time with ordinary folk. Eight o'clock spells a degree higher in the fashionable scale. Eight-thirty is a still further advance socially, while nine, as we began by stating, is the last word in the matter.

It is interesting at this point to inquire, "what is the ideal dinner hour?" Of course, that largely depends on the ordering and customs of the day, but the hygienist usually asserts that six is the best hour for the principal and heaviest meal of the day. This is, however, really too early to be convenient for most people, and half-past six or a quarter to seven would more nearly combine the ideal and the practical. Seven o'clock is as late probably as any one who is a worker ought to think of dining, if he would follow the dictates of common sense and his internal economy.

But the question still remains unanswered: "What will Society do next with its dining hour, or has it at last come to a blank wall in the dinner-hour procession?"



PICTURESQUE BEND ON THE MURRAY

The Waste of Life in College

By ISAAC THOMAS

From Education

ALL along the line in our educational system, from the primary grades to the university, there is an immense waste of human life, a discouraging defeat of human endeavor, a dreadful dropping out by the way. In the lower grades this dropping out is scarcely heeded, for the victims are so little and so many; but in the high school and the college the loss becomes noticeable, attracts attention, because of its increased ratio to the survivors, to the undefeated remnant.

The losses from the high school, especially in the first year of the course, were thought by the Secondary Department of the National Educational Association to be of sufficient importance to form the principal subject for discussion at a recent session of the Association. Various ways of preventing or remedying those losses were suggested, but, running through all of them was the thought that they would never be permanently nor effectively stopped except by such measures as would permanently and effectively increase the efficiency of the teachers, i.e., that in some way, before a better and more humane condition of things in the high school in regard to the waste in human life that goes on there could be hoped for, the teachers must have a new and better conception of the value of the individual lives under their care; must have better opportunities and conditions secured to them for realizing that conception; and must have the demands made upon them in the various preparations of their pupils

(1) modified in kind so as to bring their work more nearly in touch with real life. (2) lessened in quantity that they may be better within the capacity of the pupil, the principal element in the problem, and (3) raised in quality, in order that doing things well may not become one of the lost arts in the high school.

With the high school problem I am not now concerned. It is not likely to be allowed to rest, and if it suffers at all will probably suffer from a surfeit of attention rather than otherwise. The college is beginning to feel that it, too, has a problem in the waste of life that comes to it, in the dropping out by the way of so many of its students. This feeling has manifested itself, within the past three or four years, in various ways, cropping out in public addresses and reports by men connected with college work, and sometimes openly declared, as in the annual report a year ago, of the president of one of our larger New England colleges, where he said: "The college is losing too many men, particularly from its freshman classes," and no doubt the preceptorial experiment at Princeton owes something to the same feeling.

It is interesting to note the change of feeling that has come about in the college, in respect to this thing, within the past twenty-five years. Any one of us, of that time, can easily remember that to drop out from a third to two-fifths of the freshman class was considered an evidence of a high standard of requirement maintained by the college. Now some effort, at

THE WASTE OF LIFE IN COLLEGE

least, is made to retain as many men as possible by bringing them to see, not only that anything worth doing is worth doing well, but also that it is worth while for one to put his best effort into those things that go to make up a college course. How to maintain the standard was the important question then; now it is how to bring men up to the standard, or better still, how to bring men in college to their best. This change of feeling in the college is particularly interesting to those of us who are, at the same time, school men and ardent college men. Interesting, too, it is to see how tenaciously there clings to the colleges a certain haunting fear lest the new way of looking at things should lower the standard of scholarship, a remnant of the worn-out tradition that men were made for colleges and not colleges for men. I believe the fear to be entirely unwarranted, because I believe that a standard of scholarship consists not in making the work so difficult or so utterly dependent upon self-initiative that only a few can succeed in doing it well and the many slip along with it half done, but in building up and establishing a tradition of accuracy and exactness in everything done, no matter how small in amount, and in bringing men to see, even imperfectly, that anything less than their best is not worthy of themselves nor of the college they represent.

This awakening in the colleges, this new way of looking at things, is not only interesting to school men who have been working for some time at the same sort of problem, but gratifying and encouraging as well; and, very likely, the same means the secondary schools are using in the solution of their problem the colleges will find useful, even necessary, in theirs, adapting them, of course, to their more advanced grade of students. The means the schools are using are: (1) a more careful study of the needs of the pupils and a better adaptation of the teaching to those needs, particularly when the pu-

pils first come up from the grades; (2) directing this better kind of teaching toward an effort to connect the school work more and more closely with life; (3) a greater regard for the well-being and improvement of the individual; and (4) a growing determination to sacrifice quantity of work to quality. Of these I should suggest (1), (3) and (4) as applicable to the solution of the college problem.

How many living graduates, ancient or recent, can recall any serious attempt on the part of their beloved instructors to adapt their instruction to his new needs or to reach, even a little, into those needs. How many of us recall much instruction given to us at all? And within the past few years I have heard professors in college say, not once nor twice, that it wasn't their business to give instruction to their students, nor explanation even, except when asked for. These men claim that a student in college who cannot work his way out and on alone ought not to have a college education, the purpose of which is fulfilled by bringing, not the many, but the few, to their best. Yet these are the men who most wonder why so many of their students fail to keep up their work in college and ceaselessly deplore the ill preparation given by the schools. One feels like reminding such of Stevenson's prayer* on seeing one's own faults and suggesting that they give themselves a refreshing surprise, occasionally, by turning the light inward.

To such men, and there are too many of them, there needs to come not only a searching of the heart, but a new vision of the value of individual human life and a clearer realization of the fact that waste in it consists not only in the opportunities which men lose by dropping out of college, but much more in the failure to use opportunities to their full, to appreciate them at their best. They need also to realize both that the blame for this failure lies largely upon them and that they, themselves,

are missing a great opportunity with their students.

Two of us, classmates, graduates of twenty-five years' standing, happened to meet one day last summer, and the talk falling upon the instructors we had in college the question as to which of them influenced us most profoundly was answered almost instantly by both, without comparison or hesitation, each naming the same professor. After the question, "Who?" had been answered, the questions, "Why?" and "Why not?" were discussed, and judgments upon them compared. Curiously enough these almost exactly coincided and, stripped down to the fundamentals, were to the effect that some professors influenced us profoundly, impressed themselves upon us, chiefly because there lay in them, at the core of their being, the profound conviction that the life of each of us was seriously worth while. And this conviction gave to all their thinking and speech for us and to us great care in preparation and force and weight in delivery. And as we looked back over the quarter of a century's battle of life they stood forth as the men to whom it was always safe to anchor.

But if life is seriously worth while for the individual then the quality of his work, that which alone makes it valuable, must also be seriously worth

while. All agree upon this, doubtless, but quite surely do not agree upon what we mean by quality. As I have used it in this article I mean by quality (1) not some arbitrary standard of excellence set up by others which only the most gifted can hope to reach, nor a standard for the average man that the more gifted can easily surpass. For the first is a total discouragement to all endeavor, except by the few, and the second cuts off all but the average man from performing his best; the first takes the heart out of honest and faithful purpose, the second prohibits the best men from their best endeavor; both are unchristian. By quality of work I mean (2) the very best that one can do at a given time, under the stimulus of the thought that to do less than one's best is to do unworthily, and that the best to-day not only does, but must, lead to the better of to-morrow, and on unceasingly until each reaches his limit of further improvement. It is a spirit of excellence, according to every man's several ability, and not an attainment to be reached.

The remedy for the waste of life in colleges must come from the colleges themselves, from a vital reform of methods of instruction, and, most of all, from a new conception of the value of human life.

Squandering Ability

Doing the lower when the higher is possible constitutes one of the greatest tragedies of human life.

The squandering of money seems a wicked thing when we think of the good that might be done with it; but what about the wicked waste of ability, the deliberate throwing away of fifty, seventy-five, perhaps ninety per cent. of one's success possibility just because he never trained himself to use it, to grasp it with such vigor and power that he can fling his life into his career with its maximum effectiveness?

Most people take hold of life with the tips of their fingers. They never get hold of the life proposition with that grip and tenacity of purpose and vigor of determination which does things worth while. They just hang on the outskirts of things, playing upon the surface of their possibilities without ever getting down into the marrow of their being where efficiency and power dwell.—Success Magazine.



MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By R. P. CHESTER



VICAR-GENERAL J. J. McCANN

The Toronto priest who has been raised to the dignity of a Domestic Prelate by Pope Pius X.

The latest Canadian to be honored by the bestowal of a title by His Holiness Pope Pius X. is Rev. Father J. J. McCann, rector of St. Mary's church, Toronto. Father McCann is also vicar-general of Toronto arch-diocese, the present bishop being the third who has appointed him as his administrator. One of the first acts of Archbishop McEvay after being raised to the

see of Toronto was to postulate for Father McCann the title of a prelate. Through the medium of the rector of the Canadian College at Rome, the Pope cheerfully acceded to the wish. While it is not necessary that a priest who is raised to the rank of a domestic prelate should go to Rome for the ceremony, yet as a mark of honor the title was bestowed on Father McCann by the Pope himself, during a recent visit to Rome. The event took place on March 25 Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American College at Rome introducing the recipient. Hereafter the vicar general will be styled Monsignor, McCann; he will as well have the right to wear the prelate's color, purple; and will also be entitled to sit in the highest ecclesiastical assemblies. Mgr. McCann has many friends all over North America. He has been in the priesthood 42 years; and in Toronto arch-diocese has filled many important places. Besides being vicar-general of the arch-diocese, Mgr. McCann is Chairman of the Toronto Separate School Board.

The present strenuous political situation in the island of Newfoundland which will necessitate a new election to break the deadlock, has as its two most interesting figures Sir Robert



SIR ROBERT BOND

Late Premier of Newfoundland

Bond, who was premier at the time of the election last November, and Sid Edward P. Morris, the present premier, each of whom has seventeen supporters in the house. The former is the son of a Devonshire man, formerly a prominent merchant of the colony. Born at Portugal Cove in 1857, he was educated in England, eventually taking up the study of law. In 1884, he entered the political arena in Newfoundland, under the leadership of Sir William Whiteway, being returned to the Legislature for the District of Fortune Bay. Under the Whiteway Government he held the post of Colonial Secretary for eight years. Then came the defeat of the Government and the brief tenure of power by Sir James Winter. Owing to dissensions in Sir James' ranks, the Governor called on Sir Robert Bond to form a government and the subsequent election gave him a majority of 28. Sir Robert received his knighthood on the occasion of the visit to the Island of H.R.H. the Duke of York, now Prince of Wales, in 1901. He is an enthusiastic model farmer and owns one of the prettiest

farms on the Island, situated at Whitbourne, about 55 miles from St. John's.

Sir Edward P. Morris, D.C.L., Kt., was born at St. John's, in 1859. After being educated at St. Bonaventure's College he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1884. That same year he entered politics, contesting the district of St. John's West on behalf of the Liberal Government, then led by Sir William Whiteway. He has been the representative for St. John's West in the House of Assembly ever since. He was knighted November 19, 1904, in consideration of the arduous work he had done for the colony as Minister of Justice in connection with the settlement of the French Shore question. In 1907 he resigned from the Bond administration, giving as his reason for so doing, Sir Robert Bond's refusal to grant an increase of 25 cents per day to laborers road-building in his constituency. In 1908, at the request of several prominent Opposition members, he accepted the leadership of the party and on the resignation of



SIR EDWARD P. MORRIS

Present Premier of Newfoundland

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Sir Robert Bond a few weeks ago, he was called by Governor Sir William McGregor to form a government.

world but the baby does not always stay in the cradle; it goes into the office and the factory. Labor needs humanizing for the women as well

One of the important events of the past month was the suffragette demonstration at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on March 24, when a petition, said to contain 100,000 names of Canadians favoring the granting to women of the right to vote on the same terms as men, was presented to Premier Whitney by a delegation numbering nearly 1,000, mostly women. At the head of the deputation was Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, president of the Canadian Suffrage Association, and the first Canadian woman to take a medical degree from a Canadian university. Back about 1867 Dr. Emily Stowe, a Canadian woman, took her medical degree in a New York university and began practising in Toronto. Sixteen years later, in 1883, her daughter, Augusta Stowe, completed her schooling and made application for enrollment in Toronto University as a student, only to be refused by the Senate of that institution because of her sex. Trinity College, however, accepted her as a student in medicine, and for four years she suffered all the indignities and horseplay that a body of male medical students could impose upon one whom they considered as an intruder. Memories of those years must have crowded themselves into Dr. Stowe Gullen's mind when she stepped forward to address Sir James Whitney and present the suffrage petition. "Taxation without representation," she said after a few words of introduction "is tyranny. I never like to use the word tyranny, but I learned it from—gentlemen. The home is not only woman's sphere but man's also and because he has been neglecting it, we women feel the need of the ballot. It has been stated that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the



DR. AUGUSTA STOWE GULLEN

President of the Canadian Suffrage Association

as for the men," said the doctor in concluding her argument. A dozen speakers supported Dr. Stowe Gullen and Sir James Whitney in his reply stated that it was too late



F. W. FITZPATRICK

Who is making a strenuous fight against the "Red Plague"

in the session to introduce legislation dealing with such a momentous question and he asked the ladies to "call again" another year.

"The National Firefighter" is what they call F. W. Fitzpatrick in the United States, and well does he deserve the name, for he has practically devoted many years to the cause of fire prevention. By speech, writing and example he has persistently led a campaign which has for its object a lessening of the ravages of the "red plague." Not the least noteworthy thing about Mr. Fitzpatrick, is that he was born and lived for a good many years in Canada. He is a native of Montreal, the son of an old and distinguished Irish-French family. He studied architecture and engineering there and abroad and at the age of 21 was in

charge of important work for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Then he went to Minnesota and the Middle West for a number of years, doing some of the biggest and most important work in that country in the boom time. During the panic of '93 he was offered and accepted the office of assistant architect in the Federal Government service. Removing to Washington, he inaugurated many reforms in government construction and designed and carried out its most important work. In 1904 he resigned from the service and went into exclusive consultation practice and his advice is sought by architects and owners of buildings all over the United States and Mexico and Canada and even Australia. Twenty years ago he inaugurated the movement towards fire-prevention in cities and has worked steadily at it and at great odds. Like all reformers his early efforts were depreciated and received scant attention, but by persistence and inspired with the highest motives of benefiting his fellows, he has succeeded in awaking a most general interest and making the movement very popular. A few years ago he organized the International Society of Building Commissioners. At first but thir-



MR. SELFIDGE

Proprietor of Selfridge's store, who is introducing American methods into old London

teen cities were represented, four of which, by the way, were Canadian cities. To-day virtually every important city in the world is represented in the society. Mr. Fitzpatrick is its executive officer and City Architect McCallum, of Toronto, is one of its vice-presidents. An illustration of the effectiveness of the society's work is shown in just one detail. It has revamped and revised the building ordinances of 120 cities within the past year. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a man of wonderful energy, and there seems to be no limit to his activities. The "City Beautiful," is another of his hobbies. He has gotten very many cities into the notion of cleaning up and systematizing their improvements. It was largely through his efforts that a group plan was established in Washington. He is acknowledged to be the foremost authority in the world on fireproof construction, is a designer of high ability, has few superiors as a water-color artist, writes most entertainingly on matters of art, economics and philosophy, and even occasionally wanders off as a pastime into fiction.

Lieutenant Shackleton, who returned recently from a remarkably successful expedition to the Antarctic regions may be hailed as a new Columbus. It is true he did not reach the South Pole, having gotten off at a side station one hundred and eleven miles north of it. But he did what was perhaps even more important, as a writer in *Success Magazine* points out—he discovered a new continent. Of course, it has long been suspected that there was a continent in the Antarctic regions. The geographers have always represented it as a very thin rim of land surrounding a vast area of white paper. Whether the white paper stood for land or water we were free to judge for ourselves; there were no mountains or rivers or towns or



LIEUT. ERNEST H. SHACKLETON
Who has set up a new record in South
Polar Exploration

railroads to obstruct the view. Now, however thanks to this British Navy officer with the inquiring turn of mind, all will be changed. The schoolboy of the future will have to draw maps of a seventh continent properly equipped with boundaries and mountain ranges. Because of Lieutenant Shackleton's expedition the white part of the map of the world has become decidedly smaller. The latest Antarctic expedition has really been a great contribution to science. Shackleton and his party discovered eight mountain ranges and surveyed one hundred mountains. They ascended a volcano 13,120 feet high. They brought back with them a remarkable geological collection and valuable notes and photographs. And they stood almost as close to the south pole as New York is to Philadelphia. It is a happy augury that a naval officer led this expedition. The time may come when expeditions which add to the world's knowledge will become as legitimate a government task as the making of war.

M. J. O'Brien, millionaire, resident of the enterprising town of Renfrew, Ontario, who recently built a magnificent theatre to foster the cultivation of art, literature and music among fellow citizens with whom he has mingled for the last quarter of a century, has had a somewhat spectacular career. A Nova Scotian by birth, he obtained his first job with pick and shovel on the Intercolonial Railway. He owes much of his success in life, not only to natural shrewdness and strong will-power, but to a genial personality, which always gave him a hold on his comrades, and later on the men under him, until he has become one of the foremost railway contractors in Canada. To-day, in company with others, he has an interest in \$15,000,000 worth of contracts on the Transcontinental Railway, 371 miles of it in Quebec. He was one of the first commissioners for the building of Ontario's provincial railway—the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario line. He soon was thoroughly acquainted with the possibilities and rich resources of the unrivalled Cobalt district. Mr. O'Brien has always been open for a speculation and, one day when a Toronto



SIR JOSEPH WARD

Who, as Premier of New Zealand, has offered two Dreadnoughts to Great Britain

lawyer, Mr. J. B. O'Brien, approached and offered him an investment in the now famous O'Brien mine, he was not long in accepting, becoming four-fifths owner of the property. He is largely interested in other mining propositions in the Cobalt Lake district, Gow Ganda, Sudbury, Nova Scotia, Renfrew and Hastings county, and the Gatineau Valley. Down in Mexico he has copper mines which he believes are greater wealth producers than any property that he owns. He is also identified extensively with lumbering and manufacturing industries. But Mr. O'Brien's prosperity has its drawbacks and neighbors seem bound to give him a fair share of them. Knowing his helpful disposition, hosts are anxious to get his ear with all sorts of projects—loans for this, subscriptions for that, chances for a great business development in something else—until he is practically forced to be an exile from Renfrew, for the sidewalk to his modest home door is like a parade ground—the doorbell is ringing, the telephone is resounding, and even his meals are inter-



M. J. O'BRIEN

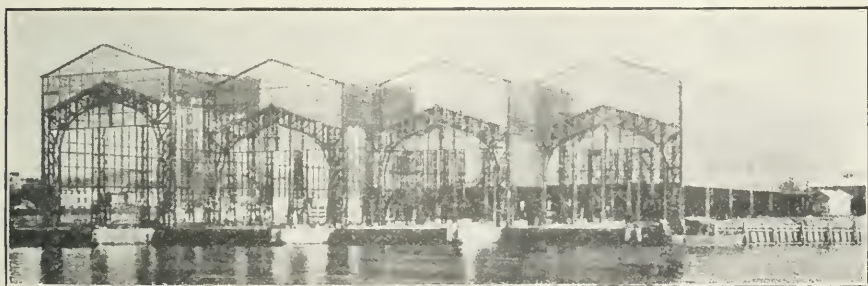
Prominent as a railroad contractor, mine operator and manufacturer

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

rupted. If he would but listen, he could make so many others rich with this scheme or the other, and could increase his own wealth so greatly also! If he is to enjoy the comfort of his own fireside, he will, like the kings of old, have to appoint an Almoner to listen to all tales of need, and a Buffer to ward off the attentions of the men who have schemes.

"An object lesson to the world" was the way in which the Premier of New Zealand characterized the offer of two warships recently made by the people of that colony to the British Government. To the people of the mother land this offer must have come as a pleasant counter-irritant to the prospect of German activity. Sir Joseph George Ward, K.C.M.G., the leader of New Zealand's Government, is the successor of Sir Richard Seddon, whose death occurred in 1906. He was born in 1857, and was for many years a member of the Seddon administration, holding the offices of Postmaster-General, Colonial Secretary and Minister of Railways at various times. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1901 on the occasion of the visit to New Zealand of the Duke and Duchess of York.

The ability of Germany to produce Dreadnoughts is evidenced by the extent of equipment of the great Germania shipbuilding yard at Kiel which is a wing of the great Krupp business. The large building slips are the most important features of the establishment. Of these ten are planned but only seven have so far been built. Their length is from 377 ft. to 640 ft. with a breadth of from 85 ft. 4 in. to 98 ft. 6 in. The three others will be still larger, one being intended to have a length of 836 ft. These slips are built of concrete with granite walls, and are closed by pontoons. Four of them are completely covered with glass roofs and sides so that the work can go on in advantageous conditions, whatever may be the state of wind or weather. They are lofty with sufficient head room, and are provided with the latest appliances. Each has two overhead travelling cranes worked by electric motors capable of lifting six tons. They can thus convey heavy fittings to any part of the ships in hand. The covered slips enable the period in which ships remain in hand to be shortened, and there is material advantage in vessels being constructed under cover from the weather.



THE SLIPS AT THE GERMANIA YARD, KIEL

High Life at Low Rates

By E. L. BACON

From the Scrap Book

IN THESE peculiar days a clerk on a salary of thirty dollars a week may live in a palace much more splendid than most of the royal residences of Europe. He may have at hand all the luxuries and all the conveniences that twentieth century ingenuity has been able to devise, and have a thousand servants at his beck and call. There is no king in the world with quite so many household servants as that. And in the evening, when he has come from his desk in his employer's office, or perhaps from the counter of a store, or from whatever it may be that his humble job holds him, he may stroll through the marble corridors of his home, admire the works of old masters on the walls, smoke his cigar on a silken divan under a spreading palm, wander about through parlors whose furnishings cost one hundred times as much as his yearly income, and rub elbows with fifty millionaires before bedtime.

This is no mere fancy. The thirty-dollar-a-week clerk not only may do all this; he does do it. His luxurious home is one of the great first-class hotels of New York, and it would be hard to find a place that is more luxurious anywhere in this world.

You are under a sad misapprehension, my gullible friend from the country, if you have the impression that all these gorgeous caravansaries that dazzle your eyes are the homes of only the rich. Fifty per cent. of the permanent patrons whom you see strolling about with the bored ex-

pression of the indolent plutocrat may be scraping together their last pennies to buy clothes with. Drop a silver dollar and you would see a hundred pairs of eager and covetous eyes watching its twisting course along the marble floor. Everywhere in the glittering dining-room, in the tapestried parlors, in the marble halls and lobbies, is poverty masquerading as wealth and straining every nerve to carry out the deception.

There are all kinds of paradoxical situations in the great New York hotel. In one of the newest and biggest of these palaces, for example, there are any number of small-salaried bachelors living there in two-dollar-and-a-half-a-day rooms on the same floor, and often only next door, to men worth millions. You may wonder how a thirty-dollar clerk manages to spend even that much for his room, for two dollars and a half a day is seventeen dollars and a half a week and the remaining twelve dollars and a half wouldn't go very far in the hotel restaurants.

The explanation is simple enough: he dines at some little place on Sixth Avenue, where twenty-five cents will buy a square meal and where a meal-ticket will save him ten per cent. and insure him against starvation until pay-day.

He then goes back to his room in a hotel where the marble decorations alone cost more than a million dollars, the furnishings two millions, and the silverware two hundred and fifty-five thousand. In the kitchens are

HIGH LIFE AT LOW RATES

eighty-four cooks, in the dining-rooms five hundred waiters, and there are five hundred other employes in the building.

Yet the thirty-dollar clerk is not the only patron who goes to Sixth Avenue for his meals. Up to a few months ago there lived at one of the fashionable upper Fifth Avenue hotels a man who paid five thousand dollars a year for his rooms, and who went around the block to a dairy lunch three times a day. On the few occasions when he did dine at his hotel he criticized the food so severely that the waiters were glad he came so seldom, particularly as he never gave a tip. He is dead now. The man at the dairy lunch says he died of too much luxury at the hotel; the hotel manager says he died of privation at the dairy lunch.

In all the fairy-land of New York there is nothing quite so wonderful as these modern hotels. The Plaza is not only the largest hotel in the city, but it is the newest of the great ones and it is as luxurious as any. Probably more very rich people are to be seen there than in any other hotel in the world. It is in the heart of the wealthiest residential section of the city, looking out on Fifth Avenue from one side and on Central Park from another, and many of the society people who live in the neighborhood drop in there for afternoon tea. Any afternoon the poor patrons from the two-dollar-and-a-half rooms may see in the parlors and dining-rooms dozens of men and women whose names are known throughout the country because of the millions they own. Probably, too, among the nine hundred patrons who sleep under its roof there are fifty millionaires. Of course it is a shifting population. Sometimes there might be a hundred millionaires spending the night there. At any rate, there are at least twenty among the permanent residents.

Some men spend twenty thousand dollars a year at the Plaza. One or two even more. There is one suite

of rooms that costs much more than that. And, by the way, that suite is worth describing. It is the state suite, which would be set apart for a king in case such a potentate ever came to the Plaza. Nowadays it is occupied by all kinds of people, some who don't have to worry a moment over the price of it; others who must live economically for many moons to fill up the hole it has made in their bank account.

You don't have to eat in the public dining-rooms when you live in the state suite. You have a private dining-room all to yourself. This dining-room has gold Circassian walnut trimmings, green satin tapestries on the walls and green velvet upholstery on the chairs. On the floor is a green Persian rug that cost a few thousand dollars. Set into the wall is a closet filled with glassware that cost two thousand dollars. In this two-thousand-dollar collection are dozens of varieties of wine and cordial glasses. In the mantel over the fireplace there are twenty-two different colorings in the Italian marble, and around the walls are oil paintings and frescoes worth more than the furnishings. The windows look out over Central Park, and dining there you might fancy yourself in some palace in the country, for you are up so high and the walls are so thick that you hear not a sound but the muffled steps of the two liveried waiters, and the click of the electric dummy that carries the dishes back and forth from the kitchens.

The parlor has a different color scheme. The carpets are gray and pink, the walls in light gray flock. Solid Italian marble columns run up to the ceiling, and there is a gilded grand piano.

Then there are two bedrooms. In one the bed is about the most magnificent piece of furniture in the entire hotel. It is a large double bed of gold Circassian walnut, with elaborate inlaid work, and over it hang light brown curtains of heavy silk. In the other room are two single beds.

And, of course, there is a bath—two of them, for that matter, each with a tub big enough for a hippopotamus. When, as sometimes happens, there is only one person occupying the state suite, he may take a hot bath in one tub and a cold bath in the other, besides various kinds of shower-baths.

A young honeymooning couple came from a small town in the west recently, to see the sights of New York. The young man was a bank clerk. He and his bride lived like royalty in the state suite for just twenty-four hours. Then they went back to the west to live on his salary.

In any one of half a dozen New York hotels you may find a state suite almost if not quite as sumptuous as this. In the state suite at the St. Regis there is one bed that cost ten thousand dollars.

In the borough of Manhattan alone there are one hundred and forty large first-class hotels and more than three hundred of the smaller ones. At the present rate of construction there will be in Manhattan within the next twenty years four hundred hotels with at least four hundred rooms each.

New York cares for three times as many persons in its hotels as London, six times as many as Paris, and ten times as many as any other city. Yet London is larger than New York. But consider the enormous floating population of the American metropolis. There are never less than seventy-five thousand visitors in the city in a day, and sometimes the number runs up to almost two hundred thousand. Then the New Yorkers themselves spend more money in their hotels than the Londoners. Every year thousands of families here give up the cares of housekeeping for hotel life.

Not one of the modern great first-class hotels of the city cost less than four million dollars to build, with from one to two million dollars added for the furniture, paintings and decorations. And the running expenses of such a place are enormous. The Wal-

dorf-Astoria must take in ten thousand dollars a day before there is a dollar of profit. Consider all the employes in that hotel, seldom less than fifteen hundred, sometimes more—clerks, chefs, meat-cooks, pastry-cooks, soup-cooks, bakery men, watchmen, detectives, engineers, plumbers, electricians, carpenters, laundrymen, doormen, porters, waiters, butlers, stewards, decorators, messengers, telephone operators, scrubwomen, waiting maids, chambermaids, bartenders, wine and cigar experts, and workers in a dozen other lines. There are never less than one hundred and twenty "cooks."

The food bills alone amount to more than a million dollars a year, to say nothing of what it costs for wine and cigars. It costs one hundred thousand dollars a year to replace the broken china and glassware.

The St. Regis, which is not the largest hotel in the city, although one of the most luxurious, spends in the course of a year for meat, two hundred thousand dollars; for poultry, one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars; vegetables, eighty thousand dollars; fruit, forty-two thousand dollars; butter, fifty-seven thousand dollars; eggs, twelve thousand dollars.

In the four largest hotels of the city the wines in stock cost a million and a half dollars, and one hotel has a staff of wine experts who spend all their time in Europe hunting up rare old vintages.

Still, when one considers what some of the patrons spend, it is not hard to realize where the profit comes in. While it is true that there are many men who spend only two dollars and a half a day for their rooms and not a penny in the dining-rooms, there are suites of rooms that bring one hundred dollars a day, and sometimes there is a patron who will spend fifty dollars a day for meals for himself and family. A man might almost spend that much on himself.

A man from Seattle came into one of these hotels recently and spent twenty dollars for lunch for himself.

HIGH LIFE AT LOW RATES

One of the dishes he ordered was a "Partridge Napoleon," which cost seven dollars. It consists of four birds roasted on a bed of grapes, sliced apples and pineapples. The fruit is not served; it is used merely to give flavor to the birds.

The American plan is a thing of the past in all the large first-class hotels. There is not one of them where you don't have to pay for every dish you order, and living on the European plan at American prices is always expensive.

The great hotels are always devising new schemes for adding to the comfort of their patrons. At the Astor even the air you breathe is washed and dried by an elaborate system of air-screens which remove all the dust and smoke and disease-laden matter. At the Belmont are automatic ventilators by which a certain temperature is maintained in a room by a thermometer control of the heating apparatus.

All the large first-class hotels have a pantry and pantrymen and waiters on every bedroom floor. A patron's order is served in his room as quickly as it would be in the dining-rooms. Tiny electric elevators carry the orders up from bar-rooms and kitchens at a speed of seven hundred and fifty feet a minute.

These elevators are regulated by a manipulator in the kitchen. At the bottom of the shaft is a round dial. If the order is to be sent to the tenth floor the cook turns the hand of the dial to the figure ten and at once the doors on all the floors but the tenth are closed and the car can stop only at its destination.

On its arrival the pantryman removes the order, passes it to a waiter who is standing in readiness, and it is rushed to the patron's room in less than a minute after it has left the hands of the cook.

Some of the hotels use the telautograph, an apparatus that communicates a message instantly in the sender's handwriting. If a man comes to call on a friend in Room 200, the

clerk writes that number and the caller's name on the telautograph, which rests on the desk before him. Instantly the message is reproduced in his own handwriting before the telephone operator in another part of the building, and she makes her telephone communication with Room 200. If the man in the room wants his caller to come up she writes "Come up" on her telautograph and the words are immediately reproduced before the eyes of the far-away clerk. Then the caller is sent up, escorted by a hall-boy.

The entire transaction has taken only a few seconds. Under the old system it would have taken perhaps twenty times as long. The telautograph is useful not only as a time-saver, but as a recording machine. If the man in Room 200 wants to find out a month later just what day, what hour, and what minute his friend called on him, there is a record of it in the office.

If you have the money to pay for it, there is nothing you cannot have in an up-to-date New York hotel—except a dog. Dogs are barred almost everywhere. They have to stay below stairs in the rooms assigned for them, often in spite of women's tears and pleadings.

One might think that a pipe organ in a patron's room might be beyond the possibilities of hotel life, but it isn't. A few weeks ago Louis C. Krauthoff, who used to be Attorney-General of Missouri, came to live at the Plaza, and concluded that a pipe organ was the only luxury that he missed. He went to see the manager about it. The manager thought the matter over and decided that he would allow Mr. Krauthoff to have an organ built into the parlor of his room if he should care to pay for the necessary alterations. The walls of the room had to be practically rebuilt so that the strains of the instrument would not be audible in any other part of the building. A pipe organ makes a good deal of noise, but Mr.

Krauthoff's cannot be heard by even his next-door neighbor.

The latest innovation in one of the new hotels is a staff of linguists, who are supposed to know almost every language spoken in the world. The linguists meet foreign arrivals at the piers, look after their baggage, and escort them to the hotel. If a patron knows only Russian or Chinese he may transact all his business through one of the linguists, who will be at his side at meal times to tell him what is on the bill of fare.

Almost any notion that comes into a patron's head can be gratified without his taking the trouble to leave his room. If he and a fair neighbor across the hall should suddenly make up their minds to be married on the spot, he could ring the telephone on his wall and tell the clerk to send up the hotel minister. If he should fall sick there is a hotel physician in readiness. If he should care to take a flier in Wall Street there is the hotel broker. If he wants to go to the theatre there is a theatre-office downstairs, and he can get any tickets he wants by telephoning to it. If he wants to make his will there is the hotel lawyer, and if he has a toothache there is the hotel dentist. There are also typewriters, manicures, chiropodists, valets, maids, and trunk-packers always on hand.

At the Knickerbocker fifty pages, a dress-suit department for patrons. The other day a man who had come to the hotel from another town with very little baggage, was invited out to dinner. He telephoned that he couldn't go because he didn't have his dress-suit with him.

"Hold on a minute," interrupted the manager, who happened to be within earshot. "I can fix you out. We've got forty-eight dress-suits for our patrons."

He took the man to the evening clothes department, picked him out a suit that fitted to perfection, then rigged him out with a shirt, studs, collar, tie, patent leather shoes, and silk hat, all without charge.

It would be hard to estimate how many people all the hotels of the city can accommodate, but any one of half a dozen of the largest can take care of fifteen hundred guests a night at a pinch. Almost three thousand have been dined simultaneously in the restaurants and banquet halls of the Belmont, and at the Astor nine hundred and twenty banqueters have been entertained in one room.

It is on New Year's eve that the hotels of New York present their most dazzling aspect. At the Waldorf, last New Year's eve, a bugler was stationed at the door of each of the nine supper-rooms that were in use to announce the hours. One minute before twelve o'clock each bugler sounded taps, and as the midnight hour was tolled each bugler changed from taps to reveille. Then the members of all the seven orchestras rose and played "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the guests sang the words.

At the Knickerbocker fifty pages, each dressed as Father Knickerbocker, separated into squads just before midnight and marched to the various dining-rooms. They took their places in conspicuous parts of each room, and on the stroke of twelve the house lights were switched off and the figures "1909" appeared in electricity on the brim of each page's cocked hat.

During New Year's eve, at the Plaza, at least twenty-five thousand people pass in and out of the six dining-rooms, and among them are probably five hundred whose names are known throughout the country.

The Romance of Hidden Wealth

By W. A. ATKINSON

From Chambers's Journal

FROM time to time we are reminded by the moralist of the assiduous and anxious thought which must be given to the management of large fortunes. No part of this anxiety, save in exceptional conditions, arises out of a fear of the actual loss of bullion, specie, or plate; it originates rather in those subtler risks attending the fluctuations of stocks, the rising and falling of market prices, and the profitable or unprofitable investment of capital. In ancient times conditions were reversed. The question then was, how to hold the actual specie or plate safely and conveniently, so that one might lay one's hands upon the stock and use it as required. The difficulty now is how to lend it safely and profitably, how to get it out of one's hands, where it lies unproductive, and, by putting it out at interest, live upon the fruits of it. The factors which make for success in the two cases are very different. Strong walls and secret hiding-places give little contentment to the modern millionaire. Public opinion or the varying whims of the markets had little effect upon the affluent squire of the past, whose wealth was locked up as hard cash in an iron-bound chest in the strongest recess of his country house.

From very early times the hoarding of coins has been a common, and indeed a necessary, practice. The frequency with which, in this country, stores of Roman coins are turned up by the ploughshare or laid bare by the pick and shovel of the excavator shows how general the practice of hid-

ing treasure in the ground was with these invaders. Many of these hoards are contained in metal or earthenware jars, and they consist usually of a great number of the small coins which were current at the time when the receptacles were buried in the ground. They were, indeed, working treasures, and not stores of wealth such as a miser would accumulate. Only a few months ago, for instance, a farmer was ploughing in a field near Stanley, not far from an old Roman road, when the ploughshare struck an earthenware vase lying about two feet in the ground, which, upon examination, was found to contain over five thousand bronze coins, chiefly of the time of Constantine the Great. About sixteen years ago an almost identical discovery was made at Langwith, near York. In this instance the urn which the ploughshare brought to light held over six thousand brass coins of the reign of Constantine. More valuable, however—to select one more instance—were the contents of a copper chest found near Bingley in 1775 by a farmer who was making a drain. In this receptacle there was close upon a hundredweight of Roman silver pieces, coined at fifteen different periods, the earliest being of the time of Julius Caesar. It is worthy of remark that this discovery turned the efforts of the local coiners (of whom there was a notorious gang) into a new channel, and they began to counterfeit Roman coins.

The discovery of hoards accumulated and put by in more recent times is not so common an event, by com-

parison, as we might expect. It was long before post-Roman Britain attained the high civilization which it had enjoyed in Roman times, and never again was it so completely laid waste as during the Saxon invasions. It was long, therefore, before money again acquired the general utility and importance which it had possessed under the Romans; and when it did so there was no general break in the regular progression of social growth, throwing the country back upon barbarous times and customs in which money had little or no comparative value. Treasure which was laid by in the times of the Lancastrian kings might be discovered in the reign of Elizabeth, and it had at once a recognized value as bullion, if not as current coin. And, again, the habitable sites and dwellings where treasure was likely to be hidden by accident or design were in most instances continuously occupied from Saxon times, and there was thus greater probability that the hidden stores would be brought to light than was the case in the generally deserted and forgotten sites of Roman times.

Still, the discovery of medieval hoards is not of uncommon occurrence. In July, 1902, an exceptional discovery of this kind was made at Colchester by the workmen who were engaged in taking down the premises of the London and County Banking Company, which were about to be rebuilt. Six feet below the surface of the ground they found a leaden casket which contained nearly twenty thousand silver coins of an early period, many of them of the reigns of Stephen, John, and Henry II. They were all in good condition, which, considering the perishable nature of silver, affords excellent testimony to the protective character of the leaden receptacle in which they were buried. At Oulton, near Leeds, a small discovery of a somewhat similar kind was made in 1905, and was the subject of an official inquest. Some men who were engaged in digging a hole to receive the carcase of a horse struck a

metal vessel, which proved to be an urn of peculiar shape. Within the urn were discovered about two hundred silver coins dating from the sixteenth century.

The hiding or hoarding of treasure is a subject often referred to in our literature, and it has occasionally employed the pen and the brush of the illuminator of manuscripts. An illumination of a fourteenth century manuscript at Oxford depicts a couple of men lowering a metal-bound box into a bricked vault by means of a couple of cords. Several persons are looking on, and one of them is a priest holding a book and sprinkling holy water over the box. The inference would seem to be that the treasure was being consecrated to religious use; but whether that be so or not, the means employed for its preservation are significant of somewhat lawless and uncertain times.

There is evidence that the hiding of money in secret places in the ground was a well-known practice some three hundred years earlier than this. Stigand, the Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury, thus disposed of his treasures; and it is said that he spent the closing years of his life as a veritable miser at Winchester, having about his neck the cord of a little key which fitted a box wherein he kept a list of his money-bags buried in secret places.

The curious legend of "The Thief of the Treasury," translated by Dr. Luard in the *Life of Edward the Confessor*, in the *Rolls Series*, affords indirect evidence that in those early times the central national treasury was nothing more nor less than a hoard of gold stored in the royal bedroom of the palace at Westminster. While the king lies in his bed, the chamberlain, Hugo, enters the room, and takes such money from the treasure-chest as he wants. A scullion of the kitchen entering a little later, finds the chest open, and, thinking the king asleep, helps himself to a portion of its contents. Having hidden this stolen treasure, he returns again and yet again for more. But at the third time

the steps of Hugo are heard approaching the chamber, and the king good-humoredly advises the scullion to fly quickly, lest he be discovered by the chamberlain, who will not leave him even a halfpenny.

Numerous treasure-chests of various periods survive to remind us how universal was the custom of securing wealth within the walls of houses. The iron-bound so-called Domesday Chest, with its three massive locks, is one of these. Its woodwork is two inches thick, and sheeted with iron, both within and without, in addition to the iron bands and iron nails. Its weight is at least a quarter of a ton. Down to the seventeenth century or later these iron-bound boxes were in use, and some of the more recent ones have locks of most elaborate construction, occupying the whole of the inside of the lid, and shooting a dozen bolts in all directions, even in some cases into the corners of the box.

A manuscript of the fifteenth century contains an illumination in which Avarice is represented as an English trader counting his money. His metal-bound treasure-chest, not in this instance a large one, stands upon the table, and its open lid reveals a store of coins filling the box to its edges, and suggesting a hoard of several hundreds, if not even a few thousands of pounds—a substantial sum in those times.

Merry Mr. Pepys, who laid his soul bare in his secret diary, was not without a touch of avarice. Listen to this confession: "This day I received four hundred and fifty pieces of gold more of Mr. Stokes, but cost me twenty-two and a half pence change; but I am well contented with it, I having now nearly two thousand eight hundred pounds in gold, and will not rest till I get full three thousand. . . . My wife and all the maids abed but Jane, whom I have put confidence in; she and I, and my brother, and Tom and W. Hewer, did bring up all the remainder of my money and my plate-chest out of the cellar, and placed the money in my study with the rest, and

the plate in my dressing-room; but, indeed, I am in great pain to think how to dispose of my money, it being wholly unsafe to keep it all in coin in one place." A very sagacious conclusion, and one which many others must have arrived at in those times—such, for instance, as the father of the poet Pope, who, when he retired from business in the city, carried with him into the country a strong chest containing nearly twenty thousand pounds, from which he drew the sums for his household expenses as he required them.

The times were now ripe for the institution of banks of a modern character, and they originated shortly after the Restoration. Informal banking had formed a branch of the goldsmith's business for a long time before this; but the action of Charles I. in seizing some two hundred thousand pounds placed by the merchants of London in the Royal Mint for safety, and the general disturbances caused by the Civil War, must have forced many to fall back upon their own resources for the preservation of their wealth. What, under the circumstances, could be safer or more convenient than a private hoard lodged in some secret place in one's own house?

Sir Henry Slingsby, when quartered at Newark with the king in 1645, grew short of money. He accordingly made a secret journey to his home near York, making the actual entry into his house by night, where he stayed one day, and returned with forty pounds in gold, the visit being made so secretly that scarce any in his own house knew that he was there. A secret hiding-place was indispensable for the private hoards at this particular time. Two rival factions were roving over the country, neither of them disposed to be any too nice about sacrificing the private wealth of their opponents to the public uses favored by themselves.

It was the common opinion of writers on economics in the seventeenth century that much currency was hid-

den in ceilings, behind wainscots, and in secret drawers. Hogarth, in his print of "The Inheritance," forming one of the set of "The Rake's Progress," has depicted a shower of coins falling from the ceiling of the room where a workman has accidentally disturbed the molding. Old cabinets and secretaries of any size have usually one or two secret drawers or cupboards often most ingeniously contrived. It is surprising how well these secret corners elude detection, even when their existence may be expected or inferred. Some years ago the wife of a Kentish laborer was breaking up an old chest of drawers, when she discovered a secret compartment nearly filled with gold coins of the reigns of William III. and George II. The chest had been purchased for a few shillings about twenty years previously, and the fact that this little store of coins had not been discovered earlier was all the more strange because in all probability the drawers had been several times repaired.

A curious list of hiding-places for money is afforded by two old books of memoranda and receipts relating to the Fulham Pottery Works in 1693 and 1698. There are two hundred and forty guineas in a wooden box in a hole under the fireplace in the garret. There are four hundred and sixty more in two covered receptacles under the fireplace in the old labora-

tory. Behind the door of the little parlor there is a can containing some milled money. Two boxes full of money were placed in two holes of the great furnace, from which they were to be drawn by a long, crooked iron standing behind the kitchen door. In all, ten or a dozen such hiding-places are named, and the money was variously contained in boxes, bags, cans, pots, and purses.

There can be little doubt that the practice of hoarding money and valuables in private houses gave great encouragement to crime. A glance through the pages of early volumes of the Annual Register, largely devoted to the chronicles of crime, reveals a number of apparently hastily planned robberies, which resulted in rich hauls out of all proportion to the occasion. Some thieves get in at the garret-window of a house in Devonshire Square, and carry off from the owner's bed-chamber an iron chest containing cash, notes, and other valuables to the amount of ten thousand pounds. Two men enter the Custom House at Limerick, and in a few minutes carry off cash to the amount of about eighteen hundred pounds. Such is the character of the crimes which were then most successful—a bold, quick bid for the treasure-chest, which was almost certain to be well-stocked, and very often convenient for removal by two or three thieves acting in concert.

Unpoised Lives

The life of the criminal is simply an unpoised life. If a person were perfectly poised, wrong-doing would be so repugnant that it would be unthinkable.

It is the one-sided, the unpoised mind that goes wrong. It is just as normal for the balanced mind to choose the right, the good, as for the magnet to draw to itself whatever is kindred.

Just as the needle in the mariner's compass always points to the north star, no matter how thick the fog or how the tempest rages, there is a needle within every human being which always points to the north star of rectitude, of right, of truth, no matter what storms of discord, of weakness, or of crime may be raging in the individual mind. Nothing can prevent this little indicator from pointing to the right, no matter how far the individual may drift from it, how low he may sink in vicious living.—Success Magazine.



LEE MONG KOW, HIS MOTHER, WIFE AND FAMILY

A Remarkable Canadian Chinaman

By R. B. BENNETT

SURFEITED with sensations as New Yorkers are, the inhabitants of old Gotham had to admit their surprise when a Canadian Chinaman recently arrived in their midst, attended by several relatives and servants, and took possession of the luxurious state apartment at the Hotel Belmont. This wealthy visitor was Mr. Lee Mong Kow, of Victoria, British Columbia, and in his party were his daughter, Miss Lee Vutwah Mong Kow; her companion, Miss Lee Gam Vee; his mother-in-law, Mrs. Sam Kee, and two friends. His visit to New York was the first he ever paid to the great Eastern metropolis, and he

found its varied attractions of the deepest interest.

Lee Mong Kow is a splendid type of the high-bred Chinaman, who, while not throwing aside altogether the habits of his native land, has sufficiently adopted Occidentalisms as to separate him from the rest of his countrymen in the capital city of British Columbia. For eighteen years he has filled the position of official Chinese reporter of the Canadian customs office in Victoria, B.C., which calls for peculiar qualifications, and in which there are opportunities to practice deception for gain, yet after a long and continued service he retains the entire

confidence of the staff of Canadian officials and has never been found abusing the authority, which of necessity, must be placed in him.

As an evidence of the trustworthy character of the man his recent visit to the East is a proof. For some time Chinese had been entering Canada in small bodies at the ports of Halifax and Montreal. The customs officials allowed these to enter as immigrants, generally after an examination to ascertain whether they were eligible under the statute or not. Few were rejected. The Chinamen for the most part came from Mexico and entered Canada as merchants or under such qualifications as would entitle them to admittance. Recently, when Mr. O'Hara, the official at Ottawa charged with this branch of the service, visited the Pacific Coast, he was struck with the methods in force at Victoria to check the immigration of the Oriental, and the inquisitorial way in which the examination was conducted by Lee Mong Kow. Mr. O'Hara was convinced that such a course should be followed in the East. The Chinamen had discovered that by entering Canada at the eastern ports there were greater opportunities to evade the law. So a Chinaman was set to catch a Chinaman. Lee Mong Kow went east to teach the advanced Canadian to interpret his own regulations. His first duty was to inspect a party of supposedly Chinese merchants at Montreal. These wily Orientals were surprised to be met by one of their own countrymen, accustomed to their ways and knowing the methods peculiar to themselves, but who at the same time was loyal to the government whose servant he was. Given a free hand, it was not long before Lee Mong Kow found that deception was being practiced, and over twenty of his countrymen who sought to gain admittance to the Dominion were rejected. As might be expected, he makes enemies

among his own countrymen, and it is not uncommon for those who are interested in the immigration of coolie labor and who have been frustrated in their designs by the wit of the Chinese interpreter to charge wrongdoing on his part. But, after 10 years' service, it has not yet been shown that he ever acted dishonestly, and Lee Mong Kow commands wide respect.

While it is not uncommon for a Chinaman of the coolie class to develop shrewd business ability under conditions in this country and to show the dignity which is a characteristic of the higher bred Celestial, Lee Mong Kow had a distinct advantage in having been born in a higher station than the majority of those who come to America. His father was a merchant, and as a boy he received all the benefits that went with such a position. He was given a good education, and when about twenty years of age came to San Francisco. For three years he studied English there, and now is so proficient in the language that his fluency is marred only by a slight accent and a little hesitation in speech. He went to Victoria when about twenty-three and joined one of the Chinese companies doing business there. For a year he represented the firm in Montreal, and when the branch was closed there, he returned to the Pacific Coast, where he has since lived. In 1890, he became interpreter to the customs department, but as that does not take up all his time he has identified himself with business interests. In addition to holding the controlling interest in one of the best Chinese mercantile houses in Victoria, he deals extensively in real estate both in that city and Vancouver. In this line of business he has also been eminently successful, a further indication of his excellent judgment and ability. At present, he numbers many white people among his tenants.

With prosperity, one would think

A REMARKABLE CANADIAN CHINAMAN



LEE MONG KOW

Lee Mong Kow would hanker for a trip to his native land. "I have never been back there since I left," he replied with a shake of the head, when the question was asked if he would ever make the trip across the Pacific, "and I have no intention of living anywhere else but in Victoria. My interests are all here, my family are being raised as Canadians, for my wife is a Canadian," he smiled. Mrs. Lee Mong Kow was born in Victoria, being the daughter of a Chinese vegetable farmer. She is very pretty from a Chinese standpoint, and the seven children, which blessed the union, are being brought up under the

most refined influences. Two are attending English schools, and all will be given a thorough English education, not neglecting, of course, a training in Chinese.

"At one time it was thought wise to leave your children fortunes, but I have found out that it is far better to give them a good education," is his modern philosophy.

Unassuming in manner, Lee Mong Kow is always dignified. Perhaps this coincides with the conservatism in his nature, for despite his recognition of the advantages of education he is not in the more advanced ranks of his countrymen in the promotion of the reform move-

ment. When the Chinese Empire Reform Association was organized to hasten the adoption of occidental customs in China, he became a member, believing that the future of his country lay in the introduction of these reforms. Yet his instinctive conservatism has prevented him taking a very active part in the movement, although in his association with Caucasians he appreciates the benefits of modern methods. In Kang Yu Wei, the head of the reform movement, Lee Mong Kow saw a disposition to revolution rather than gradual reform. He favored a slow movement, and feared that Kang Yu Wei's plans aimed at too great speed. For that reason, the association has not had his hearty support. He was one of the founders of the Chinese Benevolent Association, an organization for mutual help, and while always ready to take part in all national movements among his countrymen, he stops short if he thinks anything very radical is being suggested.

His conservatism is again noticed in his adherence to the Confucian religion, in which he was brought up.

"Why should I change?" and hesitates as much as to suggest that his interviewer might just as well consider changing over from Christianity. "Confucianism is specially adapted to the Chinese mind and character. The humanitarian principles of Confucius are well laid down, and I recognize that a man can make his own heaven or hell by his conduct here on earth. I have no fear that a good Chinaman, who has acted rightly to himself and to his fellowmen, will not have as favorable a hereafter as any good white man."

Christianity finds no favor with him, and he has no hesitation in pro-

nouncing many of those who strongly advocate it as insincere and actuated by selfish motives. When one considers the many happenings that have followed the introduction of the Bible among the peoples of the Orient and the Pacific Islands, one realizes that he is not altogether without reason in the stand he takes.

A year or two ago, Lee Mong Kow, with the natural aspiration for ostentation that comes with acquired wealth, purchased a beautiful residence in what is known as "The Gorge," one of the fashionable residential portions of Victoria. He left his old home in Chinatown and lived in general in the English manner in the tony section. At times, however, some of his neighbors would be entertained during a summer evening with the "sweet" sounds, (the word music was almost used) of a Chinese orchestra. This, however, is all over now, and Lee Mong Kow is once more surrounded by the familiar environments of his beloved Chinatown. The change was too much for his conservative nature, and too long he had run in a groove to be happy in a strange location. Yet, it may not have been that altogether, but to be near his place of business. Anyway, he lives in Chinatown, his mother being a member of his family. Both she and her son have the distinction of belonging to the fourth rank in the Chinese social system, these numbering to the ninth. While conservative, Lee Mong Kow is only natural, for few of us change from the style and customs to which we have been accustomed, and after all he comes nearer to being a "white" man than many a Caucasian. If all Oriental immigrants were such as he, the "yellow peril" would not be the problem that it is feared in America.

Heeding the Voice of the House

By WILLIAM F. HYPES

From System Magazine

A SALES MANAGER one day asked me this question, "What one thing above all others do you try to impress upon your men on the road?"

The answer was easy. "I try to make them understand," I said, "that ability to sell is not the only quality needed in a salesman. To show them that simple ability to land orders will not qualify them for our sales force unless at the same time they follow absolutely the instructions of the house and attend promptly to the details of their work."

Every day that I sit at my desk and watch reports come in from the men in the field, I wish I had a more forcible way of saying or demonstrating the truth of that same statement, for I know that some of those men must learn it sooner or later through sad experience. Every time I see new men start out with their samples, I wish it again, for I know that some of them are going to fail because they do not realize the importance of the warning.

Time after time I have seen the brilliant beginner fall down for no other reason than that he let his own magnetic ability to take orders blind him to the necessity of keeping picked up the shag ends of his business. And again and again I have seen the mediocre man develop into a star because he recognized instructions from the house as commands—demanding immediate execution—and was just as particular about his daily

details as about the size of his orders.

Of this routine work, one phase overshadows in importance all the rest. No one omission on the salesman's part causes more trouble for all parties concerned than his neglect in checking up his own samples and price lists with the house bulletins on stock shortages and price changes. Done promptly upon receipt of the house notices, this work is a comparatively simple matter; allowed to run until several bulletins have accumulated, it is one of the salesman's chief bugbears. Failure to check up is the certain forerunner of orders for goods that cannot be delivered and the making of price quotations which will get him into serious trouble.

Let me illustrate. A salesman starts out on the road with his sample cases, catalogue and special price lists. In order that he may truly represent his firm, there must be demonstrated an intimate spirit of co-operation between him and the house. The house must keep constantly informed of his movements and his business transactions; and he must, of course, keep in the closest possible touch with the home office.

The first of these requirements is fulfilled through the orders that he sends in and his daily, weekly or special reports as regards his sales, his routes of travel, his expenses, and conditions of trade in certain localities or with certain dealers. Every

one of these reports meets careful disposition in the house. The orders are booked for delivery, special contingencies in trade are met as judgment dictates, and the personal record of the salesman's movements is carefully noted in the sales manager's office.

Now in turn, for the salesman's benefit, the house sends out each day or week a bulletin of information and instructions. There is a general statement of trade conditions as gathered from hundreds of reports and viewed from the perspective standpoint of the house. There is advance information on styles and fashions and new talking points that have been developed regarding certain goods either in the house or by other men on the road. But specifically and most important of all, these bulletins list those goods which for any reason have been exhausted or called off sale, and those other goods on which it has been found necessary or advisable to change the price quotations.

If the salesman acts upon this information with an attentiveness corresponding to that which the house accords his reports, what will he do? He will immediately correct his price book, special price lists and catalogues, and at the earliest possible opportunity will check up his samples, discarding or marking out those withdrawn from sale.

This, admittedly, is detail work, distasteful to many an easy-going salesman, who depends upon the charm of a strong personality to entice large orders into his book. But it is an essential—an absolute essential—to the man who wants to secure the confidence of his house and his customers and score a permanent success in his work.

If he does it promptly each time he receives a weekly or a special notice of stock and price changes, he is always sure of the accuracy of his quotations, he knows that every order he takes is a bona fide order and can be filled at the house.

But, how about the other, the take-it-easy salesman? He glances over

his house notices and tosses them into his sample case for future attention. Next morning or a week later he drops in on a regular customer down the line. He lands a big order, and books it all with never a thought as to whether it can all be delivered. His own samples and price lists indicate no "outs" and while he is in conversation with his customer he has neither time nor inclination to refer to his bulletins. The result is that several items go on order that have been called off sale in the house—and three kinds of trouble are immediately started.

The first man affected is the manager of the department where the order is received. Here is a request for goods which have been unavailable for some time and he knows positively that every man on the road has been informed of the shortage. He has the salesman's receipts showing the date such information reached him. He gives free expression to his opinion of such work and reports the salesman's inexcusable oversight to the sales manager.

But that is not all. He must write the customer, explaining as best he can that the goods were out when his order was received. Possibly he tells him when the goods are expected in stock again and suggests a substitute in the meantime. At best it is a diplomatic operation.

Then comes the second bit of trouble—the customer receives the letter of explanation and his order, short the much-needed goods. Righteous disappointment puts down a black mark in his mind against both the salesman and the house, and the dealer is that moment removed one degree further off from becoming a permanent customer.

Possibly he takes immediate occasion to complain direct to the house. At least he has opportunity to express himself the next time his order is solicited. How many salesmen have had that unpleasant experience of walking in on a supposedly dependable source of a good order only

HEEDING THE VOICE OF THE HOUSE.

to find that the order has just gone into the book of a persistent rival? Yet it happens every day for no other reason than that a promised shipment failed to come. "Why should I buy of you," says the dealer, and justly, "and have my order accompanied by the uncertainty of its delivery when I can buy of Brown & Company and be sure of getting my goods?" And indeed, why should he?

And then the third batch of trouble, the concentration of the two previous complaints—it comes properly directed at the salesman himself. He comes in from the road and finds on his sales manager's desk not one but a half dozen complaints due to his omissions—orders that could not be filled, prices that could not be confirmed, specific evidence that the details of his road work have been neglected. His sensational initial orders, his record-breaking days are forgotten in that moment by the sales manager, who is seeking not only to make sales but to inspire the confidence of every dealer, to build up a permanent trade.

"But I was too busy," explains the salesman, "I have been selling goods day and night. Would you expect me to waste an hour of valuable time on this work when I could be selling three or four hundred dollars' worth of goods?"

But has he been selling goods in the strictest sense? Is the sale worth while if it necessitates a negligence that breeds complaints and dissatisfaction in the trade? I believe there is not a sales manager dealing with the general trade who would not rather see a somewhat smaller order that can be filled with absolute satisfaction than a record-breaker that is going to bring another load to the complaint department and made demands upon the diplomacy of every man who touches it.

Lack of observance for details has left a thousand salesmen stranded on the sands. Every sales manager knows their class. He has met them

only too often during his own days on the road.

I can recall a dozen men, with every prospect of becoming brilliant salesmen, who failed absolutely because of this one thing. I am reminded just now of one in particular who came to grief through this single omission of duty. He had been out for a Chicago dry goods house a year. He was popular with the trade and his sales were good. Then complaints began to straggle in. The sales manager suspected where the trouble lay, but the road man had received instructions repeatedly on the subject and he was given a time extension in which to brace up.

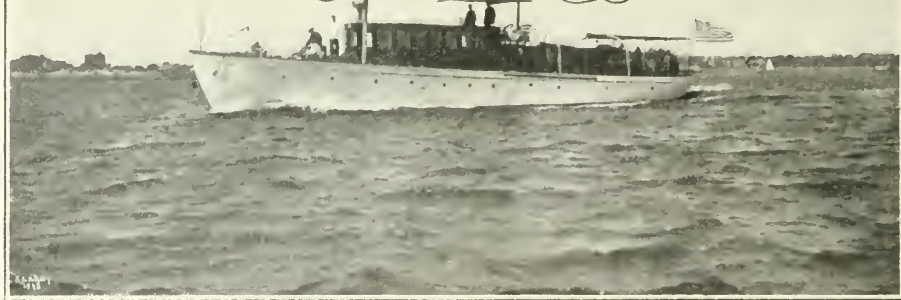
Suddenly he was taken ill. His sample cases were shipped in from his last stopping place and the sample department manager went over them with customary care. And therein lay the inevitable difficulty. Not an "out" had been checked off in three months. Not a price quotation changed.

Six weeks later, when the salesman came out of the hospital he called at the house and received his check and congratulations on his recovery. But he was no longer one of the firm's salesmen. As a plain business proposition, the house could not afford to keep him; he was a business loser, not a business builder.

Some of the things I have said here may seem strong, but if there was any way of making salesmen realize the importance of this warning I would make my statements stronger still. If men on the road would only remember that there is more to a sale than the mere sale itself, that an order rightly handled should always be the entrance to more business, that a customer is not a real customer until absolute confidence makes the salesman and the house in his eyes his business partners, then they might realize that one complaint may lose a firm's most valued customer, that one detail omitted may lose business that can never be regained, and that sooner or later his own negligence will lose him his position.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOTOR BOAT

By Lewis Nixon



THE "ELARAY"

Owned by W. H. Briggs, 75 feet long, speed 15 miles

THE development of the motor-boat in America is very rapid.

Starting with pleasure launches the great usefulness of the motor boat has become known and now larger and larger boats are being equipped.

Fishing boats from Gloucester and Galveston, tugs at various ports, the great auxiliary schooner Northland and the excursion fishing boat Arion, running daily from New York City to the fishing banks out at sea, each of these boats having 500 horse-power Standard engines, are examples of commercial use.

Russia has ten torpedo boats with 600 horse-power each of Standard engines, and Austria has bought four such engines for torpedo service.

England has a number of torpedo boats and is now building 100 picket-boats for coast patrol.

In no line of human endeavor has the progress been more advantageous to the general public, nor on more mechanically progressive lines, than the marine motor.

The ocean voyage in winter gales of the Gregory from New York to

Russia removed all doubts as to the use of such motors for ocean work.

The big auxiliary schooner Northland, with her three thousand tons of cargo, and the fishing boats, with 300 horse-power motors and wireless equipment keeping the owners in touch with the fish market ashore, are evidences that the commercial value of such motors is appreciated.

In tugs, fishing boats, excursion boats and yachts and for government use in all types of smaller vessels, motors are now to be seen throughout the country.

Competition for the cup offered by a member of the New York Yacht Club in the race to Bermuda is distinguished by the fact that entries and arrivals are taken as a matter of course. The splendid work done in the Marblehead sea endurance race is notable as an index of progress.

The gasolene engine still holds the popular place and rightly so.

We read extravagant claims of the English kerosene motors, but when we buy the devices they turn out to be something that we have discarded years ago.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOTOR BOAT

Practically one must get up steam with a kerosene motor, while its smell renders its use most undesirable on pleasure boats.

Steam is being supplanted in larger sizes of vessels, and its complete replacement marks a decided change. Take, for example, the *Idler*, the former steam auxiliary yacht of Mr. Henry T. Sloane. She is being fitted with a 100 horse-power motor, using a genuine feathering screw that turns the blades fore and aft, doing away with all resistance. The engine is used also to compress air to work the windlass and winches for raising sail, etc. The vessel is lighted by a motor electric generator and the exhaust heats water for heating the vessel.

The yacht *Vanessa* of Dr. Morton F. Peck and the *Savorona* of Mr. C. H. Clark each have 100 horse-power engines with feathering screws. Of the noted cruisers of this year, Mr. Borland's yacht for the coast of Maine, having a 500 horse-power engine, is a remarkable boat. Then that all-round sportsman, Mr. Price McKenney, of Cleveland, is installing an engine in his new boat, the *Standard*, that made 541 brake horse-power at 580 revolutions. This boat will go abroad to carry the American flag in the sixty-mile race at Monaco.

The police department of the city of New York has just replaced the

steam machinery of the police launches by motors, with great improvement in the service, and with the New York Herald Owllet and the twin screw revenue cutter berthing at South Ferry keeps the motor boat before the people of the city.

Many an old fisherman or boatman to whom advancing age was bringing weakness and stiffening joints finds in the motor new use, new strength and continued earning power.

Every stream, lake and bay has them. No one can say they are a menace; all who realize what they

are doing will say they are a blessing. Let us hope that Mr. Busybody will keep his hands off of a factor of such genuine usefulness.

Two of the latest designs in motor boats exhibited at the recent Motor Boat Show in New York may be described. The first is a forty-five foot high-speed sea-going runabout.

The freeboard is generous. The beam liberal and a speed of twenty miles an hour is had all the while if required. The hull is planked and finished in teakwood and is varnished inside and outside.

The motive power is a six-cylinder, four-cycle, 6 in. by 6 in. Speedway engine, developing 60 h.p. at 750 revolutions. On the water line the boat is 43 feet, the beam six feet six inches and the draught two feet seven inches. The bow is round and the stern of the torpedo



MOTOR BOAT "GREGORY"

In which Mr. Nixon crossed the Atlantic



LEWIS NIXON

The shipbuilder who built the "Gregory,"
first Motor Boat to cross the ocean

type, which protects the rudder. The forward deck is eleven feet eight

inches in length and under this is a twenty-five gallon auxiliary supply fuel tank. At the forward end of the cockpit are two hinged hoods covering the motor, aft of which is the operator's space, separated by a bulkhead and a glass wind shield from the after cockpit. The seating arrangements of the after cockpit are provided for by two athwartship transoms and four wicker armchairs. The rear end of the cockpit is square, and under the after deck is a 100-gallon fuel tank. An automobile steerer is fastened to the bulkhead aft of the engine compartment, and reverse lever and control mechanism are brought to the hands of the engineer. The craft is handsome, and her seagoing ability, tested in similar boats, is a feature which will make the type popular. The boat has just been built for Mr. C. H. Walker, of St. Louis, and will be used on the coast of Maine.

The other is a runabout of moderate speed and generous carrying capacity. It is thirty feet over all, twenty-nine feet six inches on the water line, six feet beam and twenty-five inches draught. A four-cylinder four and a half inches by



THE "SPEEDWAY" SPECIAL

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOTOR BOAT



"SPEEDWAY" GASOLINE LAUNCH

five inches Speedway engine, which develops sixteen to twenty horsepower at about 550 to 650 revolutions a minute, is installed under a hood at the forward end of the cockpit, from which it is separated by a bulkhead. A ventilating cowl on the cockpit cover tends to keep down the temperature of the engine space, and an automobile steerer, with a spark and throttle control, as well as reverse lever and starting crank at the engineer's hands,

allows one man to control the boat with ease and safety. With the exception of an athwartship stern transom, the cockpit is left entirely free for chairs. The fuel tank, which is installed under the after deck, has a capacity of fifty gallons. The hull is cedar planked, copper fastened and painted white, while the decks, hatch over the motor and the interior finish are of mahogany, varnished. The stern is mahogany, finished bright.



THE "GRAYLING"

Owned by C. G. K. Billings, 300 horse-power, 18 miles speed



THE "WISTERIA"

Owned by William Cheseborough, 55 feet long, 25 horse-power, speed of $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles



FLORIDA CRUISER "DRAGOON"

Owned by Hobart J. Park, speed $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 50 feet long, 14 feet beam

The Habit of Observation

By FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.

From the Saturday Review

THE faculty of accurate observation and of logical deduction from what is noticed may be in some persons innate, but it can be cultivated to a degree which seems almost incredible to townsmen. They seldom acquire it, or indeed try to do so, and yet to soldiers, who are now mostly town-bred, the power is useful on the battle-field, and is often invaluable to troops employed on outpost duties.

People who read Fenimore Cooper's novels and can recall his stories of the marvellous skill of trappers may have often doubted the accuracy of the incidents he describes. Such doubts are not felt by those who have seen Canadian half-breeds on a track, or have noticed Hottentots and Kafirs following a spoor (spuren) in South Africa.

A few years ago two British officers went for a month's shooting trip in the northwest of Canada, and arranged to meet two friends at the end of a fortnight. On the fourteenth day the party struck a trail, going in the same direction as their own, and one remarker to the tracker, "We must be overtaking our friends," The guide asked, "Have they a baggage pony?" "No, only horses." "Then the trail is not that of your friends, for in front of us there are three horses and a pony which is blind in its near eye." At sunset, when the officers overtook the party and noticed that their guide had been correct, they asked, "How did you know that the pony was blind of its near eye?" He

replied, "Because as it closed in on the horses it often made a false step."

This story might be capped by sportsmen of experience who have followed game in sparsely populated lands; and Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell, in his "Scouting for Boys," gives several instances not only of the value of training in accurate observation, but also of the art of drawing sound deductions from what is observed.

Since the Franco-Prussian war increased attention has been paid to scouting in the annual field training of the Regular Army, but there is yet a great deal more to be done in it, and still more for the Territorial Forces. All officers who have trained or have supervised the training of troops will agree with this view.

One morning when I was questioning the men of a battalion recruited almost entirely from a city, to ascertain whether they fully understood the scheme of operations, it transpired from the answers of the first six men, who stated that they were expecting an attack from the north, that none of them knew where to look for the north, although a bright sun had been up for three hours!

While the lessons of costly errors in South Africa were still fresh in our minds an order was issued that during the marches of troops arrangements should be made to develop the mental powers of young soldiers by requiring them to note and afterwards describe what they had observed.

From one station cavalry soldiers

were ordered to ride long distances and encouraged to report what they had noticed in passing through towns. A commanding officer so little appreciated the object of the order that instead of visiting the towns himself, in order to test his soldiers' reports, he gave each of them a book, which he directed them to get initialed by the post-masters of the towns as a proof of their having ridden the distance.

It is not surprising when some officers have so little imagination that private soldiers should be unobservant. As far as I know, the practice of observation is not taught in schools, and Charles Kingsley was the only parent I have known to educate his children regularly in this manner. I suppose of the millions who have passed through Trafalgar Square there are but few who could name the statues in it, and still fewer who could describe them.

In 1902 I adopted the principles taught by Colonel (Major-General) L. W. Parsons, R.A., in a lecture on "Training the Powers of Observation," and in 1903, with the help of Surgeon-General Evatt, C.B., I added the practice of visual training. Classes of soldiers were taken out and required to describe accurately the natural and artificial objects within sight, and to estimate the distances of all such within six hundred yards. The improvement in the men's vision effected after a few lessons was remarkable, and in May, 1904, an important War Office paper was issued, entitled, "Instructions for Judging Distance and Visual Training." After laying down that the object of all training was the development of eyesight, the instructions dwelt on the importance of accuracy in estimating distances, stating that experiments had clearly demonstrated that an error of one hundred yards either short of, or beyond a target six hundred yards off, rendered ineffective, even with marksmen, two out of three bullets. Accuracy, however, cannot be obtained or maintained in the estimating of distances without constant practice,

and the habit of accurate observation and logical deduction will greatly add to the effect of rifle-fire.

Although it is, of course, easier to practise observation in the country than it is in a city, yet even there much useful exercise is obtainable; for instance, any man walking to his office, or sitting on an omnibus, may estimate distances and check his estimates by pacing himself, or timing if he is on wheels. He will usually overestimate the distance in a long straight street or where the object is only partly in sight; he will generally under-estimate it when snow is on the ground, when the object is large, or when the sun is behind the observer. The visual and mental horizon of townsmen may be greatly extended by such simple self-instruction.

A countryman may learn much from observing the habits of animals and birds. The following are two remarkable instances from history of the military value of such knowledge, accompanied with the practice of making sound deductions: the former instance from negative indications, the latter from positive signs. On 8 June, 1857, Mr G. Ricketts, C. B., learnt at Lodiana from his assistant, Mr. Thornton, that from the Philur Fort he had seen the Jalandha brigade of mutineers, then marching towards Delhi, received as guests in the Philur cantonment by the 3rd Bengal Infantry, a detachment of which regiment held the Lodiana Fort, which is eight miles distant from Philur, and on the south bank of the Satlaj. The river in 1857 ran in one main, broad, unfordable channel, with many subsidiary streams. Mr. Thornton in recrossing the floating bridge had cut away the northern end of the boats, thus severing the communication with the south bank. The Deputy-Commissioner, having ordered a force of irregulars to follow him, rode to the bridge head and crossed over the main channel in a ferry-boat. There was still a mile of sand and water, jungle, and shallow streams between him and the northern bank of the river, a few

THE HABIT OF OBSERVATION.

hundred yards from which the Philur Fort stood. The boatmen now refused to follow the Deputy-Commissioner, who was wading with his trousers off, because two hours earlier they had seen several mutineers who had marched down, hoping to cross by the bridge, disappear into the high jungle, when they realized that the bridge had been cut. Mr. Ricketts, while looking at the bank, observed a large black-and-white kingfisher, a shy bird, poise over the jungle and swoop down into a pool just outside it. Then, seeing several more, he said, "Come on, there is no one there." "How can you tell?" "Just look at those kingfishers; they never settle near men"; and the boatmen, quite satisfied, followed him to the fort.

The positive instance occurred in 1866. The Archduke Joseph, a distant relative of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, belonged to a branch of the Hapsburgs which had been settled in Hungary for more than a century. He was the great protector of the local gipsies; whence his name, "The Gipsy Archduke"; and had popularized the Tzigane music by

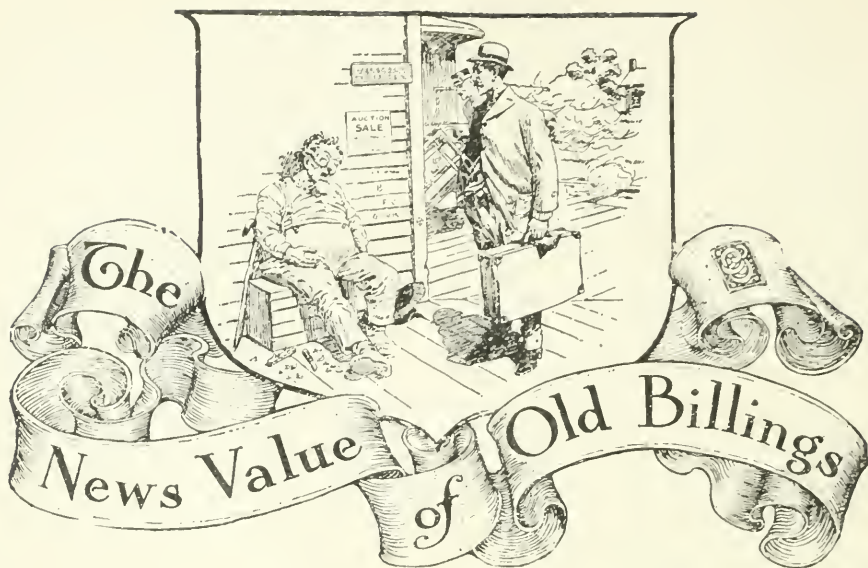
arranging many of their tunes in scores for orchestras.

During the night, 2-3 July, before the battle of Sadowa, a division commanded by the Archduke, retreating before the Prussian Army, had bivouacked near a town in Bohemia facing north. At midnight the Archduke, when resting in a peasant's cottage, was awakened by the arrival of a gipsy, who insisted on seeing him personally, having come to report the advance of the enemy. The Archduke, who spoke Romani fluently, asked, "How do you know? Our outposts have not reported any movement." "That, your Highness, is because the enemy is still some way off." "Then how do you know?" The gipsy, pointing to the dark sky, lighted by the moon, observed, "You see those birds flying over the woods from north to south?" "Yes; what of them?" "Those birds do not fly by night unless disturbed, and the direction of their flight indicates that the enemy is coming this way." The Archduke put his division under arms and reinforced the outposts, which in two hours' time were heavily attacked.

Courtesy in Business

Anonymous

The man who solicits your advertisement, the salesman who has samples to exhibit, the life-insurance agent whose hair-trigger tongue pleads eloquently for your family, even the seductive canvasser who tries to inveigle you into buying a history of the world in twenty-five volumes, can be listened to for a courteous minute or two and politely dismissed without seriously clogging the wheels of business. Perhaps they may really have something worth while to offer. Above all, the tellers and the cashiers of every bank need a course in the art of gracious expression. Why should the depositor of money be regarded with frowning suspicion, and why should his mistake in endorsing cheques wrong side up, or his failure to have his books balanced regularly, call forth shouts of correction instead of a few words of kindly instruction? After all, he is only ignorant or only forgetful. No dark scheme for defrauding the bank lurks behind his failure to follow the bank's rules. Courtesy is its own reward. It pays in personal satisfaction, in minimizing friction, in making friends, and in raising you in the eyes of your business associates.



By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

From Hampton's Broadway

IT ISN'T often that a town like Kilo has a real journalist in its midst, and when it does have, it ought to be proud and thankful; but right at first Kilo was more dazed and startled than anything else. I should say that Kilo, when it acquired the real journalist, was like a nice, motherly old cow that had gone out into the back pasture with the best and mildest intentions in the world to have an ordinary, gentle, wobbly-legged calf, and then found, all of a sudden, that she had given birth to a wheelbarrow loaded with fireworks. Lighted fireworks at that; with pin-wheels, and Roman candles, and skyrockets, and red and blue lights all going off at once. At first that cow would be surprised, then she would be pained and disappointed, and then she would probably get used to it. Next to a hen or the American Public the cow is the biggest fool on earth, and will get used to anything, even to a yellow journalist.

When Thomas Jefferson Jones sold

the Kilo Times he had been editing and publishing it and working the old Washington hand press for about ten years, and he had made it one of the most slow-going, respectable, desiccated weekly papers in Middle Iowa, one of the kind that, if he was sick some week, he could reprint week before last's paper and nobody would notice the difference; and Kilo had got used to that kind of paper and liked it.

But Davis was a different sort of man. He saw that the Times needed a little life put into it, and he put it in. On the paper for which Davis had been setting type before he came to Kilo, life meant red-ink headlines, and scandal and crime on the first page, and the very first number of the Times he got out had a "Wave of Crime" headline across the top of the first page in red, with subheads of "Kilo Police Rankly Inefficient" and "The Criminal Still at Large." That was the best he could do with the news at hand, which was that a chicken had

THE NEWS VALUE OF OLD BILLINGS

been stolen from Doc Weaver's hen coop, but he made up for it by a startling "Later" item at the bottom of the page, in double-spaced lines, telling that just as the Times was going to press it was learned that the chicken had not been stolen, but had been discovered by Mrs. Doc Weaver under the back porch, setting on eleven eggs.

Davis hadn't been publishing the Times more than a month and a half before he saw that it was going to strain him to keep up the speed he had set for himself. There wasn't enough doing in Kilo to keep up the journalistic ideal as he saw it. It was all right to have a "Wave of Contagion" when the two Mallory boys had the measles at the same time, but Kilo hardly knew what to make of a "Frightful Holocaust—Incendiarism Suspected," when S. Potts went to sleep in front of the Kilo Livery, Feed and Sale Stable and let his pipe set fire to a bale of hay, which was half consumed before anyone noticed it; and the whole town was puzzled and dazed when the Times came out with the roseate headlines, "Standard Oil Crushes Kilo Beneath Its Iron Heel!" and the only item under the headlines stated that Edmondson, the grocer, had received another barrel of kerosene from Jefferson, and that two or three pints of oil had leaked out as the barrel stood in the hot sun on the station platform. It was hard for Kilo to believe that this was trust robbery, but it tried to, because Davis said so. And it was harder for Davis to believe that this was real journalism, but he tried to do that, too.

The actual fact was that the men who had built Kilo had not built it properly for modern journalism. They had built it too small in proportion to the size of the headlines required. They had furnished only two hundred inhabitants, and Davis's headlines were a good fit for a town of two million. And another thing that the men who had built Kilo had forgotten was to put some devilment into the town. It irks a journalist to poke

around looking for a Tenderloin district and find only the Sewing Society, and to have to replace the daily murder sensation with the blood shed by Mrs. Doc Weaver on Saturday evening when she killed the Sunday chicken for the boarding house. It irked Davis, but the thing that annoyed him most was Old Billings. Davis was terribly disappointed in Old Billings.

The minute Davis stepped off the train when he came to Kilo he set his eyes on Old Billings, and gave him his proper news value. There was Old Billings, bunched up on an egg case against the side of the depot, right in the heat of the sun, with his hat slipped down onto the platform and his head lolling over onto one shoulder, and snoring like an automobile horn, with a grunt on the full blast and a tremolo on the in-take, and his face and nose as red as the side of the Kilo Livery, Feed and Sale Stable. Exactly at that moment Davis gave Old Billings his proper news value, and it was away up in his scale of values.

Nobody can deny that Old Billings looked drunk. If Mrs. Jarley had wanted to make a waxwork figure and had made one with a palpitator inside of it to make the chest rise and fall, and a tooter to snore, and had called it "Sleeping off His Intoxication," she couldn't have done better than to copy Old Billings just as he looked when Davis stepped from the train. Old Billings was a perfect imitation of himself as he would have looked if he had been drunk, only he wasn't drunk, and never had been in his life. He was a teetotal, hard-shell, blue-ribbon, Iowa prohibitionist. I don't wonder it riled Davis.

News values were one of the things Davis was especially strong on. A man who is a modern journalist, with gallons of red ink and fourteen assorted fonts of wooden scare-head type has to be strong on news values. Davis was. He could tell the news value of anything at the first glance. He could look at an egg and tell you in just what lay its news value; whe-

ther he would play it up for a column as a spoiled egg exemplifying the rise of crime in the agricultural districts as shown by the fraudulent attempts of Uncle Billy Briggs to palm off the egg on the public; or whether he would give it half a column as being a large egg and thus a proof that the Jefferson County hen was superior to the hens of the crowned heads of Europe; or whether he should give it two lines in the Local Column, merely mentioning it in a general way collectively, as "William Briggs was in our little burg yesterday and brought ten dozen eggs with him."

And it was the same with people. Davis could look at a man or woman once and give that person his or her news value, and he was proud of the faculty. So, as soon as he saw Old Billings asleep on the station platform, he gave him his news value; and it was a big one. He expected Old Billings to furnish a great many pages of scare heads during each year. Old Billings asleep there looked like "crime" and "debauchery" and "our dissipated leisure class" all in one, and Davis expected him to behave as such. And then Old Billings wouldn't! Not a crime, not a debauch, not a dissipation. The only thing he would do was to be a leisure class, and that wasn't worth much, for, as a usual thing, the benches in front of the Livery Stable and Edmondson's grocery, and the chairs in front of the Kilo Hotel, were crowded with leisure classes nearly all day long. It made Davis mad. He felt that Old Billings owed him something and was cheating him out of it.

After Davis had been publishing the Kilo Times a few months he began to look worried. The strain of getting up a red-type sensation for his first page every week in a town where nothing happened was beginning to tell on him, and all his efforts to do the modern journalistic thing had not boomed his circulation the way he had thought it would. The Times had had one hundred and six more

or less paying subscribers when Thomes Jefferson Jones sold out, and after several months of Davis it had one hundred and seven; but Davis learned that the new one was less paying than any of the others. Kilo did not appreciate red ink, and that worried Davis; and news was hard to get, and that worried him; and the advertisements were actually fewer in number than they had ever been, and that made him mad.

But the thing that he hated worst of all was that Old Billings hadn't lived up to his news value. It seemed to cast a slur on Davis's journalistic ability and pre-sight. Old Billings didn't do a thing that would look even plausibly like news in the Times. He never had done much in the news-making line except to be born, and he couldn't help that. The only other news he seemed liable to furnish was a death notice, and at the slow, easy-going rate he was living, it looked as though he would outlive Davis. Old Billings wasn't wasting any energy. He generally sat down in front of the hotel, or the grocery, or the livery stable, in the morning and sat there until noon; and then sat in front of the depot until supper, and after that he sat in front of the grocery, or the livery stable, or the hotel, until bedtime. It was not a wearing life; not the nervous prostration kind. Hardly anyone died of nervous prostration in Kilo, but it began to look as if Davis would; Old Billings wore on him so.

As the summer wore on Davis got worse and worse. He used to go around to the livery stable and take a chair near Old Billings and just sit and look at him, trying to study out some way to use him as a news item, but it never came to anything. There wasn't any news in Old Billings to get out, and Davis spent so much time that way that the Times began to go backward. Sometimes it would come out two weeks in succession without using the biggest type in the office, and once Davis was so discouraged that he just let the paper come out without any red ink on it at all,

and that was bad; for Kilo was beginning to get used to red ink and big type and when once your taste gets set that way you can't get along without it.

And then, just as Davis had about decided that his health was giving out entirely, his only compositor wandered out of town and never came back. For two weeks Davis struggled along weakly, trying to set type as well as hustle news and keep an eye on Old Billings; and the day he took to his bed, deciding that he was going to die of it all, Casey wandered into Kilo and hunted up the Times office—which wasn't very hard to find—and struck Davis for a job.

It was new life and ice cream for Davis, for Casey was one of his own kind, only more so. He was a modern journalist, too, but he was a few years in advance of Davis. He didn't take the news as he found it and swell it up big. If there wasn't any news, he made some. He belonged to that school of journalism, and it is a pretty good school to belong to in a town like Kilo. As soon as he heard about Old Billings, and how Davis had put his faith in him, and how Old Billings had betrayed that faith, he went out and had a look at Old Billings. He said afterwards that he didn't care much for his looks, and that if he had been looking for a man to put a news value on he would have put it on some one else; but that he had worked under many an editor and he knew they were all more or less crazy, and that Davis was boss. If Old Billings was the kind of man Davis had picked out as having a news value, the thing to do was not to complain, but to get the news out of Old Billings. Then he asked Davis about how high he had set Old Billings's news value, and when he heard he sat down and whistled one long whistle and scratched his head. It looked like a good deal of news to get out of Old Billings.

After Casey had sat a while, he got up and began nosing around the Times office, poking into corners and

opening closets, and finally he found the trapdoor that led into the cellar; and as soon as he found that he smiled. He went down cellar and explored, and when he came up he was grinning. He knew how to get news out of Old Billings.

The next number of the Times had plenty of red ink, and the words at the top of the first page were "The Carnival!" It took Kilo by storm, and made more talk than anything since the Civil War. Kilo hadn't known there was going to be a carnival, but it was all set forth in the Times, so there could be no doubt about it. It was to be a merchants' carnival; a tremendous celebration in honor of Kilo's prosperity, and there were to be floats, the populace in costume, and decorated streets, and fireworks in the evening, and the day was to be the 1st of October. Casey wrote the whole thing, and had an Order of March for the parade, and the whole thing was as attractive as it could be in print. By the time the Times came out again, a week later, everyone was pretty well used to the idea, and Casey called it the Times' Carnival without anyone caring, and it brightened Davis up considerably to go around and talk the thing up with the merchants. Casey just took things easily. All he did was to sit around in front of the grocery, or the livery stable, or the hotel, and loaf; but he always happened to sit next to Old Billings.

"Have ye ever been to Paris, Mister Billings?" he said one day, when they were sitting together.

"Well, no, I ain't," admitted Old Billings, reluctantly. "I don't say but what I've thought some of travelin', but I ain't never seemed to find time, as you might say. Travelin' takes time."

"Now, but ain't that a pity!" said Casey. "I was hopin' ye had been. I was there once, when I was young, an' I was just wishin' you had been. Them French do be knowin' how to run a carnival be'ter than what Davis does. I'm disappointed ye ain't seen a Paris carnival, Mister Billings. Ye

would be the kind of a man could tell Davis a thing or two about it."

"I guess maybe I could," said Old Billings, with satisfaction. "I got a remarkable mem'ry for things. I remember in the fall o' sixty-eight—"

"If ye had been to Paris," said Casey, "ye could tell Davis about that there confetti. An' ye would do so. No man that has been to Paris, like ye would have been, would forget to tell Davis about that there confetti. 'Twould be th' first thing ye would tell him about, wouldn't it now?"

"I guess I wouldn't let nothin' much stand in the way of my tellin' him," said Old Billings. "Don't you reckon he knows about that there—that what-you-may-call-it?"

"He do not!" said Casey, positively. "How should he, an' him never havin' been to Paris. I wager there be no one in Kilo but you an' me do know about it, Mister Billings. An' a grand sight it is, to be sure, to see the air full o' it, an' th' streets covered with it! Ah! 'tis a pity we are to have none of it here with the carnival an' all! Have ye ever been on th' boulevards in Paris come Mardi Gras? but, no! I remind me ye say ye have not! Confetti! 'Tis nothin' but confetti, an' 'tis plenty of carnival with nothin' else but confetti. I would not give a dang for a carnival without confetti, Mr. Billings, would you?"

"Dog me, if I would!" said Old Billings. "I'm s'prised Davis ain't thought on it afore now."

Casey waved his hand in the air to dismiss Davis from consideration.

"Ye know what he is like!" he said. "Thinkin' of nawthin' but thim red headlines o' his. I wisht—I wisht—"

He paused wistfully on the word, and then his face brightened and he turned to Old Billings and lowered his voice to a whisper.

"An' why not have confetti?" he exclaimed. "There would be good money in it for some one, Mr. Billings, if they had a monopoly of th' confetti business for th' Kilo carnival! Th' people would be after goin' crazy over it, they would take to it so. Ten

cents a bag we could get for it, an' to think it costs nothin' to make! But, no!" he said; "I have not th' time t' make it."

Old Billings moved restlessly on his chair.

"'Twould do no good t' have a wee bit of it," said Casey, sadly. "We would be all sold out of it before th' middle of th' day. 'Twould take tons of it, th' people would be so crazy to get it. 'Tis no use thinkin' of it. Let it go!"

"Seems like a pity not to make money when there is a chanst to," said Old Billings, nervously. "Mightn't—mightn't I make some confetti, Mr. Casey?"

"An' listen to that, now!" exclaimed Casey, joyfully. "Sure, it takes you t' think of things, Mr. Billings! But, no!" he said, dropping into sadness as suddenly as he had been roused to joy, "'tis not t' be thought of. Ye would get tired before th' job was half done, Mr. Billings. It takes a lot o' confetti t' make enough for a carnival, an' too little is worse than none at all. Ye would tire out before ye made enough, Mr. Billings. Let it go!"

"I wouldn't tire out," said Old Billings, eagerly. "Makin' confetti ain't no harder than sawin' wood, is it? I used t' be a fine wood-sawer when I was young. I hadn't my beat at sawin' wood, them days."

He waited restlessly for Casey's reply, and Casey sat rubbing one ear and apparently thinking deeply.

"If I thought ye could stick to th' job—" he said at length.

"I'd stick!" said Old Billings. "I swan, I'd stick. Dog me if I wouldn't! What—what might this here confetti be like?"

"Snow," said Casey. "It's like paper snow, an' when ye're havin' a carnival ye throw it at each other 'till th' streets is full of it. That's th' beauty of havin' th' monopoly of th' confetti business, Mr. Billings. Ye can make it of nawthin' more expensive than old waste paper, an' th' pro-

fit is all profit. 'Tis a grand business for th' likes of us."

"I can tear up paper as well as another man," began Old Billings, but Casey stopped him.

"Tear it!" he exclaimed, "An' who ever heard of torn-up confetti? 'Twould be again th' law, Mr. Billings. Would th' law be allowin' ye t' throw around torn paper, with th' sharp corners of it gettin' into everybody's eye, an' mebbby puttin' out a hundred eyes or so? No, indeed! 'Tis round th' confetti has to be; each confetti as big around as th' blunt end of a lead pencil. 'Twould never do t' tear it; 'twould have t' be cut."

"And what would I cut it with?" asked Old Billings.

"Scissors," said Casey. "But 'twould be no expense, for we have two pair in th' Times office, an' I could sneak ye one pair when Davis wasn't lookin'. Ye have fine long fingers t' work a pair of shears with, Mr. Billings!"

Old Billings worked his rheumatic fingers open and shut, and looked at them with more pride than he had ever imagined they could give him.

"I could cut out a lot of confetti, if so be I had time enough and paper," he said wistfully. "I wisht you'd let me try it, Mr. Casey."

"If I was t' git a room for a factory now," said Casey, meditatively, "I might git ahold of some young feller that would be willin' t' go into th' factory an' stay 'till I had enough confetti. I wouldn't want word of what I was doin' to get out 'till I had enough confetti made to do for th' whole carnival. An' a young feller I could lock in an' hand him in his meals. 'Twould be a fine job for some young feller, nothin' to do but sit easy all day an' shear out confetti an' have his meals handed right in to him, an' him gettin' half of th' profit when we sold th' stuff. Ye don't know any young feller like that, do ye, Mr. Billings, that I could get hold of quick?"

Old Billings worked his fingers spryly open and shut in front of Casey's face.

"There ain't no young feller in Kilo got sich long fingers as them," he said, braggingly, "ner no young feller ain't goin' t' have th' patience what I've got. A young feller's always wantin' t' move round, an' I ain't. Sittin' still's one of my strong points. You'd ought to take me as pardner in this here confetti business, Mr. Casey."

"Well," said Casey, reluctantly. "I ain't askin' ye t' go into it, an' I ain't coaxin' ye, an' if ye go into it ye'll have t' be locked in like I would lock in a young feller."

"I ain't askin' nothin' better!" declared Old Billings.

"Well, don't say nothin' about it," said Casey, "an' come 'round to th' Times office this evenin' after supper, an' we'll get t' work at it."

That was Tuesday, and the Times came out every Thursday, and the very next Thursday Old Billings began to live up to his news value. Tuesday night Casey met Old Billings alone at the Times office, and Thursday morning the Times came out with superb red headlines on the first page. It was a "Mysterious Disappearance" of the most thrilling kind, and Davis was in his glory. He shook hands with Casey a dozen times on Wednesday between his visits to the usual sitting places of Old Billings, and thanked him for drawing his attention to Old Billings' absence from the well worn public benches and chairs. He told Casey privately that he did not really believe Old Billings had disappeared to any great extent. He said he guessed that Old Billings had got the fishing fever and had gone to the river after bass, but that he was good for a scare-head in Thursday's paper anyway. And all the time Old Billings was down cellar with a kerosene lamp and a pair of office shears fourteen inches long and weighing about a pound, cutting out confetti the size of the end of a lead pencil. He cut nearly a cigar box full Wednesday.

Thursday morning Kilo read the Times and sniffed disdainfully about the mysterious disappearance of Old

Billings, and then went down to the grocery to talk it over with him, but he wasn't there! Kilo was surprised, but not half so surprised as Davis was. He couldn't make it out. He had been printing big headlines over unimportant news so long that he could hardly believe that Old Billings wasn't lurking around somewhere, sort of playing a joke on him, making the news look true. But Old Billings wasn't. He was down cellar cutting out confetti, and getting mighty tired of the job. He didn't have the right kind of shears nor the right kind of fingers to cut out confetti the size of a lead pencil end, and he was getting madder and madder. He didn't see why confetti had to be so small anyway, and by noon Thursday he decided he had misunderstood Casey, and he increased the size a little. He made it the size of a dime. And about the time Davis was really getting excited over the disappearance of Old Billings and taking it seriously, Old Billings decided that, while confetti the size of a dime might do for Paris, what was wanted for America was a generous confetti the size of a silver dollar. He felt that it would be mean to disappoint the public by giving them stingy, little bits when they might be wanting large, round ones; so he made them that way. He felt that if anyone had depraved Parisian taste and wanted the small kind, it would be easier for them to cut it down to suit than it would be for the others to paste the little ones together if they wanted big ones.

When Casey went down cellar with Old Billings' dinner at noon the old man had grown so generous that his confetti was the size of a saucer but the food cheered him up a little and he reduced the size to the dimensions of a hunting-case watch, men's size.

Friday morning Davis was in his glory, and said that if Old Billings did not show up by the next morning he would actually get out an extra, and Kilo was in good state to receive one, for Old Billings was still absent.

The town began to believe he was actually lost, and while the people were telling one another what a good man Old Billings really was, the old man was cussing confetti harder and harder, and getting madder and madder. The inside of his thumb was all one big blister, and he had quit cutting circles and was cutting irregular shapes.

Saturday was a hard day for Casey. He had to run off the extra on the hand press, and Old Billings was grumbling so hard that he had to sing Rory O'Moore at the top of his voice all day. Davis thought it was pure happiness because the Times had such good news, but it wasn't; and Casey was never so glad in his life as when he shut up the office Saturday night. He had sung himself so hoarse that he could hardly speak, and he saw that he would have to do something to cheer up Old Billings, so he went down cellar and told him that it was all foolishness to think that a little dab of paper would hurt anybody's eyes, that the point of a tiny bit of square-torn old newspaper would strike the tenderest eye more like a caress than like an injury, and that Old Billings had better give up shearing confetti, and tear it.

So Old Billings started in to tear, and he tore hopefully all day Sunday. It was really amazing how much he could tear when he hadn't anything to distract his mind. By evening he had the floor of the whole bare space in the cellar ankle deep in confetti, and it cheered him on to see how well he was getting along. He was as proud of it as if it were money, and every little while he would take a handful and throw it in the air to see how it worked. It worked fine. He had plenty of material to work on, for one end of the cellar was piled with old exchanges that Thomas Jefferson Jones had put there, and that had been added to by Davis; and Old Billings didn't care which he made confetti of first. He would stick in his hand and pull out a Chicago Tribune and in a minute it would be confetti, and then

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he would grab up a Washington (Iowa) Democrat, and in a minute that would be confetti, too; and then, maybe, he would rip up a consular report, and a Muscatine News-Tribune, and a stray copy of a New York colored supplement, and follow that with a Kalona News and a patent medicine almanac. They all made good, fluffy confetti.

It was warm work, even if the cellar was cooler than out doors, and Old Billings had shed his coat right at the start; and about Tuesday, as Old Billings did not seem to need it, Casey just took it out of his way and, after supper, walked out to the river—three miles—and sort of draped it over the edge of the river. Davis found it there, all right! And Casey saw that he found it early enough Wednesday morning to work up a good article for the Thursday Times.

It was right then that Kilo really began to worry about Old Billings. The men of the town held a meeting and went in a body to drag the river, with Davis along to show the spot where the coat had been found and to take notes. They dragged the river well, and got out every old bait can that had been chucked into it in the last seven years, and it was a wonder they didn't drag out Old Billings. They would have dragged him out if he hadn't been in the cellar of the Times building, wading around knee deep in confetti. But it made a good extra for the Times, and by the time Old Billings was thigh deep in torn-up exchanges, Kilo was reading the list of the men who had dragged the river, and the biography of Old Billings, and the full account of the dragging of the river. Casey was so proud of it that he took Old Billings's vest.

You can do a good deal with a vest if you know how, and have had a thorough, modern journalistic education, and can pick up a stray chicken that needs its head chopped off for the good of the public. There is enough blood in a chicken to make a strong agile murder mystery if it is

applied in the right way; and the way Casey had Davis organize the search party to scour the woods on the other side of the river from where the coat had been found did credit to his training. Kilo had not been mentioned in the big city papers since the cyclone of '78, but the day after Old Billings's vest was found, people all over the United States were reading of Kilo's murder mystery, and was it murder or suicide!

Kilo was prouder than a peacock of her murder mystery, and especially so when the county sheriff came down from Jefferson and joined in the hunt for the remains of Old Billings; and Davis was like a new man. He hardly had time to eat. He ran around town and discovered clues everywhere, and Casey worked so hard turning out extra editions of the Times that he scarcely had time to feed Old Billings properly. He spent all his time between the press and the cellar, for the old man was getting restless again. He had torn up so much paper that he was up to his arms in it, and he told Casey that he didn't want to seem lazy about making confetti, but that from what he knew of Kilo he judged he had about all the confetti the town would need for a one-day carnival, and that if he tore up much more he would be swamped and would likely drown in confetti. He became quite ugly about it, so Casey suggested to Davis that he had got about the full news value out of Old Billings, and it would be a good thing to let him drop now, and try some other sensation.

But Davis knew better. He was right in the heart of the mystery, and he wasn't going to give up while a mystery was still mysterious; so Casey had to go down cellar and try to start Old Billings going again. It was hard work. Old Billings said he had used up the whole pile of exchanges, and he thought that was more than any young fellow could have done. He said he wanted to make some money out of the confetti monopoly so long as he was in it, but he didn't want to

overstock the market and cause a fall in prices. But Casey sniffed contemptuously at the pile of confetti, and said that when the cellar was full up to Old Billings's neck they could begin to talk about having enough, and then he went up and carried down a lot of exchanges that had been accumulated in the office, and told Old Billings to get to work.

Old Billings sat on the table growling to himself for a while after Casey went upstairs, and then he took up one of the papers, and the headlines looked at him. He did not have to look at them, for they were Davis' Times headlines, and they fairly yelled at Old Billings that Old Billings was murdered, and that he was the prize mystery of the century. He could hardly believe it, even if it was in print, but he dug out other papers, and he found that he was a murder mystery all over the state, and in some of the big cities, too. Then he had to believe it, and it made him mad. He knew he wasn't murdered. Even if the Chicago papers said so, he knew it was false.

Old Billings thought it over for a few minutes and then he climbed as far up the cellar stairs as he could and pounded on the underside of the trapdoor with the shears. Casey let the press stop and came down. He saw at once what was the matter and what a mistake he had made in not censoring the exchanges before he had handed them to Old Billings.

"Sure!" he said, when Old Billings had thrust the paper at him. "I know that. But what the complaint ye have to make is, I don't see, Mr. Billings. Ye know how the Times is—always printin' things that ain't so, an' when th' time comes 'twill be easy enough to prove ye ain't murdered. Just rest easy, Mr. Billings, an' keep on makin' confetti for three or four weeks yet, an' 'twill be all right."

"Dog me, if I do!" declared Old Billings, crowding up onto the cellar steps beside Casey. "I ain't agoin' to stay down in this here cellar not another hour, an' everybody savin' I'm murdered. It ain't right, an' I won't

do it. It ain't no fun down here. There ain't nobody to talk to, nor no excitement. Here I be for weeks like, shut up down here, an' not knowin' about all the excitement goin' on in town, when all the time I might have been up there hearin' all about it. It ain't fair."

"If ye was up there, there wouldn't be any excitement," said Casey, "Ye can't be murdered an' stand 'round listenin' to how ye was murdered at the same time, Mr. Billings. If ye hadn't been down here ye wouldn't have been murdered up there, an' as long as ye are in good health ye oughtn't to complain. Be a good feller and make some more confetti."

Old Billings looked down at the sea of confetti below him and shook his head decidedly. He never wanted to tear another piece of paper as long as he lived,

"I'm a goin' out," he said.

Casey sat down on the stairs and looked at Old Billings sadly.

"An' spoil th' monopoly!" he said. "Go on out then, an' have everybody know about confetti, an' have every livin' soul in Kilo start to make their own before night! Go on, Mr. Billings! An' to th' dickens with our profits!"

"I'm goin' out," repeated Old Billings, doggedly.

"Go on out then!" urged Casey. "An' in half an hour thim sheriffs an' marshals an' all will find out where ye have been, an' ye will be th' joke of th' town an' laughed at, an' no mystery at all, an' our confetti monopoly all gone t' smash. I didn't think it of ye, Mr. Billings. 'Tis not what I would do."

"I'm a-goin' out," reiterated Old Billings.

"An' you just gittin' t' have the finest news value of any man in Kilo!" exclaimed Casey, disgustedly. "Is that th' way ye do in Kilo? Is that th' way ye do, when ye could go out just as ye wish an' still have thim look on ye with wonder an' awe, an' not spoil th' confetti monopoly?"

"I want to go out," said Old Billings.

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"An' where will ye say ye have been all this time? In Davis's cellar tearin' up confetti. An' so would I, Mr. Billings, if I was in yer place, but I would not say it that way. I would let them find me in th' cellar, an' not a word would I say about confetti. 'Sure,' I would say, 'is this me or not me? Am I Old Billings, or am I a rat?' Then they all looks surprised and interested. 'A rat?' they says, 'Yes,' ye say, 'am I a rat, or ain't I? The last I remember I was a rat,' An' then they points to th' paper ye have torn up an' they say, 'sure, he thinks he is a rat! 'Tis a wonderful upsettin' of th' mind he has had. Some one must have took him out in th' woods and soaked him in th' head an' upset his mind for a spell.' Ye would be havin' a full page or two in th' Times about it," said Casey, enthusiastically, "an' no one would guess this was confetti at all. We could hold onto th' monopoly."

"I won't be a rat," said Old Billings grumpily.

"Well, then," said Casey, coaxingly, "be a squirrel. A squirrel is a pretty animal. Ye ought t' like t' be one, Mr. Billings."

"I won't be a squirrel," said Old Billings.

"Then will ye be a nice little bird, making a pretty nest in th' cellar. Be

a canary bird, Mr. Billings," coaxed Casey.

"I will be nothing!" declared Old Billings. "'I will be nothing but what I am, and be doing nothing but making confetti,"

For a minute Casey considered.

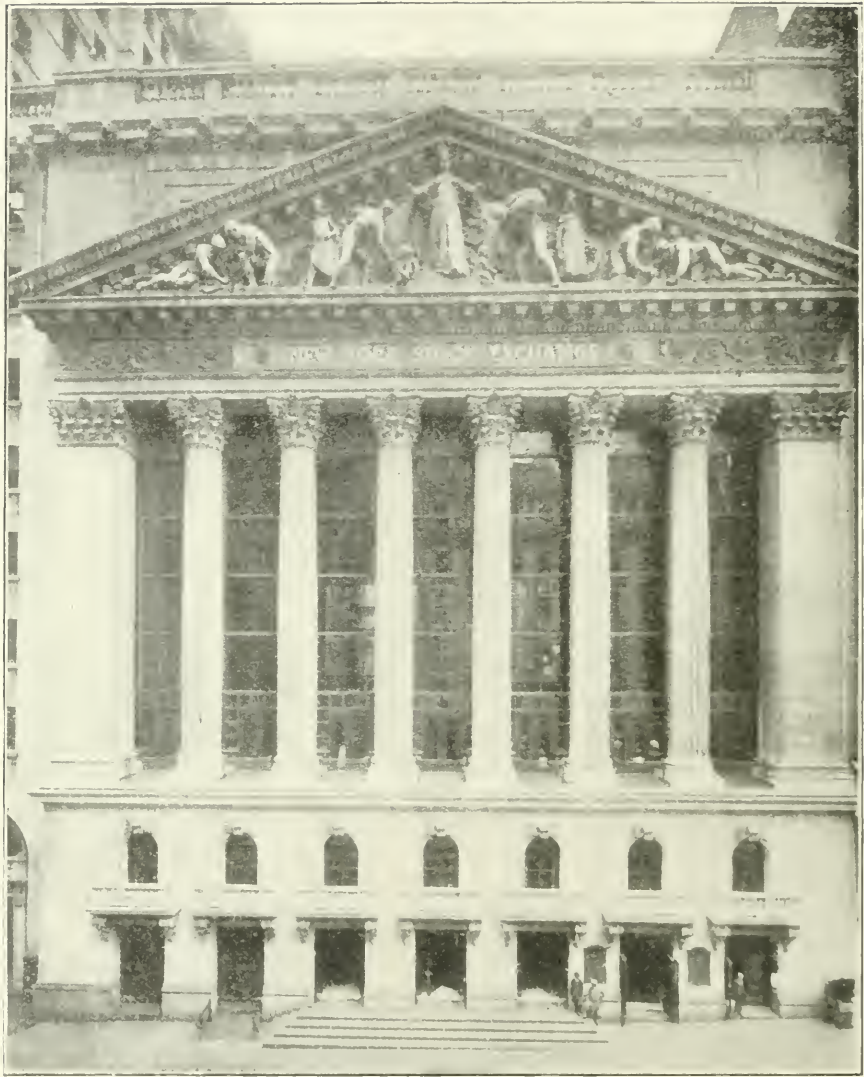
"Well, go on, then," he said, standing aside to let Old Billings out. "I'm thinkin' they will think ye as crazy one way as the other. From what I have seen of Kilo, by th' time ye explain t' them what confetti might be, an' how ye expect t' make money by sellin' folks bits o' torn-up paper, an' how ye was willin' t' stay down cellar tearin' paper by th' light of a lamp week in an' week out, I guess they'll think ye are crazy enough."

That night Davis sat alone in his office with his head in his hands and a frown on his brow. He was deeply worried. He could not decide which headlines to run in red at the top of the next day's issue of the Times, whether to run "Strange Aberration" or "The Lost Returns." Then suddenly he smiled and scribbled across the pad before him the huge words "Mysterious Disappearance." For Casey had left Kilo suddenly, and without stopping to say good-by, or to pay his board-bill at the Kilo Hotel.

Cultivate Habits, Not Maxims

By Henri Frederic Amiel

In the conduct of life, habits are of greater importance than maxims, because habit is a living maxim that has become flesh and instinct. To remodel one's maxims means nothing. This is only to alter the title of the book. But to acquire new habits is everything, for it is to grasp the meaning of life which is only a tissue of habits.



NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
The Centre of America's Financial Activity

Speculation and Investment

By FRANK FAYANT

From Moody's Magazine

HE WHO goes to Wall Street goes to buy an income or to speculate, and if he seeks a larger income than the minimum interest rate his income-purchase becomes in itself speculative.

"I never speculate in Wall Street," says a merchant, "I only buy outright for investment."

The fallacy that investment and speculation may be divorced is common. The merchant who thinks he doesn't speculate may buy railroad shares, like Erie or Rock Island, that pay no dividends. This is a hazardous speculation, whether the shares are paid for in full or carried on margin. The purchase of seasoned dividend shares is a speculation, for their dividend rates may advance or decline and their market prices may vary widely in periods of boom or panic. Even the purchase of high-grade bonds is a speculation.

Take the extreme case of the purchase for \$1,000 of a \$1,000 highest grade $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. railroad gold bond maturing in ten years, the investor being assured that he will have no use for the principal until the maturity of the bond. Every year he will receive an income of \$35 and at the end of ten years the company will repay him the \$1,000 gold. There appears to be very little speculation here. But suppose that in these ten years, by reason of increased production, gold declines and the things that gold buys advance. When the bondholder gets back his \$1,000 gold he finds that it will buy less food, fewer

clothes and less comfortable shelter than when he bought the bond. He is, therefore, relatively poorer. In the meantime the railroad company shares in the general prosperity and increases its dividends to shareholders. Its stocks rise in price. The bond buyer finds he has been speculating in gold.

To put money into good railroad bonds at the beginning of this era of prosperity was a poor speculation; to buy railroad stocks was a good speculation. Ten years ago Chicago & North Western securities were all of the highest grade. The stock, paying 5 per cent., advanced from \$85 to \$143, netting only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, on the investment at the top. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. general mortgage bonds of 1897 ranged from \$990 to \$1,020, netting about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. also. But the investor who bought North Western bonds at their lowest price ten years ago has not fared nearly as well as the investor who bought the stock at the top. The bonds in 1908 ranged from \$900 to \$960, an average decline of \$75 a bond. The stock, now paying 7 per cent., ranged in 1908 from \$135 to \$185, and its extreme range in the ten years has been \$126-\$270. The investor who bought North Western stock in preference to the bonds ten years ago has received twice as large an income on his money, and has had abundant opportunity to realize on his purchase at a profit of from 50 to 100 per cent.

North Western was a high grade investment stock ten years ago. But many of the leading railroad stocks

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of to-day, like Atchison, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific, were considered almost worthless ten years ago. The investors who bought the stock of these roads in preference to their bonds, thus speculating on the growth of the West, have made enormous profits. There is Union Pacific. Its first mortgage 4 per cents. sold then above par, and they sold a few months ago \$120 below their average price ten years ago. But the common stock, which paid no dividend and ranged from \$16 to \$44 then, now pays 10 per cent., and in 1908 ranged from \$110-\$185.

A study of railroad securities in our ten years of prosperity shows that gilt-edge bonds have gradually declined in price, while common stocks have risen enormously. The profits have accrued to the speculators in the stocks—whether they bought one share outright or carried a thousand shares on margin.

Speculation has an evil sound to many good folks' ears. It at once suggests the bucket-shop and the hazardous trading in securities on slender margins. But all business is speculation, and if the American people for the past hundred years had put their money only into gilt-edge investments we would still be reading by candle-light and riding in stage coaches. England became the greatest commercial nation in the world because Englishmen were big speculators. Now we are out-speculating the English and becoming a greater commercial power.

Speculation and industrial progress go hand in hand. It was a hazardous speculation that built the first railroad across the Rockies; it was a still more hazardous speculation that rescued the property from bankruptcy. In the 90's, when the pessimists thought the country was going to the demnition bowwows, a fox-eyed speculator went from banker to banker in Wall Street, saying, "Here's the bankrupt Union Pacific selling for \$3 a share; let's buy up the stock, assess

ourselves \$15 a share and make a railroad out of it"—the conservative old bankers threw up their hands in amazement. They wouldn't embark on such hazardous speculation. But Harriman persisted, found men who were willing to join him in the speculation, and we all now marvel at the result. Without speculators like Harriman and Hill the railroads beyond the Mississippi would still be "streaks of rust"—if there were any railroads at all.

But because speculation is the leaven of industrial progress, it doesn't follow that every man with a few dollars in his pocket should plunge into wild speculation—whether it is buying building lots, eggs or railroad shares. Speculation, especially our modern system of margin speculation, is a highly useful factor in our industrial life, but trading on margin is a hazardous undertaking, and nine-tenths of the players lose. The trouble with the average American is that he wants to make too much money in too short a time. He knows that, with luck, he can make a great deal of money in Wall Street on a small capital, and in his greed for fortune he takes extravagant risks. It is because he takes such chances that he usually loses. Any candid Wall Street broker will tell you that the habitual margin speculators lose year in and year out.

Money may be made in Wall Street, just as it may be made in merchandizing or manufacture or agriculture or mining—by the exercise of ordinary business common sense. "The men who have made the big fortunes in America," said Mr. Morgan, the other day, "are those who have been bulls on the country." One of the Standard Oil capitalists said some time ago, "A man who hasn't made a fortune in America in the past ten years can't blame the country." In this period railroad dividends have increased 250 per cent., steel production 240 per cent., bank deposits 160 per cent.—our industrial progress has been astounding. And the men who have

SPECULATION AND INVESTMENT

made fortunes have been those who have believed in the country year in and year out.

The conservative investor, with a surplus that he can spare for speculation, has more than a reasonable chance of making a profit by buying good stock in panic periods and selling them in boom times. This may take him to Wall Street only once in a year or two, but he will make a good deal more money than the man who goes there every day.

The public is credulous about money making. It always has been. And this credulity is born in cupidity. It's the desire to acquire money easily and quickly that leads the public into absurd speculative ventures, and that provides a never-ending harvest for the unscrupulous and reckless promoters. The tulip craze in Holland in the 17th century, the South Sea Bubble in England and John Law's wonderful bank in France in the 18th century, our own extravagant railroad ventures after the Civil War—all grew out of this over-mastering desire for wealth.

There never has been a time when a smooth-tongued financial adventurer—honest enthusiast or scheming fakir—couldn't stand on the street corner and tempt the coin of the realm out of the pockets of the credulous.

The country merchant, who thinks he is mighty lucky to make \$1,000 earn \$150 in a year in a home investment, sends his money away to some clever advertiser who promises to make his \$1,000 earn in a year from \$1,000 to \$10,000. This is happening every day, and there is no way to prevent it. Men who know that two plus two equals four will put their money knowingly into a fraud or a bubble on the chance that they will pull out ahead of the victims. The other day the manager of a Wall Street brokerage house received an order from a customer to buy 1,000 shares of an extravagantly advertised mining stock.

"Why, that's a fraud promoted by an ex-convict," protested the broker,

"and I refuse to buy the stock for you."

"Oh, I know all about it. It's a plain swindle. But the gang behind it is going to put it up to catch the suckers. I don't see why I shouldn't get some of the money—"

"Of the suckers?"

"Well, you buy me 1,000 shares."

The broker reluctantly bought the stock for \$1,400. The next day the stock couldn't be sold for \$700, for the manufactured market suddenly collapsed.

Several years ago a well-known circus-poster advertising promoter announced over his signature that the investment of \$1,000 in a new copper stock would make a profit of \$10,000 to \$15,000 in a few days, or 1,000 to 1,500 per cent. Seven days later subscriptions to the stock to the amount of \$6,600,000 in cash had accumulated in New York's biggest bank—an astounding response from a credulous public. We all know that the public didn't make from \$66,000,000 to \$99,000,000 on its investment in a few days. Instead it soon faced a loss of nearly \$3,000,000, and in four years the market value of the stock showed a loss of all of its original investment of \$6,600,000 and more than \$10,000,000 besides.

But this same circus-poster enthusiast has repeatedly painted wonderful pictures for the credulous of the easy road to sudden wealth, and the public has always paid for the pictures at fancy prices. Several months ago he invited the public to join him in a discretionary speculation pool, promising that he could make 300 per cent. a year on a capital of \$5,000,000. He predicted that a \$20,000 investment in the shares of the venture would be worth \$100,000 within four months; instead, the market value of the investment declined to \$8,000.

If this particular venture collapses absolutely, and the shares that recently sold around \$2 go begging again at a few cents, will it be a bar to the

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

repetition of a similar venture by the same enthusiasts, with another harvest from the credulous? Not at all. The farmer reads in his weekly paper how the three-shell fellows cleaned out the credulous in a neighboring county fair, and then goes to his own county fair and tries to beat the game. He knows the game is crooked, but his cupidity stirs him to think that he can beat it.

Some years ago in Chicago a great discretionary pool swindle took hundreds of thousands of dollars out of the credulous before it collapsed. The same gang repeated the operation on a bigger scale in New York several years later. The swindlers were exposed and some went to prison. Three years later they started out again and took two millions more from the same gullible public. The gang's stool pigeon promised to pay 520 per cent, a year, and he did pay weekly dividends at this rate (out of the victims' money, of course) until the police raided his shop in Brooklyn. The same swindle, were it started again, would be just as profitable to its organizers.

In every industrial boom a horde of wildcat promoters invades the market place and offers its wares to the credulous through circus-poster newspaper advertising. The records show that there is not one chance in a hundred of one of these Sunday-advertised ventures becoming a sound business enterprise, and not one chance in a thousand of one of them being the bonanza that they are all painted. In the industrial boom following the flotation of the Steel Corporation, 150 companies offered their shares to the public through a single New York newspaper in a year. Three years later an investigation showed that nearly all of these companies were dead and that not one was earning anything for its shareholders. A mining engineer recently investigated all of the companies brought out in the past ten years through flamboyant newspaper advertising and found only three on a healthy dividend basis. But in the next industrial boom the wildcat promoters will reap the usual har-

vest from the gullible. As the fakirs themselves say, "there's always a new crop of suckers."

Mr. Barnum said, "The American people like to be humbugged," and nowhere is the truth of this better illustrated than in the market place.

But there is another side to it. The small investors are not nearly so foolish in their real investments as their absurd chasing after bubbles would indicate. The public in the past few years, largely as a result of the widespread interest in American business affairs, has shown an intelligence in its investments that has surprised the old timers in Wall Street. The Wall Street aphorism, "the public buys at the top and sells at the bottom," is probably still true in a large measure of the public's margin speculation, but it is not true of its investments.

"The public invests at the bottom and sells at the top"—and the records of the past four years, more especially of the past two, show this in a remarkable degree. When railroad shares were pushed to the highest prices in their history of the Harriman bull market of 1906, the talk of the Street was that "the insiders were unloading on the public," and when the crash came in 1907, with terrific losses in market prices, every sour-faced looker-on thought he saw a cruel shaking-out of the public, with bargains falling into the laps of the big speculators.

What happened was just the other thing. When prices were in the skies in the fall and early winter of 1906 the public was selling out on Wall Street, and the public never came back to reinvest its gains until the panic hit the market and spilled the big speculators' loads out on the bargain table. In the great advance in prices from the spring of 1904 to the winter of 1906-7 the public sold many millions of dollars of securities to speculators in Wall Street, because investors found that stocks were selling so high that their income return was less than savings bank interest rates. In the first collapse in the bull market early in 1907

SPECULATION AND INVESTMENT

investors began reinvesting their savings in good railroads and industrials, and when the bank panic in October drove prices to the lowest in years, a flood of investment buying resulted. In two years not less than 400,000 new names were enrolled on the stock books of the railroad and industrial corporations listed on the Stock Exchange. A dozen of the biggest corporations gained 100,000 shareholders.

Great Northern, when it was selling at a fancy figure late in 1906, had only 2,700 shareholders. The long decline in 1907 attracted 4,000 new shareholders up to the week of the bank panic, and in the months of depressed prices following the panic 7,500 more bargain-hunters came to Wall Street to buy "Jim" Hill's stock, with the result that Great Northern now has five times as many shareholders as it had two years ago. The public similarly unloaded its Reading shares on Wall Street in a bull market and bought them back in the panic. Before the bull market collapsed the holders of Reading common numbered only 1,700. During

the bear market 1,000 new investors bought the shares, and in the panic the list rose to 4,300. When Wall Street began bulling Reading again last summer the shareholders took their profits, and early this winter, when Reading had doubled its panic price, the number of shareholders had declined to 3,000. For years the list of Pennsylvania Railroad shareholders has risen in bear markets and declined in bull markets. The common gained nearly 20,000 shareholders in the bear market of 1907, and since then the list has been gradually declining with the recovery in the price of the stock.

The great recovery in security prices since the panic, while helped along by manipulation, has been built on the solid foundation of the public's investment of several hundred million dollars in Wall Street at the bargain prices from March, 1907, to March, 1908. When the speculators boom the market to the skies again, the public will convert its stocks into cash and await the inevitable collapse.

The lambs are learning.

The development of one's personality cannot be accomplished in isolation or solitude; the process involves close and enduring association with one's fellows. If work were purely a matter of mechanical skill, each worker might have his cell and perform his task, as in a prison. But work involves the entire personality, and the personality finds its complete unfolding, not in detachment, but in association.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

The Ethics of Advertising

By WALTER WILLIAMS

From *Judicious Advertising*

CONFIDENCE is of cash value in advertising. The advertisement which wins the reader is the advertisement which convinces him of its dependability. Confidence is basic in all commercial transactions. Surely it is fundamental in advertising. We must believe before we will buy. Herein lies the cash worth of confidence in advertising. Dependability is not merely desirable from an ethical viewpoint. It is necessary from a commercial standpoint. This is the plane upon which may first be pitched the argument for the ethics of the advertising. It is a low plane, however, albeit it is the plane of money-getting. The contention for conscience in advertising may not rest here. There are other and higher grounds. Ethical obligation is upon the promoter of publicity, the seller of advertising space and the user of the space. The ad-writer is not beyond the boundaries that were set by the Decalogue.

The line between the permissible and the non-permissible in advertising is not easily drawn. Certain advertising, however, is clearly non-permissible. It requires no high ethical standard to rule out the advertising of that which is contrary to law. It does not require argument to prevent the advertising in reputable journals and by reputable advertisers of burglar's tools or counterfeit money. The law, which is crystallized public opinion made into statute, settles this. But the law or even public opinion is not thus clear in its condemnation of the advertising of fakes and frauds. Here each

man must decide for himself. Here the question of ethics, uninfluenced by statute or popular verdict, enters.

The principles of ethics which govern in advertising differ in no particular from those which govern in any other transaction between man and man. It is no more allowable to be guilty of falsehood in the writing of advertising or the publishing of advertising than it is to be guilty of falsehood in private conversation. Nay, not so much so. The man who speaks to hundreds or thousands has resting upon him more serious obligations to tell the truth than has the man who speaks only to a few. It is the veriest truism that an advertisement should tell the truth. Yet, unfortunately, there are advertisers who, shielding themselves behind advertising columns, apparently hold the opinion that advertising that deceives is not discreditable to the man who writes it, publishes it, or pays for it. It is discreditable if it deceives and no amount of temporary profit—for it cannot bring permanent profit—will obscure the discredit.

Deception has no place in rightly-considered advertising. The simplest, most straight-forward conversation is most convincing. Advertising is merely the multiplied speech of the advertiser. Deception is no less detestable because shouted from the housetop or skilfully concealed in gothic type and prize verse. If the art or science of advertising have an alphabet, it surely begins with A for Accuracy and B for Believable and C for Conscientiousness. There is no Deception in it.



TRAIN-FERRY SOLANO
Plying between San Francisco and Oakland

Across the Sea by Train

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS

From Pearson's Magazine

THE changing from train to steamer and from steamer back to train undoubtedly deters many people from undertaking a journey that, as regards mere mileage, is not the least bit formidable. Could one but stick to the same corner in the same carriage from start to finish, unworried and unhurried, Paris and London would know each other even better than they do.

As the crow flies, Berlin is almost exactly the same distance from Copenhagen that London is from Paris, and there lies on the direct line a sea-stretch somewhat wider than the Straits of Dover. But the journey from one capital to the other is in this case quite easy and comfortable. You take your ticket at Berlin, board an express, and are whirled northwards to Warnemunde, on the Mecklenburg coast. If traveling by a day train, you arrive there about one

o'clock in the afternoon. There is no need to disturb oneself. The locomotive is uncoupled, and another pushes the train over a bridge on to the deck of a steamer that has been waiting for it. This train-ferry is one of four which ply regularly between Warnemunde and Gjedser at the south end of the Island of Laaland, twenty-six miles away.

The moment the train is aboard, hinged buffers are placed behind the last car, and as without delay the vessel steams out of its berth, the deck hands close the hinged doors at the stern through which the train entered, and make the cars fast to the rails with hooks and jacks, so that they shall not rock on their springs.

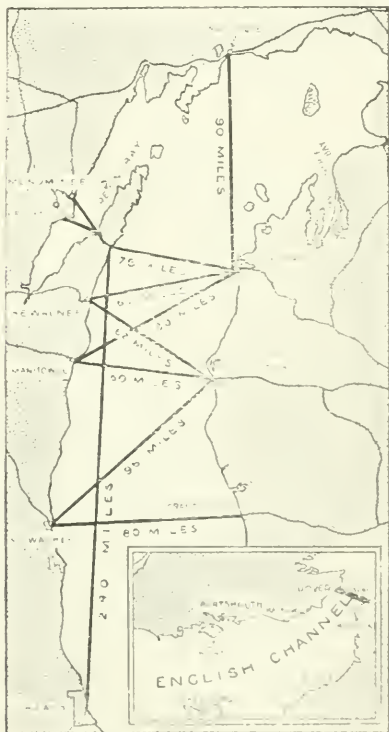
The carriage doors are now unlocked, and you may promenade on the deck above, go to the saloon for a meal, or smoke and read the papers. The customs officials examine the



TRAIN-FERRY ONTARIO NO. 1

Which crosses Lake Ontario daily from Cobourg to Charlotte

luggage during the voyage, and have it back in the vans long before land is reached.



TRAIN FERRY ROUTES ON LAKE
MICHIGAN

In less than two hours—our boat is a good traveler—we approach Gjedser. While we resume our seats in the carriages, the bulwarks of the bows are raised bodily on hinges till they stand up like a great arch over the deck. The ferry slows down and is cleverly manoeuvred into a berth of masonry lined with wooden piles to fit the ship, which gently bumps herself to rest against them. Hardly is she made fast when a steel bridge, one hundred feet or so long, attached at one end to the quay, begins to sink on to the bows, to which it is ultimately secured by a huge steel bolt, that keeps the deck rails and bridge rails in exact line. The carriage wheels are already unblocked, and soon our train is steaming northwards along a narrow promontory.

At Orehoved, in the north of Laaland, we have to take to a second ferry, which transports us across the narrow arm of the sea to Masnedø, in Seeland, whence we have an unobstructed run to the Danish capital. Even there we need not stop, as a third ferry plies northward to Malmoe, in Sweden, to make connection with the Scandinavian railway systems.



THE FRIEDRICH FRANZ

One of four ferries which ply daily between Germany and Denmark

On Lake Michigan, in America, train-ferries ply regularly, despite storms as violent as those which vex the Channel, and fogs of great density. Furthermore, they do not fear to face the thick ice which in winter covers this fresh-water lake, for they have bows specially strengthened and shaped to attack and crush their way through ice several feet thick, and sturdy propellers which will thrash any ice they encounter into splinters. Some of the boats are constructed with a propeller in the bows to suck water from under the ice and weaken it. The *Pere Marquette*, one of the largest boats, crashes her way through 14-inch ice at a speed of ten miles an hour. The *Ermack*, the famous Russian ice-breaker, attacks pack-ice 20 feet thick with success, charging it again and again until it goes to pieces.

The captain, or ice-master, has to exercise considerable care in cutting out another vessel. If he brings his boat too close, the ice may suddenly

"up-end" between the vessels and allow them to fall together violently. In a fog it becomes an operation that requires good nerves and quick decision. The secret of the ice-breaker's success is largely one of design. The spoon-shaped bows have vertical curves which allow them to mount the ice easily when it proves obstinate and attack it in the most effective direction—downwards. When the vessel has climbed out and up a certain distance its weight proves too great for the ice to bear, and down she crashes, shooting the broken ice sideways under the main floes.

Perhaps most famous of all ferries is the Baikal train-ferry on the lake of its own name in Central Asia. This lake lies in the path of the great Trans-Siberian Railway, and, until the track was carried round its southern end, caused a break which required the importation of a ferry. The Russian Government therefore ordered the Baikal from Sir W. G. Arm-

strong, Whitworth, and Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

After being built, the vessel—of 4,000 tons displacement—was taken to pieces and so shipped to St. Petersburg. Wagons transported the pieces—the heaviest weighing about twenty tons—to Krasnoiarsk, and sleighs forwarded them to Irkutsk on the Angara River, whence they were floated down to the lake. Russian workmen, superintended by English engineers, there re-assembled the parts, and soon the Baikal was at work transporting trains from east to west, and from west to east, cutting through ice five feet thick as easily as you draw your stick through the thin film formed

on a water-butt by a spring frost. Yet not many years ago, before the ice-breaker was invented, and men had to cut or blast a way for a vessel, a mile a day was considered good progress in winter-bound Baltic ports.

Train ferries also ply in San Francisco, Chesapeake, and New York Bays; on the Delaware River, between British Columbia and Vancouver Island, across the St. Lawrence, from Italy to Sicily. They carry annually vast numbers of freight cars, as well as passenger trains, and on Lake Michigan are able to compete favorably with the railways that skirt the lake.



ICE-BREAKING TRAIN-FERRY BAIKAL
Carrying trains of the Trans-Siberian Railway across Lake Baikal



TRAIN-FERRIES BREAKING THROUGH THE ICE ON LAKE MICHIGAN

What is Meal Monday?

By PROFESSOR W. R. LANG
From University (Toronto) Monthly

Q. What is Meal Monday?

A. Meal Monday is the Monday on which the student gets his meals in peace.

Q. What do the students do on Meal Monday?

A. Some of them go for walks, some of them work, some of them go up to the Union, some of them have other means of spending the day.

Q. What did our ancestors do on Meal Monday?

A. They walked home and brought back sacks of meal.

Q. Oh, did they?

A. Well, that is what they said, at any rate.

Q. What do you think they did, then?

A. I think that it was just an excuse to get away for the day. After that they would act exactly as we act at the present time.

Q. What is the day following?

A. The day following is Candlemas, and it is also a holiday.

—Glasgow University Magazine, Feb. 3rd, 1909.

THE passing of Candlemas Day brings back memories of the holidays that came together on the first Monday and Tuesday of February in the old University of Glasgow. If the calendar of that university be examined, three striking entries will be found: Monday, Holiday (Monday after last Friday); Tuesday, Holiday (for Candlemas). Again in March—or it might happen to be late in February—there appears the same mysterious reason for a holiday, namely "Monday after last Friday"! These days were known as "Meal Mondays," for the Scottish student from the country was supposed to tramp or otherwise go home on the Friday and bring back with him

enough oatmeal to last him for another month! They are still observed, though it is open to doubt if they are used for their original purpose; more likely for a game of "goff" or a day's trout-fishing. Fifty years ago these holidays were shared in by the scholars of the High School, and the granting of them was surrounded with a dignified formality which has on many occasions been recounted to me by the generation now almost completely passed away. Four students were elected annually by the Natural Philosophy class and held the title of Stint Masters. One was chosen from each nation, students being to this day divided into nations according to where they were born: Natio Giotiana, for all born within the county of Lanark; Natio Rothseiana, for those born in the counties of Bute, Renfrew and Ayr; Natio Transforthana, for those belonging to counties north of the Forth and Clyde, while all students born elsewhere than in these favored and specified countries are included in the Natio Londoniana. About the end of January these four representatives went to the High School, where they asked each master to give the scholars a holiday, which was always granted. In return the boys visited the university and formulated a similar request to the professors. A deputation of some six or eight of them was selected by the masters of the fourth year Latin class whose duty it was to see that they were word-perfect in the oration which had to be made on these

occasions. The day they visited the university was observed as a holiday by the chosen scholars, who proceeded to the college quadrangle and were duly received by the Bedellus, who conducted them to the various classes and, as every class had to be visited, this took a considerable part of the day. Arriving at a class room the Bedellus threw open the door and the professor stood up in his rostrum, the students rising to their feet at the same moment. The spokesman—that duty being taken in rotation—went forward and said, “Doctissime Professor, nos discipuli scholae summae, Glasguensis, nunc ad te oratores venimus, humillime petentes ut auditoribus tuis, ferias solitas, benigne concedas.” The professor made a dignified bow and said, “Libenter conceditur vobis.” and the deputation retired amidst loud applause. This ceremony was abolished on the removal of the university buildings to their present site.

These Stint Masters had other and even more important duties. One of these was to fix the fees paid for degrees by individual candidates, for, on the principle of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, the amount of the fees varied considerably and there was no appeal from the sum named by this autocratic four, except that a maximum was laid down which might not be exceeded! Class fees, too, were nominal in those days; there was no imperative fee, but instead of that there was “coal and bell money,” which was collected in a curious way. The students being duly entered in their classes, each professor announced the day fixed for the collection so that the students might come provided with the necessary amount, which was five shillings and sixpence! On the day appointed, at the end of the prayer with which all classes were opened, and with which most eight and nine o’clock classes are still opened, the Bedellus and the university “bellman” entered the room, the one with the table and the other with a money bag. The “censor”—a student

functionary still in existence in many classes, who takes the roll daily by observing vacant places—then called out the names, when each man filed past the table, paid his money and went out.

The modern system of examination is very different from that then in vogue. A candidate for a degree was examined in all his subjects at the end of his course, three years for B.A., four for M.A. But, in order to make the consecutive years count for a degree, a student had to satisfy the professor of his knowledge of Latin before he was admitted to the Greek class; of Greek before taking Logic; of Logic before Moral Philosophy, and of this last before he could enter the class of Natural Philosophy. His examinations were in public and, if any who read this ever visit the University in Glasgow, let them ask to see the old “black-stone” chair on which all candidates sat during examination. Seated on this chair (the seat of which is of stone and by some believed to be the coronation stone on which the Kings of Scotland were crowned at Scone), he faced the professor of the subject on which he was being examined, while the Bedellus stood by with the mace. Before commencing, the student stood up and addressing the examiner as “Doctissime Professor,” he named the books on which he had chosen to be examined; adding “profiteor.” He then sat down, the Bedellus grounded the mace and turned an hour-glass, timed to run for about twenty minutes, and the torture was begun. When the sand had run out the Bedellus raised the mace, said “Ad alium Domine,” and the unfortunate candidate made his escape. On one occasion a new Bedellus, somewhat shaky in his Latin, is reported to have said, “Ad diabolum Domine” to the horror of the learned professor! The audience of professors, students and even outsiders usually indicated their feelings of satisfaction or otherwise by the applause with which the candidate’s exit was greeted.



THE FARMER'S BUSINESS OFFICE

The Farmer and the Roll-top Desk

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

From the Circle Magazine

WHEN you and I were boys on the farm father kept his lead pencil behind the clock on the mantel, his flexible date book, in which were set down the births of the colts and the time of taking certain stock to pasture found a resting-place in the drawer in the table in the corner, and the only writing-paper in the house was that kept by sister, who maintained a truly remarkable correspondence.

Father rarely wrote letters, but those days when he did set himself to the task were full of suppressed excitement. Mother produced the letter to be answered from the tray of her trunk, the miscellany on the table was cleared off, rust-eaten pens were the source of considerable experiment, and, finally, sister's sta-

tionery, often varicolored, for she was a faddist in this respect, was produced.

Then while father's stiff and unaccustomed fingers labored through the composition he went on tiptoe about the house, and even after it was all over we found his temper uncertain, for the result had been most unsatisfactory to him. The family had passed through an ordeal so disagreeable that it was repeated with the least possible frequency. Letter-writing on the part of the farmer came to be an almost unknown thing and with it all the semblance of the keeping of books.

But the last ten years have been bringing about a change which is showing its strength right now and marking an era in progress on the

THE FARMER AND THE ROLL-TOP DESK

farm. Last week I met a man who had lived on the farm next to my father's when we were boys together in the old slipshod days. I was surprised to learn that he was still on the farm, for his air was that of the successful business man knowing thoroughly his relation to the outside world. I talked to him of the affairs of the old farm and he told me of its transformation. In summing up he said:

"We have been driven to business methods by the new conditions and now we are blessing the causes that forced us. We have found that the most effective farm implement that we can buy is the roll-top desk. It regulates our crops, indicates those that are profitable, eliminates those that are not, sells to advantage, and is making fortunes for us. It has established itself on the farm and is there to stay. Those who adopted it first have now added an automobile. Those without it are being eliminated from the calculation, for profitable farming these days requires a business method of procedure."

All of which leads to the consideration of the desk on the farm as a sign of the times and a symbol of new conditions and to the story of how it came about, or is coming about.

The history of farming in this country has been the story of a careless competence gotten from a fresh and virile soil with comparative ease. The lands were virgin and productive, needing no fertilizer and no excessive cultivation. The seed has been placed in the ground and has grown heavy crops. The farmers have mostly grown so much as to yield them a living according to their standards, with only the occasional man who has striven for and accomplished more.

A map of the United States showing centres of population in 1850 indicates that only an occasional hand-

ful of settlers had established themselves on that belt of States of which Iowa is the centre. Yet for the past twenty years this region has been the productive area of the nation. Those lands throughout all that section were rich beyond anything the country had ever known.

All those States were settled fifty and sixty years ago and have since been farmed continuously without any intention being paid to putting anything back into the ground to repay it for what was being taken out. The best of soil can stand this sort of treatment for two generations, and then the end is reached. The two generations have passed. The soil is exhausted, and the two acknowledged crops of wheat and corn raised continuously on the same land are no longer profitable as of old. The farmer has got to figure out a different plan of farming throughout this vast area or succumb. He is figuring and studying and applying science, and succeeding beyond any of the accomplishments of the old regime, and in doing so he is becoming a business man. The condition of his soil is one of the forces that is driving him to it.

Farm labor has of late years come into competition with that of other industries. The tendency has been for the industries to win out, and prices of labor on the farm have greatly increased. To-day the farm hand receiving thirty dollars a month and found is a highly paid workman as compared with his fellows in other industries, and probably has a greater opportunity to lay aside money than any of them.

The farmer employing such labor is forced into a reckoning of the profits to be derived, must figure the returns of small areas and few men and large areas and many men. The computation is complicated and business methods are necessary in its consideration.

The farmer's son is no longer satisfied with the crude manner of

life that has been handed down from the pioneers, and demands better things. He has felt the touch of porcelain at boarding-school and is no longer satisfied with pulling down the blinds in a half-heated kitchen on Saturday night and attempting a bath in a washtub with water heated in a kettle on the kitchen stove. To obtain the things he wants better farming must be resorted to, and this same boy is finding the way to it. He has had a few months at an agricultural school, has seen some demonstrations at an experiment station, or has been aroused by some of the information prepared by the Government. This boy insists in knowing where lie the profits and losses, he installs new methods that sometimes arouse the neighbors, for other farmers must be scientific to compete with him.

Finally, the profits have grown so small that the farmer must determine what phases of his labors yield profits and what do not. There are naturally half a dozen products of a farm that are turned out year after year, and no account is kept against each and little idea is to be had as to which is most profitable.

A few years ago, for instance, a farmer in Rhode Island, who had divided his attention between dairy cows, fattening beef cattle, hogs, and chickens, determined to keep account of the expense and cash resulting from each operation. The result was, as determined by the roll-top desk, that he found he was positively losing money on the beef cattle, was barely coming out even on the hogs, was making a fair profit on the dairy cows, and was getting big returns on the poultry. He has since dropped beef cattle and all the hogs except enough to consume the waste, and has developed the dairy cows and the chickens, the latter to seven thousand hens, and is realizing huge profits on a farm on which

he had barely made ends meet for thirty years.

A farmer in Indiana adopted the same principal in relation to his three crops—corn, wheat and oats. The result was that he found that he had been raising oats for twenty years at a loss. He now raises more wheat and corn and buys the oats for his horses from other farmers who have not yet been convinced that it is next to impossible to raise them profitably in the great central farming belt of the United States.

A dairyman in New York was induced to get a machine for testing the milk of his cows and to the keeping of a record of the product of each. The machine showed that certain of them that were apparently valuable animals gave milk which contained so little butter fat that it greatly lowered the standard of his milk which was sold to a creamery. The cows were tested for a year and the herd of thirty was reduced to twenty with no decrease in the market value of the milk and a much greater profit. The farmer kept a ledger account for each of his cows and at the end of the season was able to tell to just what extent each individual cow was profitable.

In certain parts of Missouri wheat lands now produce seven and eight bushels where they formerly yielded twenty bushels to the acre. A ledger account will show that the present returns will pay no interest on the investment and poor wages for the labor expended. These farmers must resort to something different. The intelligent man adopts something like a rotation of crops to replenish the soil, and with it, live stock. This requires the investment of money, which he borrows on his land, and then begins the sink or swim contest. The incompetent is eliminated. The business has become complicated and book-keeping ensues as a necessity to success.

The department of agriculture at Washington is lending very great

aid to the systematizing of the work on the farm. For example, if a man maintains a dairy herd of forty cows he has before him the task of determining just how to balance his crop to supply them with the necessary quantities of pasture, soiling corn, hay, and stover, or whatever his crops may be. The individual farmer has little opportunity to determine these proportions other than by making a guess at it and changing it next year where he finds himself wrong.

Prof. W. J. Spillman, agriculturist in charge of farm management investigations for the department, spent four years in working out a formula by which any farmer may determine the correct proportions of different kinds of feed to grow and in what amounts to feed certain herds and conversely what size of herds to develop to consume the feed off certain farms. The first important step to establish was the quantities that were consumed by different classes of live stock. Then the total amounts necessary to support any herd could be obtained. Knowing the average production of any section it would be easy enough to figure the acreage necessary. The figures in the case of any farm have merely to be put in their place in the formula and the answer worked out.

In addition to this the department of agriculture is removing the bugaboo from the matter of book-keeping. It has devised a single book that will keep the records of the farm with relation to the outside world and which may be mastered in fifteen minutes. Men in the department started out on the hypothesis that book-keeping was the merest common sense and could be rid of all its technicalities and complications. The invention of the new system was the result. Professor Spill-

man urged it on a certain farmer in Missouri in whose operations he was financially interested. The farmer was fifty-three years old and protested that he was past the age of learning new tricks. The demonstrator, however, began copying the records of the farm into the new book and the farmer watched. In half an hour he had mastered it and a year later declared that for his own use he would not take five hundred dollars for it. A bulletin is now in course of preparation that will offer to put the new book into the hands of every farmer in the country who is sufficiently interested to ask for it.

Then, finally, there is the co-operative demonstration work in the South, carried on by the department of agriculture and financed in part by the general education board, a philanthropic institution which has set thirty-two thousand farmers to keeping accounts. Dr. S. A. Knapp is in charge of this work.

Teaching farmers to keep records was not the object of the department in setting thirty-two thousand men to sending in reports. It is likely, however, to be one of the most beneficial results. It causes the roll-top desk to enter the home. From the time it enters it is the man's property and sacred to the head of the house. Under its cover he keeps his things in order and together, and not even the four-year-old is allowed to intrude. When he wants paper or pencil or the horse book or the bulletin on the extermination of the caterpillar they are at hand. It is easy for him to write letters now and he plans his operations at his desk systematically. Approximations become matters of exactness and accounts are no longer carried in his head. He puts it all down in the book and pulls the top of his desk over it, for he has become a business man.

The Theatrical Press Agent

By BARNETT FRANKLIN

From *Overland Monthly*

THERE be all sorts and kinds of publicity promoters, but the theatrical press-agent occupies a unique position all his own. As a professional booster he stands unquestionably supreme. He is a real, unadulterated "Class A" article, and he pales all other seekers of free advertising into insipid insignificance.

The theatrical press-agent, as you undoubtedly know, is an individual possessed of abnormal imagination who is hired by a theatrical manager for the purpose of calling the play-going public's attention to that particular manager's theatrical attraction or "star." It is his business to drum up business, to create a general interest in the attraction he represents. The obvious object of all this is, of course, to swell the box-office receipts to such an extent that a post-mortem examination will not find that the production was merely an "artistic, though not a financial, success."

Now some misguided souls may have a sort of dim, faint notion in their cerebrums that the success of a theatrical venture depends entirely upon the worth of the play, the quality of the acting, and the character of the costumery and scenic investiture. Permit me at once to scatter a few handfuls of disillusion on this notion at once. True, it is advisable ever to have a good play and capable interpreters, and the other details of production should be of the best. But, bless you, it does not much matter with the press-agent

what is the merit of the attraction he is delegated to root for. It is the sole object of this conscienceless individual to corral the attention of the public, and you may feel secure that he is going to work his very sturdiest to do it. And it is a matter of record that many a first-rate production has failed absolutely just because it was inefficiently press-agented, while others, barren of excellence, have been floated upon the wave of prosperity solely because of the workings of the publicity man.

'Tis a megaphonic age we live in, and the theatrical press-agent is a necessary product of it. A very large percentage of Americans is theatre-going, still there is great competition in the "show business," for playhouses are more than merely numerous. The more skillful the press-agent, the more successfully he kindles interest in the production he represents. And there is no "star" so luminous—even though his name be a "household word"—that can afford to disdain the offices of the press-agent. And, truly, there should be a feeling in every star's heart akin to love for him, for the patient, plodding soul who never has written a word save in praise of the whole guild of actors, and who, in so doing, has antidoted many a vitriolic paragraph emanating from that poor, villified, hunted, haunted analyst of plays termed a dramatic critic.

The dramatic critic and the press-agent are sworn foes. It is the dramatic critic's business to tell the truth

about a theatrical performance in the columns of his paper, and it is the endeavor of the press-agent to prevent this as far as possible and, in addition, to see that a few "news" stories of a complimentary nature get into subsequent issues of the paper so as to render the workings of the despised dramatic critic null and void. Ah, I know whereof I speak, good folk, for I, alack-a-day, am an humble chronicler of the drama myself.

And if the critic "turns down" a press-agent's "fake," which happens to be a very thinly disguised eulogy of his show, why it does not feaze the man of brass for so much as an instant. It may be that he has been currying favor with the managing editor by artful means all these months for just this day of necessity, and so to him he goes with his plaint and a request for the use of his "true story" in the magazine section of the paper. Sometimes this works and sometimes it doesn't, but your real thing in press-agents is never disheartened by non-success. In the bright lexicon of pressagentdom there is no such word as fail. As some distinguished philosopher has, I believe, recommended, he tries, tries again.

George Ade relates the tale of the success of a ruse of this nature when he was dramatic critic on a Chicago paper. The irrepressible press-agent had been with him all morning in an endeavor to get him to make use of a two-column article saturated with guff and fluff attesting to the supreme excellence of his show. It was so palpable an advertisement, and the disciple of Ananias that had penned it had dragged in so many eulogistic superlatives in an endeavor to entice the people theatrewards, that Ade would have none of it.

The next day Ade was astounded to find the rejected "fake" featured on the editorial page, and rushed

into the managing editor's room with the paper to solve the mystery.

"That's the sort of theatrical stuff to write," said the editor, before Ade could say a word. "Bright, newsy, readable stuff. And it only cost me twenty dollars, too." !!!???!!!!

But the successful handling of a "fake" is getting harder and harder these days. A story must be pretty plausible before it passes muster in the modern newspaper office. The time is gone when so much as an inch notice will be given to an account of the actress who is robbed of her diamonds, even, as sometimes actually happens, the tale is true. The hackneyed, roadworn methods of the press-agent of days gone by will not work. The modern press-agent must be an up-to-the-minute proposition, whose think-factory would make Munchausen himself turn a beautiful emerald tone with envy. The stories circulated several years ago of Anna Held's bathing in milk, and of Mrs. Patrick Campbell having tan bark spread in the street to deaden the rumbling sounds that annoyed her during her performances, are two excellent instances in point which serve to show that the press-agent of to-day is a consistent and creditable product of the age.

However "bizarre" and attractive he makes his story, the press agent must never forget that the main object of the yarn is to advertise, and that he must get valuable advertising. And so this professional prevaricator works fundamentally towards the enlargement of audiences. He has to be careful that the newspaperier he secures for his "star" is not equipped with a boomerang. It must be minus the recoil. The press-agent that started the story, during Mrs. Campbell's engagement in New York, that the actress had won a large sum of money from society women at bridge-whist, meant well, but he did not figure accurately, for the whole affair brought down on Mrs. Campbell a torrent of such

strong denunciation from the pulpit that she was obliged to enter a "denial."

But the man who invented the Anna Held milk bath was a genius. Who he happens to be I do not know, but, according to statistics, he is quite as numerous as the historic folk that claim to have come over in the "Mayflower." And it was a very simple, and comparatively inexpensive, piece of advertising. Every morning a dealer in lacteal fluid drove up to the vivacious Anna's apartments, and carried therein numerous cans of beautiful, white milk. The papers were full of accounts of this proceeding, and people stood around mornings in order to see the milk delivered. The story traveled all over the country, and the good citizens of Kenebec, Ind., and Polunka, Mo., knew quite as much about Anna and her supposed daily ablutions as the frequenters of the Great White Lane. And when Miss Held trailed her way across the country, interrogating people with the great question, "Oh, Won't you Come and Play Wiz Me?" the box-office receipts were of such a character as to cause her manager to perpetually exhibit the brand of blandishment that does not wear off.

When a certain musical comedy was booked in Denver recently—a musical comedy of the conventional order, and not any more risqué than the average—the press-agent accidentally overheard a remark in a hotel lobby to the effect that the speaker opined that he didn't "believe that Denver would stand for anything too lively in the show business just now." That little remark started the press-agent. His show had not been dragging in an overplus of coin of the realm and it was his duty to boom things a little. Upon inquiry he discovered that Denver harbored a Women's Purity League that was arraigned particularly against theatrical performances

of such a nature that no self-respecting girl would take her mother to. By fair means and foul, he let it get to the ears of the well-meaning ladies of the league that one of the features of the show would be a day parade along the main street of forty of the young women of the company attired in bathing suits. The Women's Purity League accepted the bait with alacrity. It burst forth with an announcement that it had information that a "vile, immoral and indecent" production was billed to appear at one of the principal theatres on the following week, and, proclaiming aloud the name of the play, called upon all decent-minded citizens to suppress the insult to a Christian and law-abiding community.

Then the press-agent went to work with a vengeance. The papers were filled with comments on the controversy, and the press-agent wrote ponderous letters for publication which averred that he was properly horrified at it all, and pleaded with the public to judge of the falseness of the accusation when the show came to town. Which the kindly public proceeded to do, for the records have it that it played to capacity, and that the S.R.O. sign, the actor's joy, was posted each night at the door.

Another artful dodge that secured a goodly quota of advertising was one where the New York papers "bit" for a yarn of a barber delaying the performance of "Taps" until nine o'clock one evening. The only preparation required in that case was to post the man of shears and to hold the curtain at the theatre. Herbert Kelcey, according to the papers next day, had just been shaved, when he discovered that he was minus anything resembling currency in his pockets.

"I'll pay you to-morrow," he remarked. "I'm Herbert Kelcey, the actor."

"Herbert Kelcey!" the tonsorial-

ist cried. "Nix on the heated ozone. Dat gag won't go. You stay right where you are until you pony up that fifteen cents."

A messenger was hastily summoned, and the papers stated that the actor was released shortly after the usual time for "ringing up." The advertising power of this "fake" lay in the novelty of the idea that a barber could keep a thousand people waiting for their entertainment. The humorous quality in the thing made for the tale being repeated, and, as an attempt at publicity, the affair was an unqualified success.

Some very clever stunts in press-agency are often not fully foreseen. Grace George once in Chicago decided that she would not open on Sunday night. She had been working hard on the road, and eight performances a week she felt marked the limit of her endurance. The town, however, had been billed, and the press-agent proceeded to have an inspiration. New announcements of the changed date were printed and pasted over the others. He then permitted the newspapers to indulge in a little curiosity as to the reason for the change of dates. The press-agent reluctantly gave forth the information that Miss George did not believe in giving performances on Sunday. Hooray! At least a dozen clergymen told their congregations about it from the pulpit the day before the opening of the play. They unwittingly officiated as admirable assistants to the ingenious, paid publicity man.

Henry Miller was about to produce a new play in New York, and, rehearsals not progressing to his satisfaction, he determined to put off the contemplated opening for a short time. So the press-agent was called in that he might give a waiting world some valid reason for the condition of affairs. What was done was to advertise widely that the reason for the postponement lay in the fact that Mr. Miller had lost the only

manuscript of the play, without which no performance could be given, and that he would pay a reward of \$1,000 for its return. And so rehearsals kept right on, the production was put in smooth working order, and public interest was kept up.

George M. Cohan, the playwright and actor, is one "star" who makes a most efficient press-agent for himself. Many and various have been his schemes, and they are nearly always successful. Recently a noted Broadway restaurant received instructions to prepare dinner for a composer, music-publisher, playwright and comedian. Cohan finally arrived singly and alone, and he had such a difficult time in assuring the stewards that he was the quartet expected that the papers gave the story good space the next day.

And who will gainsay the talent of the "Divine Sarah" as a Bernhardt promotion committee? The stories she has had circulated about her lions and peacocks and gorillas and other choice household pets; her continuously-announced "farewell" tour; and her appeal to the French ambassador at Washington protesting against her exclusion from playhouses in this country controlled by the Theatrical Syndicate, as well as her subsequent appearances in a circus tent, are examples of pressagentism that are worthy of any regular member of the guild.

But it is the great American institution, the professional theatrical press-agent, the man paid by the theatrical manager to boom productions according to the dictates of an unbridled imagination, to whom I specifically refer as "that extraordinary personage" in the line that captions this article. That genial, gentle, modest, unassuming soul commands my admiration, inspires my wonder, and, in his possession of one particularly noble attribute, secures my respect.

The Bellows of the Body

By DR. WM. T. PARTRIDGE

From Van Norden's Magazine

DOCTOR, is there justification for all this to-do about adenoids?"

"Undoubtedly there is, my son," was the reply of the physician. After a pause, smoothing his white hair, he added, "I'm sorry to say so; that is, I'm sorry there is reason for saying so, but I am glad of the agitation concerning this matter, because it is high time that the public be aroused to the importance of correct breathing. Adenoids, you know, block the channels of respiration more or less effectually, when at all large, and a whole train of evil follows this damming of the channels of the vital air."

"What are adenoids, Doctor?"

"They are an overgrowth of the adenoid tissue which exists normally in the body. They may develop wherever this peculiar tissue occurs. The so-called lymphatic glands, or nodes, imbedded in this tissue are distributed in colonies throughout the body, but they are particularly abundant in the chest and abdomen, in the face and neck; a few are in the limbs, but none are in the brain case. Those situated in the throat, especially those in the vault of the pharynx, are so liable to overgrowth, they give so much trouble and are so common, that when we speak of 'adenoids,' without qualification, we mean the overgrown lymph glands held in a net-like tissue of living fabric. Is that clear?"

"Yes, but you said they are in the

pharynx. I thought they grew in the nose and therefore interfered with breathing."

"They most decidedly do obstruct breathing, but they do not develop in the nose. The pharynx, you know, is the expanded upper end of the throat under the base of the brain chamber. We might appropriately call it a reception hall. It is reached through the vestibule of the mouth and the double entry of the nose. On the wall of the reception hall just above the openings from the back part of the nose, the typical adenoids develop. Normally, they vary in size from a mustard seed to a bean, but abnormally, they may become as large as an almond; they may hang down like a bunch of grapes over the nose openings, closing them more or less completely, like a valve or swinging door. They are not exactly dangerous, but they are very serious in that they injure the general health."

"What about the tonsils? What have they to do with adenoids?"

"That's what the tonsils are—adenoids. I should have told you before. Each tonsil is a very large colony of lymph nodes, or knots (they are not true glands) caught in the meshes of the net-like tissue and covered with a membrane or capsule. The word, adenoid, we have borrowed from the Greek; it means, gland-like. These particular adenoid aggregations are called 'tonsils' because they are shaped like

an almond; tonsil meaning almond. Of course everybody knows something about tonsils and what trouble they may give in the throat. Now imagine a swollen tonsil covering the breathing holes. What happens? A mouth breather, undoubtedly, unless the child meet with the fate of Desdemona.

"Now old Mother Nature prepared the nose and not the mouth to be a part of the respiratory system; that is very easy to comprehend. The air passing in a semi-circle through the middle and upper part of the nose—the extreme upper part is prepared for the sense of smell—under normal conditions, is filtered, warmed and moistened; extreme care being thus exercised to prevent any irritation of the delicate lining of the air tubes and sacks in the lungs. When a child, or a grown-up for that matter, is compelled to breathe through the mouth, particles of dust or other deleterious matter are allowed entrance into the oxygen halls and chambers, and often kick up a fuss. This is common knowledge, but it is not so generally known that the numerous delicate, goblet-like cells in the mucous membrane of the nose, are constantly being filled with and emptied of a beautiful clear amber liquid—a pint every twenty-four hours—to modify the respired air and keep the tissues in good condition. When we 'catch cold' and the membrane becomes irritated and inflamed, the wine in the goblets becomes 'heady' and some of the Bacchanalian cells, becoming angry, pour out their libations in a stream, and dash the goblets to pieces. Then we get the other extreme—reaction and dryness."

"What does it mean, Doctor, to 'catch cold'?"

"You seem to be loaded with questions, to-night, my boy; but I'm glad these subjects interest you. 'Catching cold,' is losing heat; that is, we temporarily radiate heat faster than we manufacture it. The sudden ab-

straction of bodily heat is felt as a shock more or less severe, by the skin or other tissue affected. Under a nervous stimulus the blood vessels contract, driving the blood transiently from the surface, and we experience a chill which is interpreted as 'catching cold.' The blood driven from the surface causes congestion somewhere else and most frequently it is the mucous membrane of the upper respiratory tract that suffers. The theory is, that because of our civilized ways for ages and ages—which entail improper breathing—the delicate respiratory portion of our Solomon's Temple—built without the sound of hammer—has become very susceptible to strain. The congestion of the nasal mucous membrane in most instances is followed by inflammation, swelling and by perverted secretion. The nose is wholly or partially stopped.

"So you see that colds interfere with breathing in much the same way as do adenoids. Both should be prevented, of course, when possible; and it is possible. Correct breathing would reduce the liability to 'catch cold' seventy-five per cent., if not more, and adenoids would not develop in the air passages of one who had learned to breathe properly."

"How is it, Doctor, that we hear so much about adenoids, nowadays? We never used to."

"Well, you heard about them under other names, perhaps—adenitis, quinsy, and so forth—but I believe the particular form of trouble in the lymphatic glands which we term 'adenoids' is more prevalent to-day than it was twenty-five years ago. The attention of the medical profession was first directed to adenoids in the vault of the pharynx in 1868, and I know that an examination made of the children in the public schools of New York twenty years ago, developed the fact that out of 2,000, sixty were afflicted with adenoids. Recent examinations here,

you know, have shown that in certain schools nearly half of the pupils are suffering from these knotty overgrowths.

"See here! a kind friend has sent me these photographs of some adenoid children in the New York public schools. Aren't they eloquent with pathetic appeal? Here is a bunch of typical mouth-breathers. Look at this little girl, and this, and this one. See their poor, pinched little noses, open mouths and vacant eyes. Not only is their physical health impaired, but their mental capacity is reduced; and yet they are bright children, as a removal of these obstructions to the breath will show. It is a downright shame that the little ones should be allowed to come to such a pass, because such conditions are easily remedied by the proper treatment."

"You say much about breathing properly, Doctor. Do you mean to say that most people breathe improperly?"

"Yes, my son, I do. It is a deplorable fact. I believe that not more than one person in ten breathes as he should. I contend that under ordinary conditions we should breathe slowly, deeply, freely, and fully, to obtain the best results favorable to health—mental as well as physical. Most people breathe irregularly, and physiologists tell us, that ordinarily not one-sixth of man's lung capacity is utilized. What would the captains of industry to-day say of a mill or a foundry running to only one-sixth of its capacity? Yet some of these millionaires have much idle lung capacity while working some of their other bodily manufacturing plants overtime."

"Why is it necessary to breathe deeply?"

"To eliminate more of the poisonous matter with which the tissues load the blood, on the one hand, and to give the living cells of which the body is composed a larger supply of the life-giving oxygen, on the other. The lungs are the great double doors through which this exchange takes place, and the wider open the portals the greater the reciprocal flow.

"It is not generally appreciated how much the breathing affects the nervous system, but each one can demonstrate this for himself. It is much more apparent how the nerve currents and mental emotions alter the breathing, and this is a fact to mark with a red pencil. When you are angry, observe how you take quick, short inspirations; when you are frightened, how you catch your breath. Excitement, anxiety, grief, bodily illness as well as food and drink, cause changes in the breath rate and consequently in the blood flow and in the tissue exchange. It is an interesting fact that in a healthy man, about two ounces of blood, with each pulsation of the heart, are given to the lungs and that the whole volume of blood in the body—about one-fifth by weight of the total avoirdupois of man—passes through the lungs every three minutes. It is evident that if we devote several minutes occasionally during the day of breathing exercises, such as rhythmical abdominal breathing, or what is known as the alternating breath, we may do much to cleanse the internal bodily mechanism. This internal bath is even more essential to health than is external bathing, but when we breathe properly we enjoy a cold morning dip which previously was uninviting or positively injurious to us."

At a Turkish Election

From Blackwood's Magazine

THE Orient Express from Constantinople puts you down at Adrianople somewhere between eleven and midnight. As you step from the footboard of the train-de-luxe you leave Western comfort and ease behind you. You have reached an environment more Oriental than Constantinople itself. But even in the five years that have elapsed since the writer last visited the ancient capital of European Turkey, to some degree the influences of the West have forced themselves upon Adrianople. Five years ago there was no hotel at Karagatch and arriving by the same train the European passenger was obliged to drive the three miles into Adrianople proper, there to seek refuge in the most insalubrious hospitality of a native caravanserai boasting the pretentious title of "hotel." Now, however, a well-dressed young Greek meets the train and pilots the visitor to the very passable hostelry called "The Janick," where the traveler is able, if the demands upon the limited space of the institutions are not too great, to sleep in a room of Western appointment.

This was my fortune, and after passing a good night, I arose early and walked into Adrianople. The first touch of winter had fallen upon Southern Europe, and if it had not been for the endless stream of red-fezzed Redifs that I met upon the road, it might have been a cold weather morning in Northern India. This parallel almost became convincing, when, presently, through a

gap in the trees which lined the road, the view of Adrianople in the grey haze of a misty morning burst upon me. The town is built upon a small hill lying in a bend of the river Tundja (tributary to the Maritza), and is remarkable from a distance for the many minarets of its mosques. Crossing the Maritza by the solid Turkish bridge, I found myself in bazaars packed with off-duty reservists, and, what is more wonderful, these soldiers were all engaged in marketing. It is indeed a new sight in Turkey to see soldiers with money to spend, and Adrianople, even at first view, impressed upon me the changes which the Young Turks have already effected in their country. I discovered later that the army had actually received its pay with regularity since the new order of things had arrived. My first call was upon the British Consulate. Here I found Major Samson, the energetic Consul, who knows everybody and everything worth knowing in the whole vilayet. As the preliminary elections were actually taking place in Adrianople, and were to some degree responsible for my visit, the Consul arranged an interview with Reshid Pasha, the Vali. Now Reshid Pasha is one of the strongest and most progressive of the Young Turk party, and has entered upon his duties in the Adrianople vilayet with an energy and vigour which have already produced a marked result. I could not help recalling to mind my last visit to the Vali in Adrianople. Then

there was just the same well-bred courtesy as we received to-day; but this courtesy proved the sole outcome of the interview. There was no direct answer to my inquiries, no desire to aid me in those matters where I was ignorant; nothing but endeavour to mislead and embarrass me where it was opined I might know or learn too much. Consequently on the present occasion the frankness of the Vali was a revelation. His time was valuable, and he went straight to the business in hand. The directness of his answers and the suggestion in his questions showed that, far from wishing to conceal, his one desire was to help and instruct. He arranged that I should immediately visit the principal polling centre in the town, directed one of his secretaries to meet me at the poll at the appointed hour. If the future of Turkey may be judged from my first impression of the new Vali of Adrianople, then in a very few years Turkey is destined to become a great nation.

If you would imagine what the first general election in the provinces in Turkey is like you must put out of your mind all pictures of the boisterous elections with which you are familiar. In England, as in America, politics have become a fashion. The voter exercises his privilege, first as a vindication of his rights as a citizen, and secondly as a justification of his own intelligent discernment. At the present moment no such feelings exist in Turkey. The average Ottoman subject barely realizes that the last few weeks have brought him any rights as a citizen, and he certainly is not yet in competition with his neighbor on the question of the intelligence of their respective powers of selection. He comes, therefore, to the poll much in the spirit of the parent who visits the office of the registrar when a child is born. It is a State duty in which, as yet, he has not appreciated his personal interest. It

must be remembered that I am speaking of the provinces. In Stamboul, where the people are better educated and the Greek element is inclined to be obstructive, it may be different.

The actual voting was taking place at the Municipal Hall without display or excitement. In fact, as I saw the function, it was quite a tame affair. There was not even a crowd to mark so singular a phenomenon in Turkey as an election for constitutional representation. The Municipal Hall was thrown open, and but for the presence of double police sentries at the entrance, there were no signs of any special or extraordinary business. Marching into the central hall, I found a small knot of people surrounding a pillar-shaped ballot-box, and a table before which two tellers were seated. The pillar-box received the voting papers, and the tellers checked the voters. The procedure seemed to be something after this wise. The electors are all registered in their respective wards, and furnished by the ward-muktears with a blank paper bearing the official seal. The voters are then informed of the names of the candidates standing in their division, and are told that their muktears will be present at the poll between given hours on a certain day. Such voters as appear at the stated hours are checked by the tellers in the presence of their own muktears. This done, they drop their voting paper into the ballot-box. If, however, they do not attend while their muktear is present they are required to produce a certificate of birth. In a division of the Municipal Hall was the polling-booth; here the electors had the right to inscribe on their voting papers nineteen out of the twenty-eight names for representation. As far as I could see from the small numbers that voted in my presence, they all came with their papers already filled in. It will be seen that the procedure

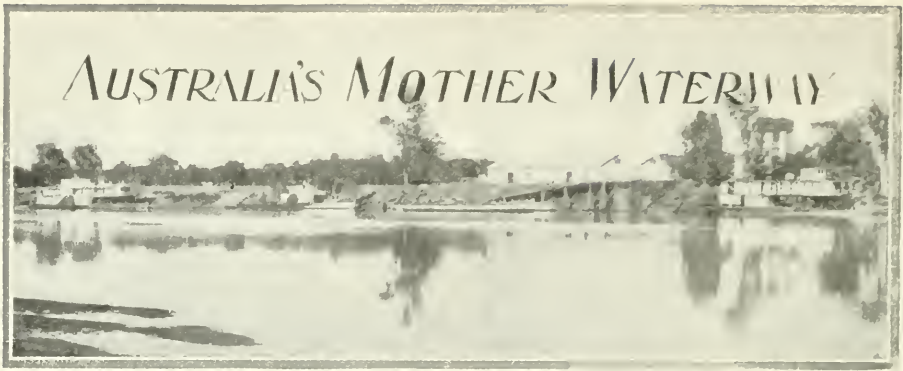
is primitive to an extreme, and also that it lends itself to many possibilities of falsification and fraudulent return. In fact, the Vali himself pointed out that in some districts of the vilayet it had already been found that votes had been extensively duplicated, and that in each case where this had been discovered the scrutiny showed that the duplication was in the favor of Greek candidates. On the other hand, before my arrival the mayor of the town was defeated in what could only be described as a dishonest canvass, and was immediately removed from his post. Perhaps when the significance of such malpractices as these is more generally appreciated, the hustings at a provincial Turkish election will cease to be as passionless as they have been on this first occasion.

Later I spent some time in the polling-booth for the Karagatch division of the same Sanjak. For the most part the voters were Mussulman and Greek villagers from a large village near the town. On this occasion the ballot was not carried out in quite the same manner as at the Municipal Hall. In this case almost the whole of the votes registered were those of illiterate husbandmen. These peasants, all in the picturesque costume of the country, sat outside the police post where the ballot box was placed, and waited until their names were called by the tellers. They then walked gravely to the poll, and after having been recognized by the village muktear, dropped their papers into the box. I am positive that ninety-nine per cent. of them had not the smallest idea of what it all meant. I went amongst those who were waiting to vote. They readily showed me their papers, which were already filled in. I noticed that the selections on all the Greek papers were in the

same handwriting, while in the same manner only one handwriting was responsible for the lists furnished by the Moslems. Inquiry showed that in the case of the Greeks the papers had all been inscribed by the village schoolmaster, while the local hodja had issued the papers already filled in to the Mahomedans. Both sections, when asked who they were voting for, replied conclusively: "It is written on the paper." When further questioned they admitted that they had been quite content to leave the selection of names to the writer of the document.

I do not wish to infer that this means of bringing the populace to the poll has been a malpractice; I only want to emphasize the fact that a population, of which ninety-five per cent is certainly illiterate, and in which no political emotions whatever exist, can only return representatives by instruction, and, therefore, for years to come the representation in the Turkish Parliament will be based upon class representation alone. The Moslems will vote as their hodjas instruct them, and the Greeks as the schoolmaster advises. One fails to see how it could be otherwise. But at the same time it restricts all national sentiment to a very small portion of the community and opens the door to every conceivable chicanery and manipulation.

Another irregularity I also noticed in the polling-booth, and it is one that the Committees will do well to eradicate before their next general election. The muktear sat at his duty-post of identification with a wad of filled-in voting papers, and acted as proxy for a very large percentage of the names called. This, of course, paves the way for incalculable iniquities. For the rest, I never saw a less demonstrative election in my life.



AN UP-RIVER SCENE ON THE MURRAY RIVER

From the Bystander

“**R**IVERS are roads, and carry us along with them,” wrote Blaise Pascal. A great river is something more than a stream of water. People who live on its banks come to attribute to it, quite unconsciously, some mysterious god-like quality. We all feel something similar about the sea. There is a fascination in the eternal current of a majestic river that little by little insinuates itself into the very life of the dwellers on its shores. Coarse men some of them are, perhaps, who would scoff at the suggestion, yet that does not alter the fact of the case. The stream which gives life to the man who sows the seed and also to the seed itself, and carries the harvest to the world outside does most certainly weave itself eventually into the man’s whole existence, and, in Pascal’s words, carries him along with it.

Reckoning its three main tributaries, the Murray system stretches over a length of between three and four thousand miles. Twice a year it is replenished, in the spring from the snow in the Australian Alps, in the late summer from the rain at the source of the Darling on the Queensland border. Formerly the river used to flood its banks for miles and miles on either side, much as the Nile does; but the huge drain of water constantly exacted from it for the needs of irri-

gation make such floods now impossible. So extensive, indeed, has been the diversion of water in the upper reaches that the Murray has in some years been transformed into almost a dry stream, which the lower riparian settlers may shortly require the Commonwealth High Court to recognize as a crime. The lands all the way up the river have, in recent years especially, become known as the most fertile in Australia for the growing of wheat and fruit. The extraordinary fact is that people have been so long in discovering this. The earliest settlers, Englishmen and Germans straight from the home countries, are still there, and their numbers are increasing every year.

The stories of the old floods make exciting reading. That of 1870 surpassed all records, and is still the standard in high-river calculations. In that year steamers floated over what is now dry land fifty miles from the Darling bed, and sailed up the main street of Wentworth, tradition has it, on the wrong side of the road. Many of the people had visions, and were incited—or so they believed—to build the Ark again. One old boatwright even had a design prepared. The proposal was to take two or three of everything except rabbits. A pair of quite respectable kangaroos had actually been invited, we

AUSTRALIA'S MOTHER WATERWAY.

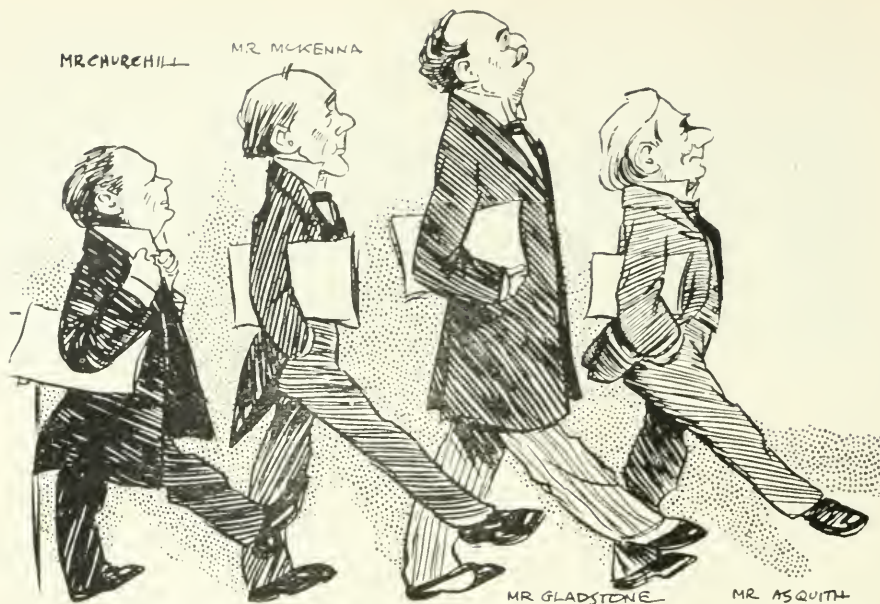
believe, when the waters—and the scheme—suddenly subsided.

The sportsman in Australia must perforce go to the Murray. The guns at Christmas-time kill thousands of wild-duck every year, and there is no better sport to be found anywhere. Every lignum flat when the water is up, every lagoon, abounds with them in their several varieties. The dense population of shags, ibis, and pelicans bears witness to the river's piscatorial plenty. For this reason the Murray is rapidly becoming one of the chief holiday resorts for Australian city people. But, to repeat, its chief importance is geographical. Its fertility is no less remarkable than its climate. Its people are the healthiest in the world. So from his branch in the gum-tree, the kookaburra, the big brown-and-white kingfisher, laughs in the sun at

the joy of everything about him and the madness of men who live elsewhere; the river catches up his mirth, and flings it from end to end of its glorious reaches, and the wise old bird—looking as if he knew all the secrets of the sphinx—listens eagerly for the sound of his hilarity to come back to him, and then takes his breath again, to give vent to a very fury of laughter, playing with the echoes like a school-boy. The sulphur-crested cockatoo screeches madly from his hole in the cliff-side at the plunking of the steamer's paddles, which he can hear in that great whispering gallery from miles away. The notes of the magpie, who pipes out his liquid clork-clork-clork in a voice of wonderful range, are of as pure gold as the sunshine overhead. Perhaps that sunshine is most beautiful of all.



REMARK WHARF



CABINET MINISTERS AS SEEN BY A CARTOONIST

David Wilson in Illustrated London News

His Majesty's Ministers

By AUDITOR TANTUM

From Fortnightly Review

IN the last number of the Fortnightly Review I ventured to discuss the quality of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and found it "feeble"—unable, with few exceptions, to take effective advantage of the opportunities so plentifully offered by the Government during the Autumn Session. In the present paper I propose to subject the Ministry to a similar test and judge them from the same standpoint of the patient listener, who has no political expectations and no private interests to bias his impartial judgment. In this case one can soon dispense with the word "feeble." What faults the Government have, as a Government, feebleness is not one of them, and still less do its individual members deserve that un-

flattering epithet. Their faults spring rather from overweening self-confidence, vitality and recklessness. They dare do anything—and more—that becomes a Ministry, except make a straightforward, immediate appeal to the country in their quarrel with the House of Lords. But, after all, if they had resigned when their Licensing Bill was rejected by the Upper Chamber, many of them would not have qualified for their pensions as ex-Cabinet Ministers, for they could not show a full three years' tenure of office. And men do not become super-men when they rise to the highest places in the State.

It is true that the strength of the Cabinet is tempered by conspicuous weakness in one particular depart-

ment. For some inscrutable reason the Home Office has had more than its share of indifferent Ministers in the last fifty years, but Mr. Herbert Gladstone excels them all. As an example of extreme flaccidity his letter to the Roman Catholic authorities at Westminster in respect of the Eucharistic Procession—first officially sanctioned and then officially vetoed—stands unrivalled, and his performances as Minister in charge of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill were the despair of his side. The earlier proceedings in Grand Committee upstairs were, of course, screened from public view, but in the Report stage and Third Reading his lack of grip and his inability to present his case tersely were almost painful to witness. The Home Secretary knew his subject well enough; what failed him was the power of expression, and his frequent explanations were often more obscure than the points originally in doubt. The name of Gladstone, of course, is a valuable asset to the Liberal Party in the country, where the ineradicable belief in the Horatian maxim *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis* is the main secret of the vitality of the hereditary principle. But is there not scope for irony in the spectacle of a Radical Government declaring its fiercest war upon the hereditary principle, as it is illustrated in the House of Lords, when itself bestows not merely seats in a Chamber but important offices of State upon "their fathers' sons," and even waives the usual political apprenticeship in certain cases in order to keep the old names in the firm? If the presence of some members in the Ministry indicates, as it does, that Radical careers are open to Radical talents, there are others who are living witnesses of the active survival of paternal and patronal influence.

Nevertheless, the Cabinet is strong in men and its strongest figure is Mr. Asquith. That is as it

should be. The Prime Minister of the day should invariably be the strongest man of his party; it is almost always a misfortune for the State when he is not. Since Mr. Asquith took over control from the hands of a predecessor immeasurably his inferior—despite all his virtues—in intellect and force of character, he has filled the stage at Westminster in something of the old Gladstonian manner. It is always a pleasure to see the Prime Minister take the floor, for the House knows that the Government case will be put just as well as it can be put. Mr. Asquith is a master of the art of exposition. After hearing him no one has any excuse for not grasping the salient points of a measure. When he talks it is business; things get forward; something is done. His voice and manner are most persuasive; if occasion calls he can rise to a high level of dignified eloquence; he has an unerring eye for the weak points of his own case as well as those of his opponents; he can gather up his party behind him, as he sweeps along, and carry the dullest and heaviest over almost any obstacle. In a word, he is the leader of his party and not its follower. He is always well ahead in judgment. Nor is he like the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was for ever at the mercy of a sentimental or humanitarian phrase, and belonged by instinct to the Little England School of Radicals, with whom the Ministerial Benches are packed, though just now they are receiving very little encouragement. Mr. Asquith has no natural affinity with these. He knows them for what they are—arrant mischief-makers and troublers of the peace. It always seems to me that Mr. Asquith tosses with a singularly sparing hand to the Radical pack behind him the particular morsels which they love, and that these are received with glad surprise. And when he repeats, as sometimes he must, the



BRITAIN'S FOREIGN SECRETARY
Sir Edward Grey, M.P.

Radical shibboleths and the Teetotal shibboleths and the shibboleths of the Universal Friends of Man, when he puts the case of the Passive Resister, as though convinced that the distinction between rates and taxes were really worth a good man's support, one cannot help thinking with what gusto Mr. Asquith would expose the sandy foundation on which he had been building, if that were to form part of his official duties.

Mr. Asquith has enormously strengthened his reputation as a Parliamentarian. His handling of the Licensing Bill—apart, of course, from the demerits of that swollen and unwieldy measure—was admirable, and he showed himself as good-humored and amenable to requests from the other side as was compatible with a fixed determination to drive the Bill through according to the schedule. Again, in the matter of the ill-fated Education compromise, the Prime Minister's speeches were models of conciliatory language, and the dignity of the speech in which he conducted

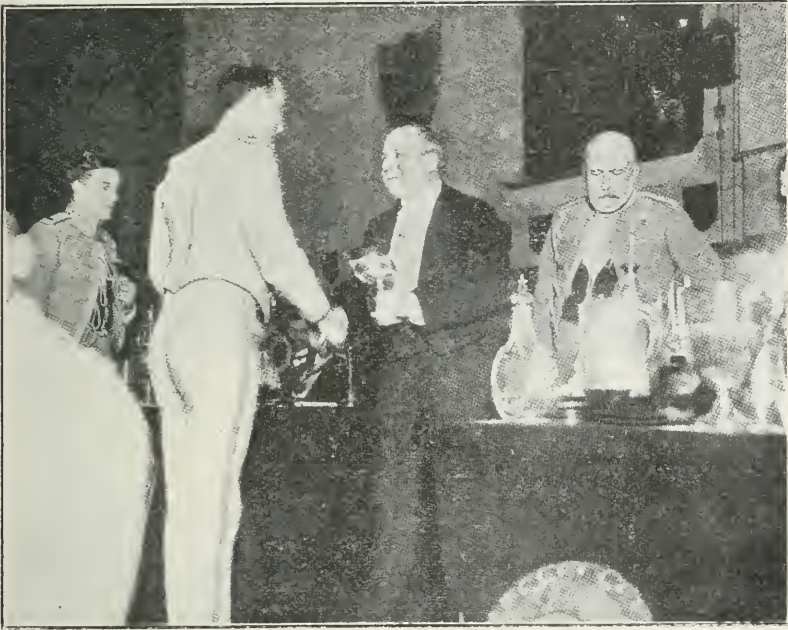
its funeral was superb. And yet what could have been more hopeless than an attempt to rush such a Bill through Parliament in the last few days of an exhausting Session, before even the negotiators had agreed among themselves as to the school figures upon which the compromise was to rest? For all that the failure did no harm to the reputations of the Prime Minister or of the Minister of Education. On the contrary, it actually did Mr. Runciman good. The attempt was made with so much honesty of purpose, the negotiations were so sincere, the give and take on both sides was so genuine, and the ordinary partisan view was so rigidly excluded from the interviews between the Archbishop and the Minister, that the House of Commons was almost ashamed to attack the scheme. Mr. Runciman was so reasonable and yet so strong and firm in his speeches; he listened with so much patience to the extremists; he was so anxious to bring off his miracle and restore educational peace that the House felt genuinely sorry when the inevitable end came, even though every day that passed, while the fate of the Bill hung in the balance, confirmed the uneasy conviction that the plan would not do, and that even if carried in Parliament it would soon break down in the country.

Of the Foreign Secretary everyone speaks well, so well indeed that Sir Edward Grey might be well advised to imitate Polycrates and drop a ring over the terrace into the Thames. Unionists repose in him the same unreserved trust that they place in Lord Lansdowne, and everyone rejoices at the welcome change which has lifted foreign politics out of the perils of party controversy. Sir Edward Grey never speaks unless absolutely compelled; Mr. Haldane, on the other hand, is always ready to fill a column on the shortest notice. He looks the sleepiest man in the Cabinet; he is, in

HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS

fact, the most alert. How he gets through his work is a marvel to ordinary mortals. No Minister attends the House more assiduously; he even goes to "another place" when the Lords are debating Army matters, and listens impassively to Lord Crewe's uneasy and halting speeches on military affairs or to the well-coached replies of Lord Lucas. Mr. Haldane is always ready to assist a colleague; but he gets very little

behalf in season and out of season his speeches here, and there and everywhere, his cheery optimism in the face of the gloomiest prognostications, his readiness, his entreaties, his cajoleries even, his laborious days and sleepless nights, will receive one day the generous recognition that is now withheld. We could wish, it is true, that Mr. Haldane were not quite so copious, that when he rises and begins "tuning his



A CABINET MINISTER AT A SOCIAL FUNCTION

The Minister of War, Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P., presenting prizes to the Queen's Westminster Rifles

help in return. Some of his colleagues are ready enough to blow the trumpet and sound the drum on behalf of the ever popular Navy, but for the Army—not a word. In fact, it is credibly reported that one of them was quite prepared, if need be, to take the War Office and reduce the army estimates by five millions simply by the drastic method of lopping off more regulars. The Territorial Army is Mr. Haldane's own creation, and his exertions on its

voice and balancing his hands," it were not quite so certain that he would exhaust his theme, but that is a small point. He has done the work that no one else could have done; he would have done it even better but for some of his colleagues; and he is all the better statesman because he is such an indifferent partisan.

Mr. Lloyd George was in abeyance during the Autumn session. He had had his innings while the Old



A CABINET MINISTER IN STATE ROBES

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., in his robes of office

Age Pension Bill was before the House, and his turn will come again with the much-vaunted Free Trade Budget. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is supposed to be budgeting night and day, evolving schemes wherewith to produce missing millions from his safe, cudgelling his brains for brilliant ideas, ransacking the ages to discover how other financiers have overcome a gigantic deficit which remorselessly grows from week to week. No doubt there is much exaggeration in this. Certainly, Mr. Lloyd George has never shown himself a serious—or if serious, an intelligent—student of history. When he permits himself an allusion to the past, or to the contemporary affairs of a foreign country, he usually blunders badly. Accuracy is not his foible, though it is useful in a financier. But the fact

is that there are several Lloyd Georges in the short stature of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is the acknowledged master of all the vocabulary of political vituperation—the irresponsible attorney abusing an inconvenient witness. There is—on rare and special occasions—the idealist of the Celtic fringe lifting up his eyes to his native hills—the hills over which rises the road to London—and uttering rhapsodies in Welsh. There is the violent Nonconformist, the tireless enemy of the Church which taught him his letters. There is the cool administrator who brought together the railway managers and their servants and bade them in the name of the State settle their quarrel and come to terms. There is the author of the Patents Act, an Act justly lauded, but involving a principle so

simple and so obvious, that we should rather condemn the blindness and dilatoriness of the Governments, which left such glaring folly so long untouched, than praise the sapience of a Minister who put the crooked straight. And again it is the very Minister who performed the wildest contortions in honor of the Goddess of Free Trade who passed the Patents Act and has enabled the new Port of London Authority, with Board of Trade sanction, to levy a duty on goods entering and leaving the Thames. His present task is to demonstrate that the resources of taxation under a Free Trade system are not exhausted, and that he can raise the millions he requires by special class taxation without laying the slightest burden upon the shoulders of the working-classes. The measure of his success will be the measure of his condemnation. Now and then, when he has found himself in serious company, Mr. Lloyd George has essayed to wear with dignity the gorgeous but heavy robes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he finds the strain too great to be borne long. He is glad to escape from their smothering weight, to be himself and at his ease, and when addressing the mass meetings most congenial to his oratorical style, he has told them with a wink that he has his eye on the rich man's hen roost, and that he is composing a pretty tune for Midas to sing on the rack. Indeed, he and his partner, Mr. Winston Churchill, are going about using language which does not differ one iota in intention from that of Mr. Victor Grayson, when he calls for a knife to slit the bursting money bags of the rich. As a Minister in the House Mr. Lloyd George assumes his most taking manner and wears an engaging smile; he can turn on the springs of sentiment and make the fountains gush; he has the skilful orator's trick of play-

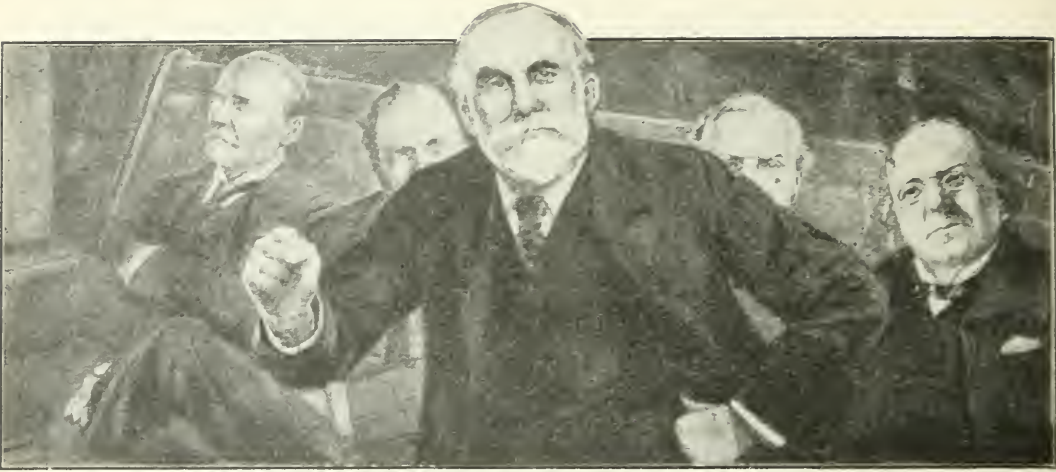
ing with his audience. And his words drip plausibility.

He seems to have entered into a working partnership with the President of the Board of Trade, who is playing, with flamboyant success for the moment, the historic role of the young scion of an aristocratic house turned ardent demagogue. Mr. Churchill is the new friend of the toilers. The Pulchellus of the Cabinet is the People's Winston. He watches very warily every movement in the Labor Party. He listens to catch every sound that rises from beneath. Every breath of popularis aura, however faint, wakes a responsive string in the Aeolian harp stretched across his windows at the Board of Trade; the dawn of every new Socialistic idea makes this modern Memnon vocal. Mr. Churchill shares all the arts of the demagogue with Mr. Lloyd George and has advantages of social status denied to his present partner and future rival; he has mighty ambitions and immense capacity; he works like a tiger; and he has not only shot a rhinoceros—he has assumed its hide.

Mr. John Burns remains what he was,

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad-cloth without and a warm heart within.

His appointment to the Cabinet was designed to please the working-classes and did please them; now, after three years, Mr. Burns is chiefly a source of strength to the Ministry with their middle-class supporters, because of the resolute and courageous stand which he has made against the enormous pressure brought to bear upon him from the extreme Radical and Socialist wings of the party. The President of the Local Government Board deserves the thanks of the community for the vigor of his onslaught upon corruption in the lower de-



A CABINET MINISTER IN ACTION

The President of the Local Government Board, Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., addresses the House of Commons

partments of local administration, upon the ruinous extravagance of the outdoor relief system known as Poplarism, and upon the insidious new shibboleth of the Labor Party—the Right to Work. It is an open secret that the Cabinet was sharply divided on the question of what to do for the unemployed. Some of Mr. Burns's colleagues would cheerfully have flung him to the wolves. And though he won the day last October, when the Prime Minister cast his aegis over him and paid him a most generous but well-deserved tribute in the House of Commons, the struggle will be renewed, and, if the Ministry endures, it will be highly interesting to watch Mr. Burns's fate. He is a "bonny fighter," and Parliament has no more exciting spectacle to offer—from a purely gladiatorial point of view—than a duel between the President of the Local Government Board and his implacable foes on the Labor Benches, especially Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Will Crooks. They openly cast off the gloves; they shout imprecations between the blows in the old Homeric fashion; and they pound away amid the

cries of their excited partisans till the staidest members forget their dignity and swell the din.

It is difficult to write impartially of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. His name has come to be associated so continuously with failure—despite his Irish Universities Bill—that his opponents are prone to "damn him at a hazard." He is by temperament an optimist, but his disappointments are manifestly telling upon him. The iron has entered his soul and begun to fester. He is losing his old suavity; there is a harsher note in his voice; he sits on the Treasury Bench as though crouching for a spring. He flings his answers across the floor with a gesture of impatience. But when he goes down into the country and lets himself go—*O di boni, quam teter incedebat, quam truciulentus, quam terribilis aspectu.* His rhetoric positively rasps and grates. And yet all this violent wrath is for the sake of peace and brotherhood and mankind! That he has done what he considers his best in Ireland no one can deny. He has striven with might and main to appease the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Redmond and

Mr. Dillon freely acknowledge his good intentions, but they either will not or dare not interfere with Mr. Ginnell and his friends. And the inventor of the "hazel policy" told Mr. Birrell to his face in the House of Commons a few weeks ago that he and the cattle drivers would go on making the facts in Ireland, and the Government could frame their laws to suit them.

It was so rare a piece of fun
To see the sweltered cattle run.

The fate of the Irish Land Bill it would be folly to predict. It is a grandiose measure, like most of the Government Bills, and provides, in addition to its land-purchase clauses, for the transplantation of large numbers of Irish tenants from the congested districts to the grass lands which are to be broken up in order to provide them with holdings. Whether the latter are economic or not, Mr. Birrell admitted that he did not greatly care. The admission was typical of the Radicalism of which he is one of the chief exponents.

Mr. McKenna promises to be a much greater success at the Admiralty than he was at the Education Office, his tenure of which is chiefly remembered by his supremely fatuous remark that he came to bring, not peace, but a sword. The Radicals were exultant when this eager economist was sent to the Admiralty; now they are inclined to look upon him, in their favorite phrase, as "a lost soul," for instead of giving them a drastic, reckless reduction of expenditure, the First Lord has become an enthusiast for the superb machine of which he has supreme control, and is now patriotically jealous of its perfection. The Postmaster-General, Mr. Sydney Buxton, arouses neither enthusiasm nor animosity; he is a typical example of the sound party man and painstaking administrator. Mr. Harcourt, the Sir Visto of the

Cabinet, and decidedly the most ornamental figure on the Treasury Bench, is a neat speaker, who takes trouble to throw a touch of distinction even into an answer for question time, and is the first Minister for many long years to take a real and active interest in the beautification of London. But the lesser lights of the Cabinet have been completely outshone of late by one of the Under-Secretaries, who has assuredly earned the next vacant place that occurs in the charmed circle. This is Mr. Herbert Samuel, Mr. Gladstone's lieutenant, and, one would imagine, about as uncomfortable a junior as the Earl of Elgin found Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Samuel was specially deputed by Mr. Asquith to take his place as Minister in charge of the Licensing Bill when affairs of State caused his absence, and he performed the duties with very marked ability. The Children's Bill, which he also skilfully piloted through the House, was literally child's play compared with such difficult questions as time limit and monopoly value, and though his speeches were carefully prepared beforehand, he followed the best speakers on the Opposition side with absolute confidence, and where he could not answer, boldly attacked. Mr. Samuel, however, contrives to arouse animosities to a very marked degree. He not only strikes hard—no one minds that—he irritates. He is antipathetic to many members of the Opposition, who find it hard to listen to him in patience. It is not so much what he says as the decidedly "nasty way" he says it; and he has a peculiar sleekness of manner which is in curious contrast with the hardness of his voice. Nevertheless, Mr. Herbert Samuel is already a force in the House of Commons, and is one of the most valuable men in the Ministry.

Another Minister who won decided laurels over the Licensing Bill is the Solicitor-General. Sir

Samuel Evans possesses the gifts of lucidity and perfect good temper. He was always ready to explain legal points, and to "do it again" it required, as it often was. He assumed no air of legal infallibility; he was generally willing to concede the verbal amendments which mean very little, but give such intense gratification to the member who moves them; and where he resisted he resisted strongly but graciously.

Dr. Macnamara, who was presumably sent to the Admiralty because he knew too much to go to the Education Department, has not had many opportunities. Mr. Masterman has resolutely held his tongue since his promotion; had he been a private member, his speech on the Runciman Bill would have been well worth listening to. Colonel Seely sets his colleagues an almost daily object-lesson in the art of responsive elocution which Sir Edward Strachey in especial would do well to imitate. Sir Hudson Kearley has just shown a rare example of self-abnegation by resigning the Parliamentary Secretaryship to the Board of Trade and becoming the Chairman of the new Port of London Authority, at the same time declining to take the salary attached thereto. The remaining Under-Secretaries have done nothing to call for mention, either for good or ill.

The Ministry's weakness in the House of Lords is so marked that the strength, not alone of numbers, but of intellect, on the other side seems almost brutal in comparison. Of course, the Lord

Chancellor is an exception. Lord Loreburn is an imposing figure in the Upper Chamber, though even yet he has not learnt the "nice conduct" of a full-buttoned wig. His tact is perfect. His speeches, on the rare occasions when he makes a party speech, are admirable. That with which he closed the Licensing debate saved the dignity of the Government, which would have sunk below zero had it not been for the extraneous allies they found in the Bishops and on the Cross and Opposition Benches. But the Ministerial Bench is helpless. Lord Wolverhampton and Lord Ripon are no longer able to bear the heat and burden of the day. And though Lord Morley of Blackburn is probably the finest intellect in the whole Chamber and his magnificent speech on Indian Reforms was worthy of a great Imperial Senate, the tale of his year increases and he confines himself to his own Department. Lord Carrington is the soul of breezy and inconsequential good humor, but no one takes him very seriously even on his pet subject of small holdings. Lord Fitzmaurice is no match for

his brother opposite. And as for Lord Crewe, who leads the House, he is always—as Lord Rosebery once said in mordant phrase, the graceful butterfly gyrating on its pin. Lord Rosebery himself ought to be leader, but the gap between him and his quondam associates is now unbridgable. The tabernacle he set up is dissolved. Jachin and Boaz are broken pillars. And so Lord Rosebery is doomed to his cross bench.



REGINALD MCKENNA
First Lord of the Admiralty

One Thousand Words a Minute

By D. B. HESTEN

HALF the world is now talking about cheap telegraphy. In

Great Britain, not content with his achievements in the lowering of postage rates, Mr. Henniker Heaton is agitating for a universal penny-a-word telegraph rate. In the United States where telegraph rates are higher than anywhere else in the world, the need for cheaper telegraphy has long been felt, but owing to the conditions under which the telegraph business has been carried on, the expense of line construction, maintenance and operation has been so enormous as to preclude the giving of lower rates by the existing companies.

Under hitherto existing conditions while as high an average as 60 words a minute has been made by the most expert operators working under the most favorable circumstances (the record is 3,300 words an hour) the average rate in everyday practice is only about 15 words a minute. When it is remembered that in order to send these 15 words a minute it takes two operators on each wire, one to send, the other to receive, it will be understood what a large force of highly paid expert operators and what a tremendous number of wires stretched at an enormous expense it takes to handle the millions of words daily sent over the telegraph wires even at the almost prohibitive rates the companies have been compelled to charge in order to render this service.

Recently, however, a new telegraph company, called the Telepost, has begun operation in New England and is rapidly extending its lines throughout the country. The company owns a

wonderful system of automatic telegraphy that sends messages over the wires at the speed of 1,000 words a minute. The Telepost is the perfected result of many years of scientific effort to achieve what electricians have long regarded as the inevitable outcome of the telegraphic art, the mechanical transmission of messages; and its establishment throughout the country will, when completed, practically revolutionize the telegraph business, as it will mean a more rapid, more accurate and less expensive system than has ever before been known.

Several inventors have devised machinery which would automatically transmit messages at high speed and as early as 1871 one of the systems was put into experimental operation. This and other succeeding inventions were rendered entirely unreliable by the "Static," (which may be described to the lay mind as the excess of electricity with which a telegraph wire is charged and which must be "cleared" before signals can be sent) which rendered them so susceptible to atmospheric changes, induction currents and other disturbances that continuous service could not be maintained.

For forty years all experiments for the purpose of overcoming "Static" were so utterly futile that many electricians believed that ideal as automatic telegraphy was in theory, it could never be realized in successful practice. But as has happened in other fields of scientific research, the seemingly impossible has finally been accomplished.

Mr. Patrick B. Delany, who is prob-

ably the greatest living inventor of telegraphic improvements in the world, after having perfected his invention, the synchronous multiplex system of telegraphy, which was purchased by the British Government in 1885, which brought him world-wide fame, turned his attention to other improvements in telegraphy and finally decided upon the conquest of "Static," believing the problem could be solved by patient effort.

He devised new mechanisms and applied new theories to the working out of a system for the subjugation of "Static," and after 15 years of continuous experimenting discovered how to deal with "Static," and so successfully that he not only succeeded in overcoming it, but in actually harnessing and utilizing this great force, the long-dreamed-of automatic system of telegraphy.

In addition to transmitting regular telegrams, the new system offers three unique services which will prove of the greatest convenience and benefit to the general public. These are the "Telecard," "Telepost," and "Teletape." Teletaping is the sending of a postal card by wire. Though this is not done literally it is in effect thus: The writer fills in a "telecard" (the same size as a post card) and hands it in to the Telepost office, who will wire the message to the point of destination, or to the nearest Telepost office to that point, where it will be typed onto a similar card, addressed to the person for whom it is intended, and delivered through the mails. By this means Telecard messages could be written in New York and delivered to an address in Chicago, in two hours, instead of the twenty or thirty hours required to transport a post card between the two cities. As the "Telecard" service carries ten words for ten cents, it will undoubtedly soon be a very popular means of communication in cases where messages are urgent, though not of enough importance in the matter of time to necessitate telegraphing in the usual way.

Another, and somewhat similar ser-

vice is the "Telepost," which is the handling of a fifty-word letter in the same way at the charge of 25 cents. The letter is handed in, or sent by mail to the local Telepost office. The operator there transmits it to the city of destination by wire, where it is typewritten, put in an envelope, properly addressed and dropped into the post office for delivery by the local carrier.

When a letter of 50 words filed in the New York office of the Telepost can be dropped in the post office in Chicago, or any other city, within a half hour for 25 cents, undoubtedly a great mass of the correspondence rushed through the mails by special delivery on which twelve cents postage is paid will be converted into 50-word Teleposts, and delivered to its destination many hours sooner, with very slight increase in expense. Every year 11,000,000 letters are delivered in the United States by special delivery, a fact that will give some idea of the need for such a system of rapid letter transmission and delivery as afforded by Teleposting.

Perhaps the most interesting service in the point of novelty, and which should prove of special value to the business world and those who wish to secure the utmost privacy for their messages is the "Teletape," by means of which 100-word messages can be sent for 25 cents, even from as great a distance as New York to San Francisco. That the reader may understand this device it must be explained that all messages transmitted by the Telepost's rapid automatic system are, before being fed into the transmitter, perforated on a narrow paper tape by a perforating machine operated by a lettered key-board very like that of a typewriter. This machine may be worked at any speed at which a person is capable of manipulating the keyboard and the message can thus be prepared by any one, a knowledge of telegraphy not being necessary to its use. The tape so perforated—the perforations being regulated to the dot and dash signals—is fed into the trans-

mitter, which sends it over the wires at the speed of 1,000 words a minute.

The advantage of the Teletape to the business man is that he can have a perforating machine in his own office, just as he has his typewriting machine, and he or his stenographer for him can prepare his own tapes, and if he chooses can employ a cypher code in doing so. When the tape is ready he has only to write the name and address to which it is to be sent, sign his name or code word and send it to the Telepost office. There the operator takes the "Teletape" and simply feeds it into the automatic transmitter and has nothing else whatever to do with the message. At the receiving station the message is electrically printed on a tape in dots and dashes—which is delivered just as it is to the address indicated, where it is first translated by the person for whom it was intended. As the dot and dash alphabet can easily be learned by anyone of ordinary intelligence in a very short time, the recipient of these "teletapes" will quickly be able to read them off as readily as if they were in Roman type. This class of service should be of great value to business men, not only on account of the cheapness of rate, but because of its assuring secrecy as to the contents of the message.

Another remarkable feature of the Telepost system, is the fact that a full page of a newspaper can be telegraphed over a single wire from New

York to Chicago in 10 minutes, and that in one hour the same full-page message can be sent from Boston to Seattle, automatically dropping a press copy at every station along the line through which it passes. This service will be given to "the press" at very low rates. One can scarcely imagine what this means in the newspaper field for it is certain to revolutionize existing conditions in many ways.

Last but not least important feature of this great system of rapid telegraphy is the fact that by it telephone wires can be used for telegraphing without interfering with their use at the same time for telephoning; and while the new Telegraph Company, the Telepost, is constructing its own trunk lines from coast to coast, by leasing independent telephone wires the company will be able to extend its service all over America at much less cost and within a considerable shorter space of time than if it had been necessary to build its own lines over every section.

The telegraph service in Canada is, no doubt, better than that in the States, but the day is probably not far distant when we shall be having our correspondence "wired" between distant points through such a system as the Telepost, for surely must antiquated methods continue to give place to the more enlightened scientific and mechanical achievements. It is thus the whole world progresses.





The Commodious, Well-lighted Factory of Semi-ready Limited, Montreal

The Story of a New Method

By G. B. VAN BLARICOM.

AS a man I am interested to some extent in clothes—in fact I have to be, whether I want to or not. It is all right to affect disregard for the styles and conventionalities of life, but few persons care to be written down as freaks. Man may talk learnedly of being superior to his surroundings and so utterly oblivious to what is taking place that it matters not whether his trousers are too long, his vest too short or his coat too small. There are two kinds of people who attract unfavorable attention; or perhaps “notoriety” would be a more applicable term. They are the overdressed and the underdressed. The best dressed male is he who observes a happy medium, neither leaning to the extremes of the ultra-fastidious nor adopting the indolent idea that anything will do.

Every man, who has any sense of self-respect—and a man without this

quality is never much of an asset to himself or society—likes to appear neat and smart. He may not be susceptible to vanity or flattery but, nevertheless, it is pleasing to hear from those whose opinions are sincere and well worth having, that he looks the part—that he has shown good taste and judgment in the selection of his garments, both as to fabric and design.

Ideas change as the world advances. We do not eat the same dishes to-day that we did twenty years ago. We do not build the same style of houses, seek the same class of amusements, or follow the old methods of agriculture, mining, dairying, or manufacturing. With these revolutions our opinions, or rather habits, which, in the final analysis, are largely prejudices, have also undergone change. Everything is being directed towards specialization and concentration. The man who forges to the front nowadays

THE STORY OF A NEW METHOD.

is the expert, who, by his superior knowledge, reduces cost and increases production. The skilled man is ever at work devising new things; some are turned to profitable account while others have met with indifferent success because they were not feasible. It is the old law of the survival of the fittest.

It is only a little over a generation ago that all shoes were made by hand. To-day the hand-made shoe is a relic, and is also a much higher-priced and less durable article than that turned out by the best equipped factories, the outputs of which have reached the acme of worth and wear as well as quality and quantity. It has been demonstrated that every width and size and shape of foot—every pedal peculiarity—can be satisfied by mechanical means. The same now applies in the matter of dress for men. The turning out of great quantities by time and labor-saving methods has reduced the cost of production, and at the same time increased the value and variety of the output. The resources of not one, but of many minds have been appealed to. The result is seen to-day in the tailoring trade in achievements that a decade ago would have been regarded as impossible. The views of men have broadened. Association and necessity have placed our ideas and conceptions of things on a higher level. The term ready-made, which a few years ago was in numerous instances synonymous with hand-me-down, was one rather of ridicule and reproach. The opinion then existed that only a certain price was to be attached to these goods and only a certain class of people would wear them. It was recognized that if a man wanted a really serviceable, distinctive, and well tailored suit, he could not obtain it in this class of goods. He sought the custom tailor, paid him a high price, and waited patiently for a product which may or may not

have been better than the ready-made. The origin of clothes ready-to-wear, which has had to fight and overcome so many prejudices, has, at last been carried to its legitimate conclusion, and the originators of the Semi-ready idea, who conceived the plan of making up the finest fabrics, importing them direct and doing business by a wide and thoroughly systematic method of distribution from one central workshop, have shown any doubting Thomases that the principle permeating the project from end to end, is not how cheap but how good.

The advantages of co-operation and concentration are to-day freely conceded and a large organization naturally possesses many facilities which the individual does not. I was particularly impressed with these facts when paying a visit to the big Semi-ready factory in Montreal the other day. That great modern wholesale tailoring establishment for men reveals something to even the most casual observer, how easily and yet naturally the clothing trade has been revolutionized. The system from beginning to end is unique, progressive, and yet thorough in every respect. Like all clever inventions, one is struck with the simplicity and matter-of-fact sense in the idea. The vast output and the unexcelled facilities for doing the highest class work with the maximum speed and efficiency have made Semi-ready clothes the peer of anything in their line. There is no similarity whatever to a ready-made clothing factory. The Semi-ready people do more than make the clothes. They have a buying plan, a manufacturing plan, and a selling system so perfect that, as an organization, the company stands for all that is strongest and satisfying in the great garment world. They have even carried their splendid system to such a point as to furnish an absolute guarantee with

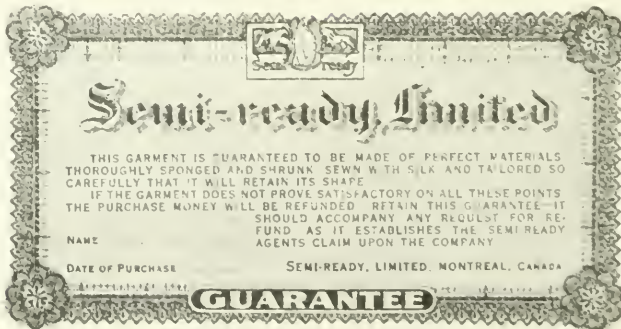
every suit or overcoat that leaves their establishment, which covers the materials incorporated in its make-up, the making itself, and the proviso, that if satisfaction on all points is not given, the guarantee and garment may be returned and the deficiency, if any, in worth or wear will be made good: or in other words, the money will be refunded.

On the first floor of the factory, in which over four hundred persons are employed, I found immense importations from across the water, together with special patterns and designs which had been asked for by the patrons of Semi-ready or else suggested by the company. They are originators not only of fabrics but of styles. They follow no hard and fast lines, no severe standards of fashion's fulminations, but examining all the designs of the leaders in various parts of the world, they adopt modifications of many and make all their garments from their own plates.

Another advantage in connection with a manufacturing establishment like Semi-ready is that they have the cost system figured down to a fraction. There is no guess work about it. Everything has a definite basis, and the owners, by careful attention to details, are enabled to practice such economies that ensure their garments being placed before the wearer at the lowest possible

outlay. There is no wilful waste either of time, talent, or material. Everything is made to tell and tell effectively in achieving results, which afford gentlemen the chance of buying fine fabrics tailored to the correct mode so that they can be tried on and worn the same day or within a few hours after selection.

The top floor of the factory is devoted exclusively to the making of coats, which work is divided into thirty-one parts. Each part is in charge of a specialist who does nothing else but devote his entire attention to becoming so proficient as to insure perfection. I saw one man whose sole duty it is to work buttonholes, another to insert sleeves, a third to sew on buttons, a fourth to cutting pockets, a fifth lapels, a sixth pocket flaps, and so the whole gamut might be run. The coat undergoes thirty-one inspections, each one distinct and thorough, before the garment is passed on to another specialist on its course to completion. On a lower floor are the vests and trousers departments, where the same individual attention is given to various parts in the creation of these articles of clothing. Every one does a little and learns to do that little well. The result is seen in the artistic and distinctive characteristics evidenced in Semi-ready clothing. On another floor is the cutting department. Here trained men do special work



and do it with a system, method and skill which an ordinary custom tailor could never hope to attain. Each garment gets personal and persistent attention. On the ground floor, where the clothes pass inspection and the various quantities as cut-off are marked on a tag, the final inspection of the finished suit or overcoat takes place. This is done in no perfunctory manner, but is performed by three expert tailors who have had a life-long experience in catering to the tastes, whims and fancies of mankind.

All the cutting, shaping and making of Semi-ready garments is based on a scientific system of physique types of which there are seven subdivisions and three variations of each subdivision. It naturally follows that every man, no matter what his build, his height, or bodily conformation, will come under some of these divisions; but as there are always exceptions to every rule, so there may be certain physical make-ups now and then that even Semi-ready tailoring cannot satisfy. Therefore, in each of their two hundred distributing stores throughout the Dominion there is a special order department to please the customer who may not happen to be satisfied with the offering that a Semi-ready store or agency has in stock. Some 250 woolen patterns of suits or overcoats are shown in the special order department of every store in Canada. Suits are made within four days and this branch has grown to such proportions, that over ten thousand special orders were filled last year. When an order is received at the factory a green ticket with the necessary specifications, is attached to the fabric from which the suit or overcoat is to be made. Exactly four days after the order is received—whether by mail or the special telegraphic code of the company—the finished garment is sent out by express. There is no delay.

The green ticket stands for the right of way, the clearing of the line. Everything must move at the display of this signal. I found that Semi-ready Company never breaks faith with any of its dealers or customers. The guarantee to have all special orders filled within four days after receiving is genuine. Plausible promises do not avail in a big concern. Like their guarantee, the word of this company in the clothing world means something. It means that they have helped to educate the purchasing public to the fact that there is a distinctiveness, a refinement, a style, quality and fit about all their garments that give comfort and satisfaction to the wearer.

Men who are able to buy good clothes, men who realize the true worth of a dollar, know that the art of tailoring has reached a point which the custom tailor, with his limited output and slow methods, could never hope to equal in design, finish, dressiness or taste. By the Semi-ready system a man knows exactly what he is getting and has the opportunity of seeing how a certain style or cut becomes him, for to be well dressed is to look becoming. He can judge of the refinement and expression of each pattern, of the hang and fold of every garment. By this means guess work is entirely eliminated. If there is one thing that makes a man uncomfortable, undignified, ill-at-ease, it is the knowledge that his clothes do not fit. He feels like apologizing for his appearance and yet he is not in a financial position possibly to throw aside a dowdy or unsatisfactory suit that has been foisted and fastened upon him. He must wear it to obtain at least a part of his money's worth or a slight return on his improvident investment. With Semi-ready garments I discovered there is no chance or guess work, and back of them stands a guarantee or trade-mark which is

a demand note for redemption. Another outstanding feature is that all garments are sold at exactly the same price in every store in the Dominion. In all the provinces parties are charged exactly the same sum. There can be no deviation from the fixed price which is proclaimed prominently in plain figures.

An interesting deduction is seen in that the day of cheap things is passing not only in clothing, but other lines of manufacture. I was surprised to learn that the Semi-ready sell many more twenty-five and thirty-dollar suits than they do fifteen. This demonstrates the tendency of the age to place the palm upon merit and excellence rather than upon things that make for mere mediocrity or temporary satisfaction. This observation is not to be interpreted as meaning that a fifteen dollar suit is not good value for the money, but merely to show that higher-priced garments declare that in the end the costliest is relatively the cheapest. Fundamentally, quality determines the success of any article, just as the success of every merchant depends upon the quality of the goods he handles. Semi-ready garments measure up to the very highest quality standard and there is no acceptable substitute for them. Money is saved in buying, in making, and in advertis-

ing, and with the enormous output in one executive headquarter, such as Semi-ready possesses, endless expenses that a custom tailor has to bear, are obviated.

Semi-ready clothes are sold at a closer margin to cost than any others. Semi-ready has also effected economy and is able to place its goods before patrons at a close margin that makes them much more valuable at the figure they are sold than if they were manufactured in small quantities, in different places, under local and other disadvantageous conditions.

I was firmly convinced, after an impartial investigation into the wonderful system that has been evolved whereby the art of wholesale tailoring has been reduced to a science as marvellous as that of any other line of enterprise, that the Semi-ready idea stands for and represents something more than the average man comprehends: that it points the way to better things and the realization of higher ideals: that it brings home to the men of moderate means the greatest possible advantages and pleasures in the matter of dress, and contributes to the satisfaction and sense of comfort that all males, young and old, feel when they secure the best without delay or disappointment.



The Signet of Surety

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 Woman in the Making of America. H. Addington Bruce—Smith's.
 For the Guest Room in the Simple Home. Marguerite Ogden Bigelow—Craftsman.
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—New York Herald, July 16th, 1908.

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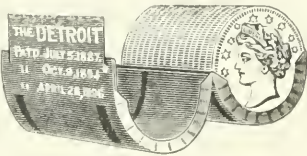


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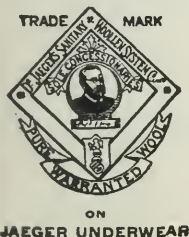
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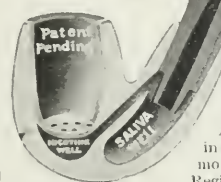
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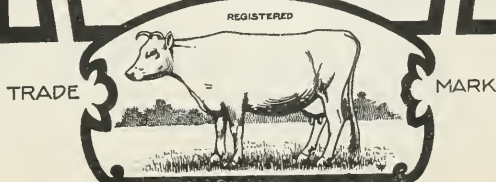
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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVIII

TORONTO JUNE 1909

No 2

A Day With Canada's Premier

By G. B. VAN BLARICOM.

THE easiest public man in Canada to see and the most difficult to interview. This is the opinion of visitors to the Capital of the Dominion. If their mission is a legitimate one they do not have to go through any formalities or red tape procedure to obtain an audience with the Premier, but the foreign, or even local newspaper, correspondent, who thinks that he will find bright, readable copy by inducing him to talk on some national or fiscal question, will come away disappointed. The Canadian First Minister never grants an interview. He has a decided aversion to being quoted promiscuously in the public prints. Not that he is diffident in the matter of proclaiming his views or declaring his attitude, but he has his own way of doing it. The medium that he invariably selects is the House of Commons or the public platform, yet no one is more considerate or courteous to press representatives than the commander-in-chief of the Liberal forces.

If Sir Wilfrid Laurier retired from politics to-morrow he would probably devote the remainder of his days to serving as a member of the Ottawa Improvement Commission,

in the work of which he takes a lively interest, and in writing a history of Canada or of the Liberal party.

Although occupying the highest position in the gift of the Canadian people, bearing all the responsibilities of office and burdens of state, Sir Wilfrid manages to crowd more work into a day than even his most intimate friends imagine. Yet the Prime Minister is never in a rush or unduly demonstrative. The only time that he evidences unseemly haste is, when, nearing the corner of Elgin and Sparks Streets, in the Capital, and observing the approach of a Bank Street car, which passes his home on Laurier Avenue East, he has been known to break into a sprint to board the vanishing trolley. The chief of the Liberal party is a democrat to the hilt. He loves the common people and, like Abraham Lincoln, of whom he is an ardent admirer, thinks the Lord must love them too, for He made a great many of them.

If you visit the Capital and have legitimate business with the Premier he is more get-at-able, so to speak, than any member of his cabinet.

There is no outside guard or inside tyler at his door in the East Block. You simply walk into the outer office where his private secretary is at work and, announcing your name, if "the chief," as he is familiarly known, is not engaged, you are ushered into his presence. Of course a great deal of discrimination must be, and is, exercised by his private secretary, as to who should or should not see the Premier. For instance, a total stranger to Sir Wilfrid, or his secretary, would, of necessity, have

sible, as the First Minister is a busy man and the time which he can give to scores of visitors is limited. The entrance room is generally filled with politicians, members of parliament and deputations seeking him on one pretext or another. He has been known to see as many as one hundred different persons in a day which, of itself, is no light task. He accords a kindly hearing to all and, even persons whose requests are denied, often come out smiling. When asked if they secured favorable consideration, they remark, "No! we did not, but he refused in such a gracious way that we are almost as pleased as if he granted what we were after." This is where the sunny ways of Sir Wilfrid are so prominently brought into play. His tact, diplomacy and suavity are always in evidence.

How does he manage to accomplish so much in a day? What does he do from early morn until late at night? are questions often asked. The older he grows the more he undertakes and, notwithstanding constantly increasing demands on his time and attention, he rarely looks worried. Although in his sixty-eighth year, he enjoys better health and gets through more work than when first elevated to power thirteen years ago, or elected leader of the Opposition away back in 1887. Thirty-five years as a member of the House of Commons is a long period. There are few men in public life to-day when the youthful and eloquent French-Canadian advocate and newspaperman first entered legislative halls as the member of Drummond and Arthabaska in 1874.

One of the strongest characteristics possessed by the Premier is his ability to remember names and faces. When the eleventh parliament assembled in January last there were over seventy new members—one-third of the total number of the popular chamber. On the occasion



WILFRID LAURIER

As he appeared in 1874 on first entering Parliament.

to confide to the latter the nature of his business. But for all this it is said to be easier to see the Canadian First Minister than any of his colleagues and even some of the higher officials of the administration. There is no stiffness or formality about his welcome. He extends a warm hand of greeting and you are made to feel at home. It is, of course, presumed that any caller, possessing good judgment and average thoughtfulness, will communicate the object of his mission in as few words as pos-

A DAY WITH CANADA'S PREMIER

of the first division the assistant clerk naturally had some difficulty in calling the roll. So many fresh faces and so much shifting of seats resulted in more or less confusion. The only man in the House who could have correctly named all

pass through Galt a company of some 15 local supporters went to the station to shake hands with him. The distinguished visitor was introduced to them and, after ten minutes' conversation, just as the train was about to start, he said good-



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

As he [appears] now after thirty-five years in Parliament.

the representatives and their constituencies was the head of the Government. Many years ago, when Sir Wilfrid was leader of the Opposition, he was making a campaign tour through Western Ontario. As he and his party were to

bye to them individually, calling each one correctly by name. Many similar incidents might be related. Like his predecessor, Sir John A. Macdonald, he has a genius for never forgetting friends and supporters. On the other hand, he has

not the same facility with figures. Intricate financial calculations will occasion him as many worries as Napoleon encountered in his famous retreat from Moscow amid the depths of a Russian winter. A student of history, biography and responsible government, he leaves topics of tariff and trade returns to his trusted lieutenant, Hon. W. S. Fielding, who, in the sphere of statistics, is always at home.

It matters not when Sir Wilfrid retires, whether at midnight or three in the morning, owing to a late sitting of the legislators, he invariably rises at the same hour—eight o'clock—every morning. Of the 221 members in the House he is the most regular attendant and is constantly in his place except when the Commons is in Committee of Supply. He shaves himself and no resident of the Capital is more attentive with respect to personal appearance. At 8.30 he breakfasts, but he eats sparingly and lives the simple life day in and day out. He takes no form of exercise other than walking, of which he is fond. Indigestion is an old enemy and scrupulous care has to be observed in the matter of diet. His morning meal usually consists of a poached egg or a baked apple, a cup of tea and plain bread. Occasionally he partakes of toast. At luncheon and dinner he is equally abstemious.

At nine o'clock his private secretary, Mr. E. J. Lemaire, who has already scanned each letter, separating the wheat from the chaff, calls at his house. Together they go through the over-night correspondence, which is very heavy, particularly during a session of Parliament. Every epistle is dealt with promptly; there is never an accumulation of unanswered mail matter. The Premier reads each letter, and as he finishes turns the sheets face down upon the table. When he has concluded perusing the last missive he picks up the pile—several inches

high—and indicates the nature of the replies. In the course of a day he has to sign many communications, yet he does so faithfully and expeditiously. He would scorn the use of a rubber stamp. Of course, there are some letters that do not get to Sir Wilfrid. Certain *pro forma* or routine matters, which can be attended to by a department official, would needlessly occupy his time. To enumerate a few remarkable requests that daily reach him would furnish a column of humorous reading. Many are frivolous in character, others pathetic, some importunate, a few impudent, and still others, penned out of idle curiosity. There are tiny toddlers all over Canada, whose Christian names are "Wilfrid Laurier" Brown, Green, Blue, White or Black. When a birthday rolls around they write the Premier reminding him of the fact. Sometimes, in the case of old personal friends, the Liberal chieftain sends an acknowledgment or memento of the anniversary. The recipient is so delighted at a reply that the fact is probably announced in a local paper and the news spreads. Immediately nearly every child in the neighborhood, whose father is a Liberal, will write in the hope of receiving some similar token. There has to be a line drawn somewhere. The first citizen of a great country like Canada cannot spend hours answering all the letters which come to him from juveniles who happen to boast of the name of "Wilfrid." He would have no time left for affairs of state.

By half past ten the mass of correspondence is generally disposed of and the First Minister leaves his house for his office. If the weather is fine he walks, the distance being about a mile. If the elements are unpropitious, or he is in a hurry, he summons a cab; now and then he uses a street car. Arriving at the buildings, which he generally reach-

A DAY WITH CANADA'S PREMIER



THE PREMIER'S RESIDENCE IN OTTAWA

Situated on the avenue which has been named in his honor.

es by eleven o'clock, and occasionally earlier, there are always a large number of persons waiting to see him on various matters. He receives them in turn, and thus the forenoon hours are fully occupied until one o'clock and after. He then partakes of a light lunch in his office. During session a Council meeting is held every day at two o'clock, attended by all the members of the Cabinet. The sitting generally lasts until about five minutes to three and then the ministers have to make their way to the House, which opens at three o'clock. At six o'clock when the Commons rises for dinner, the Premier may see a few parliamentarians in his private apartments, which are located at the north-west corner of the new addition. There are always M.P.s. or prominent politicians desirous of consulting him, and he is always ready to grant a minute or two to as many as he pos-

sibly can, consistent with the demands made upon him in leading the Government, shaping legislation and presiding at Cabinet Councils. About fifteen minutes after six he drives to his residence for dinner. He is always back on the hill ready to resume work when the Speaker takes the chair at eight o'clock, and generally stays until the House adjourns, whether the hour is twelve o'clock or two in the morning. Even after adjournment he is accessible to members if their business is pressing. When the Premier returns home he frequently reads an hour or two before retiring. If there is no night session he spends the evening with Lady Laurier and counts a night not broken by some social obligation, dinner party or reception as pure gold. Never is he happier than when allowed to spend a few uninterrupted hours in his library. He is an industrious reader. Not



ANTE-ROOM TO THE PREMIER'S OFFICE

At the desk sits Sir Wilfrid's secretary, Mr. E. J. Lemaire, through whom all visitors to the Premier make arrangements for an audience.

only is he a deep student of history but he reads the quarterly reviews, the leading monthlies, the daily papers, and the more serious comments and subjects of the day. He never scans anything trashy or ephemeral. He is as familiar with the deeds and achievements of the Emperor Napoleon I. as any lecturer on modern history. With the greatest of English historians, Edward Gibbon, and his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" he finds mental relaxation and inspiration. He revels in Abraham Lincoln and has probably a score of biographies of the great American statesman and emancipator. Sir Wilfrid's library is not as large as that of many public men, but the volumes are comprehensive and bear evidence of frequent consultation. He supplements it by works of reference from the parliamentary library. Possessing

a retentive memory, he absorbs and assimilates what he reads. It becomes part of his mental equipment. No detail, point or feature worth remembering escapes his attention. In his daily work, if he has cause to refer to something that may have occurred months ago, he will tell his secretary to look under such and such a date and there he will find a communication dealing with the subject in hand. In a few words Sir Wilfrid will indicate the character of the correspondence. He has a wonderful grasp of all the business which he daily directs.

When Parliament is not sitting the Premier passes the day in much the same manner as he does in the midst of the most important and exacting session. He finds more opportunity, however, for reading. He comes home at mid-day for a light luncheon instead of snatching only a

A DAY WITH CANADA'S PREMIER



THE PREMIER'S OFFICE IN THE EAST BLOCK

This is Sir Wilfrid's headquarters in Ottawa, where he transacts all business pertaining to the head of the Government.

few minutes during office hours for a repast. He spends the afternoons at his apartments in the East Block. There are frequent meetings of Council, and many matters continually cropping up require his attention. Paradoxical as it may appear, he gradually grows more conservative—not in a political sense, but in practice and precept. He is known as the statesman who practically never takes a holiday. Now and then he manages to seize a few days of leisure and while them away at his former home in Arthabaskaville, Que., where, amid the picturesque surroundings of that delightful retreat he escapes—temporarily at least—the daily grind and ordeal of public life, but of late years when visiting the quaint village, he has not been able to separate himself entirely from affairs of State, and has been accompanied

even on private pilgrimages by his secretary.

When at Arthabaskaville he loves to view the distant mountains, dearly delights in driving around the country, takes many a walk in the company of a few select friends who, as his guests, share his well-earned rest, but ever and again returning to his dearest recreation, the reading of his favorite authors.

A lover of good music, Sir Wilfrid is generous in his praise of the stirring selections of the Scotch, but his favorite is Strauss' Blue Danube, a soothing, dreamy waltz. He is an admirer—one might almost say worshipper—of Italian operas by Verdi, Rossini and other brilliant composers of the land of antiquity and art. Rarely does he go to the theatre to hear modern musical productions that the populace rave so much over to-day. When the



THE PREMIER'S OFFICE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

It is in this office that Sir Wilfrid attends to business during spare moments when the House is in session.

House is not in session he prefers spending his evenings at home. He often enjoys a quiet rubber or two of bridge with Lady Laurier and any friends who may be spending a few days under their hospitable roof. But his favorite spot is his library. There he will spend hours pouring over his favorite volumes, attired in a dressing gown and half-ensconced in an easy chair before a roaring grate fire—for Sir Wilfrid loves heat. A temperature of 85 or 90 degrees is not too warm for him. On his ideal home life, his constant companionship and counsel with Lady Laurier, it is not necessary to dwell beyond saying that his domestic relations are of the happiest and pleasantest character. Nothing ruffles Sir Wilfrid and he has been well termed "patience personified." He is always the embodiment of sunshine and

good humor. Should any disappointment arise he simply smiles and with imperturbable serenity remarks to his devoted wife "Never mind; it will be all right. There is no cause for worry." On Sundays—which is practically the only free day that the Premier has—Lady Laurier and he generally have a number of guests and the most charming and entertaining of the assembled company is the host himself. Members of Parliament and their wives, who remain over the week-end in Ottawa, frequently dine at his home. He knows how to pay compliments but he does so in no set, meaningless phrases. His words of appreciation are cordial and sincere and not indiscriminately given. Fond of travel and sight-seeing, when occasion permits, he considers Lake Geneva, famed for its great natural

A DAY WITH CANADA'S PREMIER

beauty and historical associations, the loveliest resting place in Europe. While sojourning there after the Colonial Conference in London in 1907, he took many long walks with his party of tourists. On his return he would again take up his favorite books.

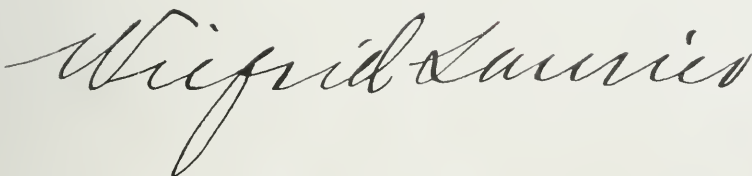
If in search of a holiday—not necessarily one of rest—he would prefer Rome of all the Old World capitals. The Eternal City, celebrated for its antiquities and ancient memories, appeals strongly to his studious, thoughtful nature. One great ambition of his is to again visit Geneva and Rome and there spend many weeks. Sir Wilfrid is a good traveler by land but not by sea—billow and brine he cannot breast.

The rooms of his residence contain many evidences of honors and gifts that have been showered on him and Lady Laurier by friends and admirers at home and abroad—from life-size portraits in oil to the golden snuff-box encrusted with gems presented to the Premier on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Canada in 1901, the silver casket presented by the city of Edinburgh in 1902, and the gold caskets presented by the cities of London, Bristol and Manchester in 1907, along with the freedom of these cities, on the occasion of the Colonial Conference of that year. Numerous elaborate and handsomely engrossed addresses hang from the walls while others are carefully stored away—for their number runs into the hundreds—but the sentiments conveyed

are not forgotten. Sir Wilfrid Laurier lives the busiest of lives, crowding as much reading and business into a single day as many another man does in a week. He is an ardent worshipper of nature and art. The very temperament and dignified air of the First Minister proclaim that. "A picture gallery all by himself" is the way a leading Senator recently described him.

Pomp and pretence, decoration and display do not appeal to this eminent Canadian, who is the final court of appeal for so many knotty problems. He has no use for the sycophant, the bore or the grafter. "Titles and badges," he once declared, "do not make the man. I myself would prefer to be called Wilfrid Laurier. I commenced my political career under plain Alexander Mackenzie, who began life as a stonecutter and lived and died plain Alexander Mackenzie, and one could not well better his example."

In an address before a Western Ontario audience during the campaign of 1908 he made use of these words: "My days cannot be very long now. But whether they are long or short, I shall always treasure as the most holy thing in life—if I may say so—the confidence which has been placed in me by men who are not of my own kith and kin. When my life does come to an end, if my eyes close upon a Canada more united than when I found it over twenty years ago, when I assumed the leadership of the Liberal party, I shall not have lived in vain and I will die in peace and happiness."



The Premier's Signature.



THE ILLUSTRATOR OF DRUMMOND'S HABITANT BOOKS

BY H. A. SOMERVILLE

unfortunately died before he had grasped fully the fruits of his genius.

In literature, there are many names splendidly shining, among them Barr, Drummond, Parker, Roberts, Carman and Campbell.

Have we any sculptors? The works of Hebert and Hill answer this query, to say nothing of that master of anatomy, Dr. Tait Mackenzie. They are three superlative types of Canadian artists. Hebert's and Hill's works adorn our public squares. The old noblesse of France finds expression to us, of the present day, through the work of the former. The latter has treated, in a virile way, the achievements of later day Canadians fighting for the flag in foreign countries.

Of painters, black and white men and cartoonists, such names as Matthews, Julien, Bengough, Racey, Harris and Coburn stand out prominently. After all this, the divine Sarah must have been wrong. Her vision was dimmed, perhaps, by the glitter of her box office receipts.

Some years ago a professional man, a doctor of medicine, wrote some charming verses, concerning the humble habitants of the Province of Quebec. This volume was redolent of good will, sympathy and heart's interest. It laid bare in a delightful way the customs, habits and foibles of these people. Human nature, as only a physician can know it, was set forth in its pages.

The author was the late Dr. W. H. Drummond. Naturally he wanted an illustrator to help him in his work.

"CANADA has no artists," so said Sarah Bernhardt. It is always painful to flatly contradict a lady, but in this instance, it must be done. Canada is yet young. Her men have been busy, blazing the trails for future progress, and developing the most obvious resources of the land. This is the inevitable history of every new country, and these tasks keep its inhabitants well occupied. The fine arts are products of a time in the history of a nation, when its people can think of something else besides the necessity of building up for absolute needs. The garret-room genius is something of a myth. The best work; the work for which the world is better, is done under favorable conditions. A full stomach helps a lot. Wealth, culture and refinement may develop the aesthetic tendencies. This fact renders it impossible to compare a young country with an old country.

Despite this assertion, however, Canada has already gone far afield. In Bernhardt's own sphere, there is a galaxy of Canadian stars—Margaret Anglin, James K. Hackett, May Irwin and Maud Allan. An untimely death cut off Franklin McLeay from a brilliant career. At the time of his death he was playing Cassius to Tree's Antony and Waller's Brutus in London, in an all-star cast. He

THE ILLUSTRATOR OF DRUMMOND'S HABITANT BOOKS

The nature of the book made a Canadian essential from a sentimental, if not from a technical, standpoint.

Into this gap stepped Frederick Simpson Coburn, and the foundations of the fame which he enjoys in Canada were laid through this connection. How this was accomplished is

"Habitant" as a possible illustrator. I spent about three months down below Quebec studying types and scenery before undertaking it, and the work I brought back evidently pleased the doctor, because he gave me the manuscript, and carte blanche to go ahead. This began an association



THE HABITANT

As portrayed by F. S. Coburn.

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best told in Mr. Coburn's own words. "It was while calling on the late Mr. S. C. Stevenson, in Montreal, just prior to leaving for Europe in 1896, that he happened to mention Dr. Drummond's work, which the doctor had just then decided to publish, and he introduced me to the author of the

that has exercised an enormous influence on me and my work, not only in a personal way, but because he gave me my first real confidence in myself."

Mr. Coburn was born at Upper Melbourne, Que., March 20, 1871, and received his education chiefly at



"DE NOTAIR E PUBLIQUE"

A characteristic glimpse of Habitant life.

—Reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

St. Francis College, Richmond. His boyhood and youth were those of a normal Canadian boy. He early showed talent in an artistic direction. After leaving Richmond he came to Montreal, and commenced his art studies under the late Samuel Stevenson. His first serious work was undertaken in New York at the Carl Hecker School of Art, and from there he went to the Royal Academy of Berlin, Germany, subsequently studying in Munich and Paris. It was in the latter place that he was brought under the influence of the great Gerome, and he also gained the honor of a scholarship there.

Like many other great and good men, he had a good mother, and it was during this sojourn in Europe that his greatest sorrow came to him in the loss of her whom he had left scarcely a year before in apparently the best of health. After graduating

in Paris, he came home, and it was then that he undertook the illustration of Dr. Drummond's first volume of poems, "The Habitant."

The succeeding year he went to London, and School of Fine Art. From London he crossed to Antwerp, and graduated from there after winning a scholarship and first rank in the class. Subsequently he illustrated Dr. Drummond's other books, "Johnnie Corbeau," "The Voyageur," "Philorum and His Canoe," "Madeline Verchères," and editions of Edgar Allan Poe's works; Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth" and "A Christmas Carol"; Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"; "Our Last Ride Together."

Mr Coburn has taken up his residence in Antwerp, where he has a studio. He divides his time between illustrative work and painting. Needless to say, it is upon the latter that he hopes to build his reputation. When asked what his best illustrations were, he said, "I consider my best work was the illustrations made for the Eleanor edition of Edgar Allan Poe's works, and some of the later illustrations of Goldsmith, for which I spent some time in Ireland last summer."

In speaking of some of his earlier struggles, he mentioned a disastrous four months which he spent in Montreal, vainly endeavoring to establish an artistic connection, and remarked that the memory of them made him shudder.

Every other year he leaves his studio in Antwerp, and comes home to visit his father, sister and brothers, and an aged grandmother. He enjoys, as only an artist can enjoy, the natural beau-

ties of the Eastern Townships, and goes back recuperated and ready for the further pursuit of his chosen profession.

At the time of publication of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," "Literature," which was then published as a supplement by the "London Times," spoke in a very eulogistic strain of his work. "In discussing the various artists who have illustrated the "Christmas Carol," it said: "The pictorial quality is best of all shown by Mr. Coburn. More than that, he has read his Dickens with care, and has more than the usual literary appreciation. His drawing of the light-hearted vagrant, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol, is worthy of the best traditions of American (Canadian) penwork. The picture of Scrooge in "The Tank" is very real, the figure of the skinflint with his dip is a very powerful drawing. The fiddler is a very real type, and no one of the illustrations other than delight the most exacting art critic. If only Mr. Coburn will lose himself entirely in his subject, he is one of the most promising of modern Dickens' illustrators. The interest that always belongs to the efforts that, from time to time, have been made to secure for a classic work of literature a fresh interpretation from an artist of individual imagination is ever present in the work we have somewhat cursorily reviewed."

"More than the usual literary appreciation." That is the secret. The fact that Dr. Drummond said to him, after the first proofs were submitted, "Fred, you and I must go together in this work," showed how much Dr.



"JE T'AIME TOUJOURS"

Habitant lovers charmingly pictured by Mr. Coburn.

—Reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Drummond appreciated his ability to interpret the requirements of the book.

Not only once, but always, does he do this. It is doubtful if any one else could have seen into the habitant's heart, and translated its throbs so faithfully as this young Canadian. Not a thing that marks them with their own individuality has escaped his notice. Of Mr. Coburn's latest works little can be said, as comparatively few of his paintings have been seen here.

There were, however, a few on exhibition in Montreal during the early winter. They all displayed his delicate interpretation and treatment of his subject. Some were marines, and some portraits. Among the latter one was particularly striking. It was the portrait of a woman standing near a



And the voice seemed his who fell in the battle down the dell
 + and who is happy now.



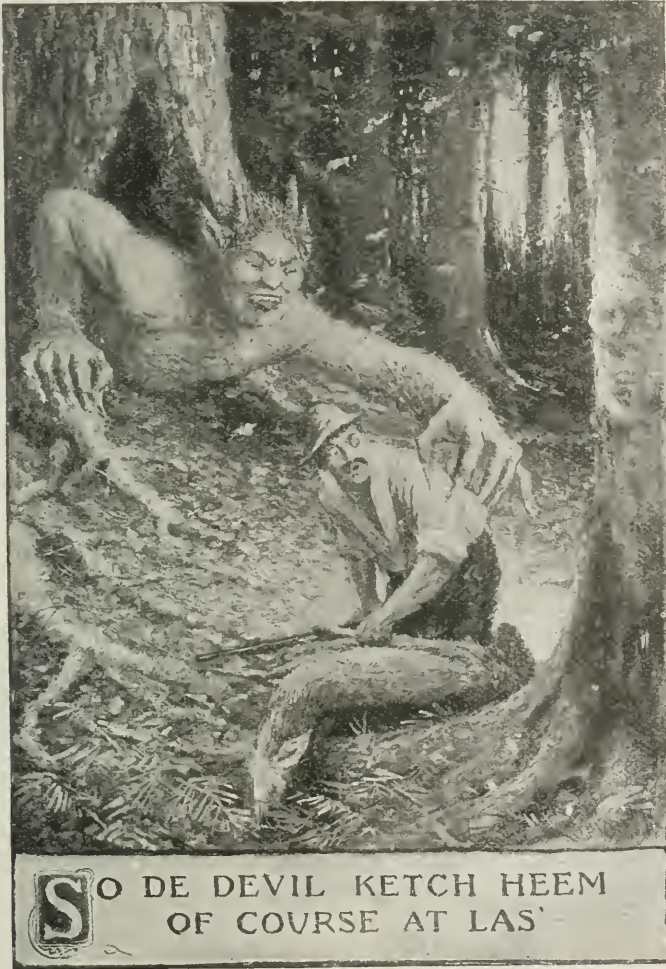
BRIDAL BALLAD

One of Mr. Coburn's striking illustrations of Edgar Allan Poe's works.

—Reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

window, where the strong lights and shades of such a position were most effectively shown. To the layman, who committed the cardinal sin of approaching too closely, there appeared to be a big splash of pigment

out, in an alluring way, the sheen of the rays of light falling across the folds of her skirt, and then nothing but wonder and admiration came over one for the art and the skill of the painter. Frederick Simpson Coburn



BRUNO THE HUNTER

One of Mr. Coburn's illustrations for "The Voyageur."

—Reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

rolled up in bundles on this woman's skirt where the sun struck full. When too close, it looked like the spot on the wall inside a paint shop where painter mechanics try out their brushes. At an artistic distance, the seemingly meaningless stroke brought

may not be a great painter, and may never become such. One thing, however, is sure, if the ability to make cold canvass appeal, to speak, to stir something in one's heart, then he is already a great artist, and will enjoy all the emoluments of success.



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

A weird conception of Edgar Allan Poe's gruesome tale.

—Reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE ILLUSTRATOR OF DRUMMOND'S HABITANT BOOKS

To criticize the fine arts is to tread on dangerous ground. The impressionistic cult impresses perhaps by its daring, but its influence is fleeting. There are some simple pictures, simple in treatment perhaps, simple in subject, simple in coloring, that ring true, and in an unhackneyed way maybe, tell an old story. It is more than a conjecture that, whatever fame the artist Coburn achieves in the future, he will be remembered longest in Canada by his connection with Dr. Drummond and his books. This, perhaps, is only natural, as the work of both strikes near home. To know that the artist did his part well, one has but to look at the illustrations in any one of these books. He went to the fountain head, to the plain people, and he has delicately delineated the characters he has met, and lived among, in French Canada. He has run the gamut of variety. Nothing has escaped him. War, scenery, portraiture, and domestic life, are faithfully depicted, and woven into the warp and woof of the doctor's stories.

Drummond and Coburn have accom-

plished a national work, and posterity will be grateful to them. History holds many examples of men being born who dovetail into one another's lives. In this way good results are compounded.

Of the artist's private life, and his personality, little can be said. One of the strongest traits of his character is his aversion to anything which savors of personal advertising. He has no objection to people discussing his work, because he knows this part of him is for the public. He believes that honest criticism, from any source, may be valuable. He is a severe and relentless critic of his own work, and invites it from all, as all men of talent do. It is hardly necessary to say anything regarding his personality, because the keen observer will find it reflected in his work. The future is difficult to estimate, but if success depends upon the force of the old adage that "true art is the expression of man's joy in his work," then the future holds the greatest success for the Canadian artist—Frederick Simpson Coburn.



DREAMLAND

A fantastic drawing in the edition of Edgar Allen Poe, illustrated by F. S. Coburn.

—Reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Agatha's Apron

By UNA HUDSON

From Appleton's Magazine

I

IT was the first time in an acquaintanceship dating from the days when they both wore pinafores and made mud pies together that Mrs. Jack Deming had ever seen Jimmy Farraday in the least embarrassed or ill at ease.

Now he was both. He sat on the edge of his chair and nervously fingered the paper-wrapped package laid across his knees.

"If it's a present for me, Jimmy," said Mrs. Jack at last, "I think you may give it to me; Jack won't care."

Jimmy laughed and began to undo the string. He understood Mrs. Jack perfectly.

With mounting curiosity she saw him unroll a foam of embroidery and fine white lawn, that, being shaken out, resolved itself into a garment distinctly feminine.

Mrs. Jack reached out eager hands. "O, Jimmy," she cried, "what a perfect love of an apron! I never saw anything like it. Where on earth did you find it?"

"What does it make you think of?" Jimmy demanded, ignoring the question.

Mrs. Jack drew a deep breath. Her eyes shone.

"Love and service, Jimmy," she said softly. "Real love, and service because one loves."

Jimmy nodded. "Yes," he said "that was what I thought. And if it makes you feel like that, too——"

"Jimmy," broke in Mrs. Jack,

"only a poet or a man in love would have bought that apron. Now I know you're not a poet. So——"

"Yes," Jimmy admitted raptly. "Agatha Dean. I bought the apron for her."

"That apron and Agatha Dent!" gasped Mrs. Jack. "Jimmy, you must be crazy! Why, Agatha writes; she hasn't a thought beyond her stories. It's a career Agatha wants, not an apron. What you want, Jimmy, is a homey little body—some one you can pet and take care of; some one who'll love you hard, Jimmy, and—and live up to that apron."

"Agatha's just that," Jimmy insisted, "only she doesn't know it—yet."

"Jimmy," Mrs. Jack earnestly protested, "you take my word for it, Agatha Dean will not appreciate that apron at all; she won't understand it. Give it to me, Jimmy; do! It looks just the way I feel toward Jack; I want to wear it for him."

"I can't," Jimmy objected. "It's for Agatha."

"Jimmy," Mrs. Jack was begging quite shamelessly, "at least let me copy it; I can make one just like it."

"I'm sorry," Jimmy refused, "but it's Agatha's and there mustn't be another one like it."

"Very well, Jimmy." Mrs. Jack yielded gracefully because she understood. She folded the apron carefully and handed it back with a regretful sigh.

"But I want you to give it to her," said Jimmy, at last revealing the real reason for his call. "She couldn't take it from me, of course."

"She'll think me quite crazy," protested Mrs. Jack. "And what earthly excuse can I offer for giving it? It isn't Christmas or a birthday or anything, you know."

"Oh, just tell her the apron reminded you of her, and so you send it," Jimmy advised brilliantly.

"Jimmy"—Mrs. Jack was convulsed with laughter—"I take back what I said; perhaps Agatha's the one for you, after all; you do need a guardian. Mercy! Don't wad it up like that! And in that horrid coarse brown paper, too. If I'm to send it, at least it shall be properly wrapped."

She hunted up fine white tissue paper and some narrow scarlet ribbon; but she balked at the note.

"I couldn't, you know, Jimmy," she protested, "tell a tarradiddle like that. I'll just enclose my card. Shall I mail it, or send it by messenger, or what?"

"Give it to me," said Jimmy. "I'll have a messenger take it up. I want to be there, you know, when it's delivered. I'm going to call on Agatha now," he explained.

He took the package and reached for his hat.

"You've been awfully good about it, Mrs. Jack," he said, "and I'm no end grateful."

Mrs. Jack accompanied him to the front door. As he went down the steps he was whistling softly. With her head on one side she listened and caught the air—it was the wedding march from Lohengrin.

II

Not being a mind-reader, Jimmy Farraday could not know that a new plot was seething in Agatha's brain and that her fingers itched for a pencil; and Agatha was too polite to tell him.

So he sat down and began to talk cheerful nothings the while he wait-

ed for his messenger boy. He tried not to look expectant when the bell rang, and hoped his manner was properly detached and disinterested when the maid brought in a familiar tissue-wrapped parcel.

Agatha laid it on the table and went on with the conversation.

"Haven't you any natural curiosity?" Jimmy wanted to know.

"Not so much, I think, as you have," Agatha flashed back at him. But she laughed and began to untie the scarlet ribbon.

"Now, why," she demanded, in a puzzled sort of way, when she had brought to light both apron and card, "should she be sending me that? It isn't Christmas or a birthday, and, anyway, we never exchange gifts."

"Who is 'she'?" demanded Jimmy, feeling that when he took to civil engineering a talented actor was lost to the world.

"Mrs. Jack Deming," Agatha explained, quite unnecessarily, had she but known it. "It's an apron," she further informed him, also unnecessarily.

Jimmy leaned over and meditatively fingered the embroidery.

"It seems a pretty one," he ventured.

"Why, yes," said Agatha, "as aprons go. I should say it was an uncommonly nice one. I know that's good embroidery; but I'd rather have it in a shirtwaist."

"But it looks nice on the apron," Jimmy insisted. He took it from Agatha and spread it across his knees.

"What does it make you think of?" he inquired hopefully.

"Of a lunatic asylum for Mrs. Jack," Agatha returned promptly.

"Great Scott!" Jimmy gasped, rather taken aback. "But why?"

"An apron for me!" said Agatha, tossing it onto the table. "Why, an apron's a badge of servitude. Only nurses and cooks have any use for aprons."

"Mrs. Jack wears them sometimes," Jimmy ventured.

"Yes, when she's fussing over her chafing dish, or when it's cook's afternoon off."

"I like an apron myself," Jimmy stated. "That is, a nice apron like that one."

Agatha looked at him curiously. "What's come over you, Jimmy?" she wanted to know. "I begin to think you and Mrs. Jack must be two of a kind. If you want that apron for your best girl, Jimmy, for Heaven's sake take it and give it to her."

"I haven't any 'best girl,'" Jimmy confessed sadly. "I'd like to have, but she won't have me."

"Have you asked her?" Agatha demanded practically.

"No."

"Then how do you know she won't have you?"

"Would you have me?"

"Goodness, no!"

"Then why should you suppose that what isn't good enough for you would do for some other girl?"

"It isn't a question of good enough," Agatha explained patiently. "I'm sure any girl who really wanted a husband would be glad enough to get you. But, you see, I don't want a husband; I'm not the marrying kind."

"But perhaps you are?" Jimmy suggested mildly: "only you don't know it yet."

Agatha opened her lips for an emphatic denial, but Jimmy forestalled her by a question.

"Are you going to wear the apron?" he wanted to know.

"I am not." Agatha's answer was both prompt and emphatic. "I'm going to have it made into a shirtwaist. It's a shame to waste such lovely embroidery, and so much of it."

III

But Agatha did not have the apron made into a shirtwaist. Twice she took it out, fully intending to

carry it to her dressmaker's, and twice, for no reason at all, she put it back in the drawer.

Finally she went to call on Mrs. Deming.

"Mrs. Jack," she said, going straight to the point, "that apron you sent me is getting on my nerves. What use could you possibly have thought I would ever have for it?"

"No use at all," returned Mrs. Jack with frankness, watching Agatha.

"Then, why on earth," demanded the amazed Agatha, "did you send it to me?"

"Because Jimmy Farraday asked me to."

"Jimmy Farraday! What has he to do with it?"

"Agatha Dent," said Mrs. Jack severely, "I'm ashamed of you! And you a story writer, too! If one look at that apron doesn't tell you, then I guess you'd better ask Jimmy."

Which Agatha did.

I want you to marry me, Agatha," said Jimmy bluntly.

"But what has the apron to do with it?" demanded poor, puzzled Agatha.

"Everything," said Jimmy earnestly.

"Jimmy," said Agatha, trying to treat the matter lightly, "the novelty of your proposal certainly appeals to me. If——"

"I love you!" said Jimmy tensely. "Agatha Dent, I love you, and you don't love me—yet. When you know what that apron means you'll love me—or some other man. Oh, I know"—in answer to her little gesture of protest—"you think you don't want love. But, perhaps, Agatha, some day you'll find that you do. And if I'm the man—I won't bother you in the meantime; I won't refer to this again—but if I'm the man, Agatha, will you tell me?"

"Why, yes," said Agatha slowly. "I think I can promise that, Jimmy."

IV

For an hour Agatha had wrestled vainly with a heroine who insisted upon being clothed, most unfitly, in an apron, and a hero who liked aprons and said so.

At last she flung down her pencil in disgust.

"I'd like," she said viciously, "to tie that apron about Jimmy Faraday's neck and choke him."

Then she went upstairs and took the apron out of the drawer. She tied it on and stood before the glass. In some subtle fashion the apron clashed with the gown she was wearing. She jerked it off and flung it on the bed.

"I'll take it to Celeste," she decided angrily. "and have it made into a shirt waist, and be done with it."

Celeste was a little Frenchwoman who had been a lady's maid, but who now sewed for a favored few.

She fell upon the apron with a little cry of admiration. Agatha waited till her first rapture had spent itself. Then, to her great disgust, she heard herself saying: "Celeste, I want a gown to wear with that apron. And you need not consider expense."

The little Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders and spread her palms in a queer, deprecating gesture.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried. "With you of America it ees like that always. It ees money, money, and then more money. It ees not money will make a gown for that so charming apron. Mais, non. A leetle of the head, and much of the heart, and a trifle of pink lawn, and behold it ees done!"

Agatha gasped.

"Celeste," she demanded suddenly, "were you ever in love?"

The effect of the question staggered Agatha.

The volatile little Frenchwoman turned quite white and dropped into the nearest chair.

"Mon Dieu!" she moaned. "It ees

so long ago, and yet I cannot forget, not ever can I forget!"

She was crying now, and between her sobs she explained.

"My Alphonse," she said, "we were to have been married, but he die, and I am left alone. That little apron of mademoiselle, it makes me to think of Alphonse."

She dried her eyes and stood up.

"I ask a thousand pardons," she said, in a voice that still shook in spite of her efforts to control it. "The gown of Mademoiselle, in three days it shall be done."

Celeste was as good as her word. In three days the gown came home. It was swathed in tissue paper and smelled faintly of orris.

Agatha looked at it in wonder, it was so simple, yet so perfect and so different from anything she had ever before worn.

She slipped it on, and her wonder grew. Clearly the little French dressmaker who sewed for her daily bread possessed some secret of living of which she, Agatha, was ignorant. And whatever it was, Mrs. Jack Deming knew it, too. That senseless apron appealed to her just as it had to Celeste. She had wanted to wear it for her Jack.

In deep disgust Agatha hung up the pink dress in her closet. She had acquired a perfectly useless frock and was no nearer to an understanding of the apron than she had been before.

Then she went downstairs, where she found a long brown, self-addressed envelope lying on the hall table.

Folded in the manuscript it contained was an editorial communication. From it Agatha gathered that that particular editor believed in the shoemaker sticking to his last, and that he thought Agatha had better leave the writing of love stories to some one who knew more about it than she did. Sadly Agatha dropped her despised and rejected story into the waste basket. She had not the heart to send it elsewhere, for she feared that the editor was right.

V

"It will be a big thing," said Jimmy Farraday, "the biggest thing I've ever seen yet, and I'm to have entire charge of the work."

"But South America," objected Agatha rather faintly, "is such a long way off."

"It's a chance such as comes to a chap but once in a lifetime," contended Jimmy Farraday. "And, besides, there's really nothing to keep me here, you know," he ended rather dismally.

"Then," said Agatha, "you've definitely decided to go?"

"Yes."

He would not wait for the cup of tea she wanted to make for him, because, he said, he was pressed for time. He would sail in a week, and meantime there was much to be done.

That night Agatha lay long awake. She was trying to determine what her world would be like with Jimmy Farraday taken out of it. Somehow it had never occurred to her that Jimmy could go out of her life. She had accepted him just as she had the sunshine and the flowers in spring and the little new green leaves on the trees, and all the other things that went to make her life pleasant.

She would miss Jimmy; oh, yes, she was very sure indeed that she would miss Jimmy. Who understood her many moods as did Jimmy—kind, patient, thoughtful Jimmy? Who else would trouble to send her her favorite flowers, or to see always that the best in music and literature came her way? What would life be without Jimmy's unobtrusive but, none the less, very real care of her?

Quite suddenly Agatha turned her face to her pillow and began to cry. Her world had all gone wrong.

Toward morning she fell asleep, but only to dream that she saw Jimmy standing on the deck of the steamer that was to take him to South America. But Jimmy was not alone. A girl was beside him—a girl

who wore an apron and seemed to like it. And the girl and Jimmy were so absorbed in each other that neither of them saw Agatha, who was standing on the shore and trying vainly to attract their attention.

Fierce, hot jealousy—an emotion hitherto unknown to Agatha—tore at her heart. So real was it that it woke her up.

It lacked quite an hour of her usual rising time, but she got up and began a frantic search through her bureau drawers. At length she pulled out what she wanted—Jimmy's apron that she had done her best to mislay and forget.

Her tears rained down on its white folds and blistered the dainty lawn. At last she knew what the apron stood for.

VI

Agatha stood before the telephone and clutched the receiver with a shaking hand. Central was very long in making the connection. Perhaps Jimmy was not there at all. He might be ill, or out of town, or—well, almost anything.

And then: "Hello!" came to her faintly. It was Jimmy speaking. As if she could possibly mistake any other voice for his!

"It's Agatha," she said, trying hard to speak quite naturally. "And I want you to come up at once. Oh, I know you're busy, but it's very important, and—and please come!"

"Why, of course I'll come." The voice was kind and reassuring, but then it could not have been anything else, for was it not Jimmy's voice?

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

Jimmy Farraday could hardly believe his ears. Indeed, he would have asked her to repeat that, but Agatha had already hung up the receiver and was on her way to the front door, that she might open it so soon as ever Jimmy should set foot on the porch.

Something of yielding, something of surrender Jimmy certainly ex-

AGATHA'S APRON

pected, but even so he was all unprepared for the bundle of pink lawn that hurled itself into his arms and clutched him firmly.

"Oh, you may go to South America if you want to," said a voice that was half smothered against his coat collar, "but, Jimmy Farraday, you've got to take me along. And see, Jimmy, I have on

your apron. I know what it means now, dear, and I'm going to wear it for you—always, Jimmy."

Jimmy Farraday did not answer in words, because where his voice should have been there was only a lump. But his arms tightened about the pink-clad figure, and his lips had found hers. And both understood and were satisfied.



THE WINDMILL

--Photo by R. R. Sallows

The New Era of the Intercolonial

By J. MILLER McCONNELL

SHORTLY after his appointment as Minister of Railways and Canals, in 1907, Hon. George P. Graham made an important declaration with respect to the Intercolonial Railway.

Speaking at his home town on a public occasion he made a statement which might be accepted as a confession of faith on his part, a statement of his belief in what could be done with that railway and of his determination to act on that belief.

To the credit of the Minister it may be said that since that time he has shown every indication of "making good" and living up to his avowal. His first important step was to appoint a board of government railway managers and the personnel of that board indicates that the Minister meant what he said, and what he said was this:

"If the Intercolonial is to be made to pay it must be run absolutely independent of political influence. The only way to keep the Intercolonial as a commercial enterprise is to treat it as a commercial institution."

Previous to the appointment of the Hon. Mr. Graham to the portfolio of Railways and Canals, the position had been generally held by ministers identified more particularly with the interests, political and otherwise, of the Maritime Provinces, and men representing constituencies situated in those provinces. They naturally came more under the pressure of lower province opinion and sentiment than

would a man from another part of the country, and in calling Mr. Graham to the post it is the general belief that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was convinced that a man who was less influenced by local conditions would be more likely to carry out successfully the ideas which he had been formulating for some time regarding the management of the road.

The important decision to appoint a board of management was not made before the public had had ample time to discuss the pros and cons of the situation to its heart's content. The appointment of Mr. Graham was practically the signal for an outburst of discussion which has continued intermittently ever since. Amounting at times almost to a tempest, interest in the matter would fall off, only to be renewed again.

But now the tempest is stilled and the public awaits with great interest the outcome of the experiment; for after all it is only an experiment, and if it fails, some other scheme will have to be tried until the solution is reached.

About a year from now the public will probably be given an opportunity to judge of how the new arrangement works. It went into effect on the first of May and within a reasonable time after the same date next year the board of management ought to be able to give the minister a very fair idea of how the scheme is succeeding. Probably, if more time is required to prove the efficacy of the system,

THE NEW ERA OF THE INTERCOLONIAL

the period of probation may be extended for another year.

M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, is the chairman of the board, and associated with him are David Pottinger, the general manager; E. Tiffin, traffic manager, and F. P. Brady, formerly a divisional superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is safe to assume that it would be a very simple matter for these gentlemen to take the Intercolonial Railway in hand and make the annual expenditure conform, in its proper ratio, to the income and the amount of capital invested in the enterprise. Any experienced railway man, if given a free hand, could do that without much trouble. In fact, it is being done right along in the railway world. Railways which have shown deficits for years have been taken in hand and have not only been made to pay expenses but to earn dividends as well.

Unfortunately, the Intercolonial Railway is not at all like any other railway on the North American continent, and the board of management has not only the customary obstacles to meet but it has also to consider a sort of "vested right" of the people of the Maritime Provinces. Although belonging to the people of Canada as a whole, the Maritime Provinces look upon the road as peculiarly their own, inasmuch as the line traverses their territory exclusively with the exception of a connecting section which lies in the Province of Quebec.

Political influence and "pull" have long been regarded as fatal to the successful financial management of the road. This is not a one-sided political statement. It is well known and admitted by every one who knows anything about the Intercolonial. The people down east know it from personal experience, and the people up west know it from having read about it in the newspapers. Members of Parliament know about it because it is discussed

in the House of Commons every session, more or less.

When the Conservative party was in power one of the greatest election rallying cries of the Liberals was the mismanagement of the road and its use as an instrument for corruption in the winning of elections. When the Liberals got into power it was not long before the Conservative Opposition was hurling the self-same charges at the Government. And there is very little doubt in the minds of fair-minded men that there was a large element of truth on both sides.

The Minister of Railways, his leader and the other ministers, know all about this feature of the situation and no men know it better than the board of management which Mr. Graham has set to the task of eliminating this harmful influence from the life of the road. They know what a difficult struggle is ahead of them, but they have set their hand to the work and it is to be hoped will not turn back. They will enter upon their arduous undertaking with the best wishes of every loyal Canadian who would like to see the Government Railway system a financial success. The opponents of Government ownership would probably not weep if, in the end, the attempt has to be given up, as the result would inevitably mean the absorption of the road or its partition among the other great railway systems of the Dominion. Their jaws have been extended hungrily for some time to gobble the succulent morsel.

Mr. Butler, the chairman, will continue to conduct the affairs of his department from Ottawa, but the other members of the board will be located at Moncton, N.B., where the headquarters of the Intercolonial are situated. The combination appears to be an exceptionally strong one. In the first place only one member of the board is a newcomer; all the others have had plenty of executive experience with the road. Mr.



HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM

The man under whose regime as Minister of Railways and Canals the new era for the I.C.R. has dawned.

Pottinger has literally grown up with the system. He worked on a portion of it before it was developed into a trunk line and probably knows more about the road than any living man. He is the kind of man who is incapable of wittingly doing anyone an injustice and is respected and beloved by those who know him intimately. He is not a voluble man and from the paucity of his remarks at times, a listener might be deluded into the impression that he lacked interest in his work, or in that part of it at least about which the listener might be concerned. Those who know him well realize how far astray such an estimate is. Unobtrusive sympathy is a strong characteristic of his na-

ture and no one person can reckon the numerous quiet ways in which he has developed it. He knows every inch of the road and probably most of the people who work on it, and whatever reforms the board may carry out it is safe to say that Mr. Pottinger will see that they are tempered with justice to the deserving ones. Times without number the general manager has been put on the shelf by Dame Rumor, but though governments have come and gone Mr. Pottinger has stayed on and is still there.

Once an effort was made in the direction of reform and the authority of Mr. Pottinger was divided with another official, but in a comparatively short time the latter

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passed out of the life of the road, thoroughly disgusted with his lack of success. It requires a man with Mr. Pottinger's long experience and familiarity with existing conditions and with the temperament of the people with whom he had to deal, to stand steady at his post in fair weather and foul. He has had to suffer a lot of abuse and vituperation at times at the hands of overzealous partisan writers in the press, really meant more for the system than for himself personally, but he has taken it all smilingly and never lost his temper. His services as one of the board will be invaluable.

Mr. Butler is a good engineer and a good administrator. He and Mr. Pottinger, with their staff, have built up an excellent system and given the people of Eastern Canada a splendid train service. Mr. Tiffin is a traffic man and that he has made a success of his department is evidenced by the large increase in the business of the road since he took hold less than a decade ago. Mr. Brady is an operating man of experience and will doubtless give the board the benefit of sound judgment when he becomes better acquainted with the road and its requirements and weaknesses.

These men are now at work and the public will look for results. That will be the true test of the experiment, for after all, as it was pointed out before, this is the first time that a supreme and determined effort has been made to eliminate that bugbear of the road's life—political influence.

It is generally admitted that the Intercolonial has been used by both political parties for their own advantage. To go into the details of this would require a small volume in itself. A commission of investigation would doubtless find an endless variety of evidence bearing upon the point. Suffice to say, that the so-called political corruption in connection with the road commenc-

ed before it was built, paradoxical as that may seem.

Before me lies a book published in 1866 on "The Confederation of British North America," written by E. C. Volton and H. H. Webber, two Royal Artillery officers, who had been stationed in Canada and had carried home to England with them strong convictions against the federation of the Canadian Provinces, at that time a very lively question. They set out in this book



M. J. BUTLER

Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, who takes a place on the new I.C.R. Commission.

to tell Englishmen what a great folly confederation would be and in the chapter devoted to the Intercolonial Railway they wrote in part:

"By those unacquainted with the details of colonial politics, the political value of railways in British North America can hardly be appreciated. The capital secured by a ministry from a successful working of the railway oracle is unlimited. In countries so sparsely settled as the North American provinces, no railway can be constructed without some measure of Government assistance. The power of granting this being vested in the minister of the day,



D. POTTINGER

Veteran General Manager of the Intercolonial, who becomes a member of the new Commission of Management.



F. P. BRADY

A railroad man who will bring a long experience to bear on the work of the Commission.

the result can easily be imagined. Any politician in power wishing to secure the adherence of two or three counties hooks them with a railway fly, on which they are afterwards played by various succeeding administrations until the railway is completed.

"Time passes on, the Minister secures his votes, until in the course of colonial politics he is turned out. The old Opposition then works the railway 'oracle.' They go a step further than their predecessors; they promise a railway to so and so. The old Government (now the Opposition) cry out against extravagance, declare the province on the verge of ruin, and perhaps, by the assistance of such a cry, return to power. Again in office, railway extension is the order of the day. Circumstances have changed since the late Government retired.

"The strong sense of the country rendering the construction of railways sooner or later essential, every politician is anxious to gain the retrospective credit of having triumphantly carried his measure through."

The authors go on to assure their readers that the remarks quoted are founded on facts actually observed and say that Avaré Longley, who was Commissioner of Railways and

the author of the remark that "Rum and railways are the ruin of Nova Scotia," was afterwards the member of a government exceeding all others in railway prodigality.

These remarks, while non-partisan, may be slightly prejudiced and extreme, but they are worth quoting as indicating the manner in which railway politics worked in the old days when roads were in the promissory stage. What, then, but a continuance of the same conditions might be expected when they were built.

The complaint from the time the Intercolonial Railway was built down to the present time is that politicians have secured positions of various kinds for their friends and supporters regardless of their fitness to fill them, and that contracts have gone to party friends, often without tender; that in election times the system has been used as a party auxiliary and so on. All this sort of thing is deep-seated and the new board of management will have to

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say to the politicians: "Hands off," and see that the order is obeyed. If they are given the free hand that the public expect, they will be able to place men where they can give the best results and get rid of useless ones, of whom there are said to be quite a number on the pay-roll. This is better illustrated in a report laid before Parliament early in this year's session in which a conciliation board, investigating the complaints about salaries paid to freight clerks came to this significant conclusion:

"The committee, after its investigation, is of opinion that in the matter of wages the system that obtains of appointing from time to time new men at higher pay over the heads of men long in the service, and probably more capable of doing the work, is injurious to the service and unjust to the men. The remedy for this lies in reorganization and the abolition of the existing system of appointment, influenced by the political patronage which, from the point of efficient working, we find ample evidence to condemn as applied to the Intercolonial Railway."

The board also found that "the present staff is greater than is necessary, and the wages paid the men too low. It is recommended that the staff be reduced, and the amount so saved given as an increase, which would probably amount to from 15 to 20 per cent."

This indicates one problem with which the board of management will have to grapple besides which there are the still more important matters of securing better traffic-working arrangements with other railways where possible and seeing that the road gets all the traffic that it should secure commensurate with its agreements and working arrangements with other systems.

The relations of the other great Canadian railway systems to the Intercolonial constitute an important chapter in its history, with respect

to which interesting developments may be expected. In the controversy which preceded the appointment of the board of management the names of the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific were all prominently discussed in connection with the probable future of the line.

The Canadian Pacific has its present Atlantic terminus at St. John, N.B., but would like to secure running rights through to Halifax. Negotiations along these lines have not yet reached a satisfactory solution. The Canadian Northern would like to link up its western lines with its lower province roads by means of the Intercolonial, but has not yet succeeded in making a satisfactory arrangement. The Grand Trunk Pacific will use the road from its terminus at Moncton to Halifax and it has been suggested that the best solution of the whole problem would be to double track the route from St. John to Halifax and give all the lines equal privileges in the way of running rights to the seaboard at Halifax.



E. TIFFIN

An experienced member of the new Commission.

the Government reserving to itself the control of the property in the interests of the people. The appointment of an independent commission was urged as one way of dealing with the road, but the plan to establish a board of management of railway experts prevailed.

Hon. Mr. Emmerson, the former Minister of Railways, was very strongly opposed to giving any other railway (i.e., private corporation) special rights or privileges on the Intercolonial. He took the ground that "It would enable such a company to at once secure, between daylight and dark, every feeder to the Intercolonial, and in securing these feeders that company would absolutely wrest from the Intercolonial the traffic which it enjoys to-day." He furthermore strongly advocated that the Government should secure these branch lines for the Intercolonial. Since that time a commission has investigated the matter and reported favorably on the project, but so far no action has been taken on the report. The commission carefully examined the various branch lines or feeders before making the favorable report.

A great many people throughout Canada have never seen the Intercolonial Railway, much less have they ridden in one of its cars. They have formed their impressions from what they have read in the newspapers—extracts from discussions in the House of Commons, often denouncing the wasteful manner in which the road is run. They have been told that there is no good reason why they should be saddled with the expense of maintaining a road that does not pay and that they might as well do something to get rid of it. No doubt many people in parts far removed from the scene of its operations think the road is a poor old affair, dilapidated and decrepit, with rusty rails, broken down cars and all that sort of thing. Some of the controversy over the road has indeed encouraged that idea. What

a rude surprise these people would receive if they came down to Montreal and took passage on one of the through trains which leave the western terminus every day for Halifax and St. John, and in the summer twice a day! They would find the service in every way equal to the best in the land. They would discover that their comfort was as well looked after as on any road of a private corporation. They would learn, indeed, that the officials of the road are as keen after business as those of any other line and that the attractions of the route are as well set forth to catch the eye of the traveler as on any other railroad.

Fine equipment and splendid road bed are as much an essential to the Intercolonial as to any other line, and officials are on hand to see that it is kept up to the highest modern standard. Travelers do not find stations along the line falling to pieces or showing signs of decay, but on the other hand, they see buildings maintained in good order. They learn that the Intercolonial is as particular about running its trains on schedule time as any other road and if there is any failure in that respect good reason has to be shown. The distant newspaper-reader thinking only of deficits and political mismanagement, might believe that the so-called politically-appointed officials sit in their offices and let the proper running of trains go to pieces, but such is by no means the case.

The Canadian Government Railway system comprises 1,715 miles of railway, of which the Intercolonial Division constitutes the greater proportion, 1,408 miles, the Prince Edward Island Division 267 miles (narrow gauge), the balance of 40 miles being leased lines. All these lines are looked after with scrupulous care and kept in a high state of efficiency. The capital invested in the system has increased during the past ten years from approximately fifty-five millions to

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over eighty millions of dollars. The car mileage has increased in the same period from forty-three millions to upwards of ninety-three millions, and the train mileage from over three millions to over seven millions. The service of locomotives, passenger and freight cars, etc., has correspondingly increased in a decade, so that the road has not suffered in equipment. Oftentimes political rumors are heard to the effect that the road is being allowed to run to rack and ruin, but these can be easily ascribed to a biased view of the situation.

When it is considered that the centenary of the first passenger railway is still sixteen years distant, it is wonderful to contemplate the progress which has been made in the railway world. Even looking over the past quarter of a century great has been the increase in comfort for railway travelers. Canada has been in the forefront of that development, and it was only seven years after the first railway was built in England that proposals were made to build a line of railway to connect the St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy. In reality this was the commencement of the agitation which resulted in the construction of the Intercolonial. That was in 1832. It was not till four years later that a bill of incorporation was passed authorizing the construction of the St. Andrew's and Quebec Railway, but trouble over the Maine boundary intervened and knocked the project on the head. A few years later a line from Restigouche, in New Brunswick, to the St. Lawrence, was projected, but, like its predecessor, it failed to materialize. It was not until 1848 that the Quebec to Halifax line was surveyed and the cost of a road estimated at \$35,000,000.

Repeated efforts were made to get the Imperial Government to lend financial assistance for such a road, but the British statesmen could not be convinced, and it was stated that

the British public took very little interest in the matter. In the meantime the Lower Provinces commenced to build lines within their own provinces, with their own resources and these sections afterwards were linked up to form the Intercolonial. In 1852 the Grand Trunk was incorporated and by 1860 had its line from Sarnia to Trois Pistoles, on the lower St. Lawrence, opened. The part of the line from Levis to Trois Pistoles was afterwards purchased by the Government and made part of the Intercolonial.

New Brunswick had started to build a road and by 1860 had a line opened from Shediac, on Northumberland Strait, to St. John. Nova Scotia started building in 1854 and in 1858 had a line opened from Halifax to Truro. In 1863 Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming, at the request of the various governments interested, commenced a survey of the proposed line to connect the Upper and Lower Provinces. His estimate for a line through the interior of the country was an average of \$46,000 per mile or \$20,635,500 for the 458 miles it was proposed to construct. Shortly afterwards came Confederation with the pledge to build the road from River du Loup to Truro and the securing of the guarantee of a loan by the Imperial Government to help Canada finance the scheme.

In 1867, Mr. Fleming made another survey for the Government and the following year was fought out the battle of the routes through New Brunswick which resulted in the North Shore route being chosen, the same, practically, which was advocated by Imperial officers years before as being the safest route from a military point of view. The line as originally projected was opened for traffic on July 1st, 1876, so that on next Dominion Day the road will celebrate its thirty-third birthday. In later years branches were added and connecting lines acquired until it now extends from the head-



I.C.R. SLEEPER "SYDNEY"

An example of the up-to-date equipment on the Ocean Limited Express.

waters of ocean navigation on the St. Lawrence to the port of Halifax, on the Atlantic, and is thus in a position to perform the function of an all-Canadian route to the sea in winter, a strategic position which it alone, among other Canadian lines, can boast.

The statement has been repeatedly made that the Intercolonial has been run at a financial loss in the interests of the people of the Lower Provinces; that it was built as a sort of bribe to induce them to join Confederation and is being operated at a loss as an additional bribe to keep them in the proper frame of mind towards the rest of the Dominion.

It is, of course, true that the construction of the Intercolonial Railway was one of the compacts of Confederation. Without it the Lower Provinces would have borne to Upper and Lower Canada something of the relation of Alaska to the United States. Forty-two years ago, when Confederation was effected, there was a wilderness between the Maritime Provinces and Lower Canada. The trade of the seaside provinces was along the coast with the New England States, and one of the ideas of Confederation was to change this and divert the trade to Canadian centres. How could this have been done without the railway? Union would have been a farce without the road, and it was of as much importance to the people of Upper Canada as to those of the eastern

section. That a circuitous and expensive route was adopted was not the fault of the people of the Lower Provinces. That long and devious line of railway from Halifax to Levis first and Montreal later constitutes another story.

When the Canadian Legislatures were trying to get Imperial aid for the building of the road, one of the most salient features of the argument in its favor was its military value. The people of the Lower Provinces did not worry about that point particularly, but the people of Upper and Lower Canada did. They were at that time greatly afraid and in real danger of invasion from the south. In the winter, when the St. Lawrence was frozen over, and troops would have to be landed at either Halifax or St. John, it was almost impossible to hope for the assistance of Imperial troops. The people of the western provinces wanted a line of railway as far removed from the Maine border as possible, and that is one reason why the Intercolonial was constructed up by the Baie de Chaleur and the St. Lawrence River.

The feeling prior to Confederation, as voiced in a speech made in Montreal in 1865 by D'Arcy McGee, who was a member of the coalition government of that day, shows that the people of Canada were more concerned about their own security in the construction of the Intercolonial than they were of the in-

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terests of the people of the Lower Provinces. Mr. McGee said on that occasion: "Will you unite, or will you give up your country to another Government and another people? Without union we cannot have the Intercolonial Railway, and without the road we cannot have direct intercourse with the Mother Country—and without both we are at the mercy of another government and another people."

It will thus be seen that it is not fair to say that the road was built exclusively in the interests of the Maritime Provinces.

For a long time there was a fear on the part of eastern people that if the road passed out of the control of the Government, no matter what party might be in power, their interests would be at the mercy of some monopolistic corporation which would bleed them for all they were worth and overlook all the circumstances and conditions under which the road had been built. This feeling, it is safe to assume, has been of late reduced to a mini-

mum in view of the fact that three companies are now anxious to use it, and that the Government is bound to arrange that all can avail themselves of the route without favor, and that the interests of the people will be conserved in any arrangement that may be made to that end.

There is a tendency in some quarters to regard the people of the Lower Provinces as stubbornly resisting any plan looking to the placing of the people's railway on a purely commercial basis. They are thought to be unreasonable and petulant in desiring to perpetuate a state of affairs which in the light of recent events appears to be intolerable and unjust to the taxpayers of the country as a whole. But if this accusation at one time possessed a fair measure of justification it does so no longer as applied to the liberal-minded and better informed classes of the three provinces.

The claim of justification made on the part of the eastern people for the operation of the line on a non-



DISPROVING A FALLACY

The motive power of the I.C.R. is not antiquated, as this powerful locomotive abundantly proves.

commercial basis was principally due to the fact that the Maritime Provinces sacrificed more for the benefit of Confederation than any other section of the Dominion. The building and operation of the Intercolonial was regarded as a measure of compensation for the trade interests which had to be sacrificed in order that the great union should be a success. The trade of the Lower Provinces had to be lifted bodily out of old channels and re-directed into new and more remote ones, and it was considered no more than fair that the whole country should lend assistance in successfully carrying out this difficult task.

The Intercolonial Railway was regarded as the chief instrument in accomplishing this object. When a railway is placed at a disadvantage with a competitor in respect to longer haulage or some other disability it claims the right to apply a "differential" tariff, and over this claim there have been many big fights in the past. The Lower Provinces were placed at a disadvantage by the terms of Confederation, and they felt that they were entitled to "differential" treatment through the medium of the Government-owned line. The general public has no desire that the road should be run at a loss through the disability of political patronage—that is a matter purely for the politicians to answer for—but they did want to see the road maintained as deficits.

Hon. Mr. Emmerson, when Minister of Railways, in 1907, made the assertion that the Intercolonial carried freight "not merely cheaper than any other railway in Canada, not merely cheaper than any other railway on the continent of America, but at a lower rate than any railway in the known world." Mr. W. C. Milner, however, is the author of an elaborate comparison of rates of Canadian roads in which he states

that "there is abundant evidence to prove that, taking into account local conditions of traffic, the rates on the Intercolonial are already quite as high as those of the Canadian Pacific." He adds: "In view of these facts it cannot be alleged that the low rates are the cause of the deficits."

Conditions have changed greatly in the last four years and the fears which once might have been highly justified concerning the fate of the road, are now practically dissipated. The present Board of Railway Commissioners is in itself a sufficient guarantee that the people of the Maritime Provinces will not be permitted to suffer any injustice at the hands of a railway, monopolistic or otherwise. It was hardly to be dreamed of up to a comparatively short time ago, that three great transcontinental systems would like to share the people's railway. This fact should make it more than ever desirable that it be maintained as an independent road and all companies given equal privileges. This should be done on the same principle that actuated the Government when it decided to build the National Transcontinental from Winnipeg to Moncton as a public work in order that it might have the means of seeing that justice was done to the great west in the matter of rates.

The people of the Lower Provinces would be glad to see the Intercolonial placed on a paying basis, if for no other reason than to have removed the stigma which has attached to them in the manner already mentioned.

They will watch with an even deeper interest than other Canadians the working out of the new experiment and they will undoubtedly lend every assistance in their power to the commissioners in their task of placing the road where it belongs among the trunk lines of America.

A New Scheme

By W. PETT RIDGE

From the Westminster Gazette

"NO collar, Jim?"
"Got one in my pocket," he answered, "just in case."

"But why not put it on when you're leaving work?" urged his colleague. "I don't set out to be a dressy man, but I think everybody ought to keep up a certain amount of appearance. It's only right!"

"They must take me as they find me."

"Pity to see a chap like you losing all interest in himself," continued the other. "If you'd only smarten up a bit you'd look all right, in a crowd. As it is, no lady is likely to glance at you twice."

"My day's over!" he said resignedly. "They don't take no notice of me now. Told you what my age to-day was, didn't I?"

"Many happy returns."

All the same, he did go to the small square of mirror, held in its place by nails above the wash-stand, and, finding the collar, slightly bent and in a condition which proved that the day was not Monday, he fixed it carefully, searching to ascertain whether, by chance, a neck-tie happened to be also in his possession. Failing to discover this, he inspected his reflection carefully, smoothed his hair, and placed a bowler hat at a careful angle.

"That better?" he demanded.

"It's better, old man," conceded the critical friend, "but I wouldn't go so far as to say that it was best."

He walked out of the gates, nodding cheerfully to the night watch-

man's flattering charge that he was going to meet his girl. There were, at the works, some jokes that never failed; could be used at any time and in any situation, and one of these was to the effect that Jim found his way in life impeded and barred by adoring ladies. At the corner, where the blank wall finished, a woman of the build and physique that makes the re-tying of boot-laces difficult had just performed that task, and was straightening herself, with a flushed face, after the exertion. He gave a casual wave of salutation and was passing on, when some apples dropped from her crowded net-bag, and he had to stop and assist in their recovery and fend off the children who scampered to the point.

"You're a good deal stouter, surely," he remarked, "or else I'm greatly mistaken. Ought to take more exercise, Ellen."

"You don't look so young as you did," she mentioned. "Perhaps, if your face was washed——"

"I've washed it once."

"You should have washed it twice. I can remember the time when you used scented soap, James. Still," checking a sigh, "I'm glad to run across you again. How are the old people?"

"Mustn't grumble," he said. "As I tell 'em, they're good for another twenty year if they only look after themselves."

"They've got a good son," she declared emphatically.

"Meaning me?" with surprise.

She was going in his direction, and if he would refrain from walking too rapidly did not mind bearing him company. Some of the shops on the way reminded her of fifteen years before, either because they had changed hands or because they had not changed hands; at one she repeated an incident (which had to be recalled to his memory) by taking him inside and making a purchase which cost exactly a shilling. She favored an article mauve in color, but he decided that dark blue was safer and more endurable.

"I take this as very kind of you, Ellen."

"Don't mention it," begged the lady graciously. "Makes me feel quite young again. Remember that tobacco-pouch I once worked?"

"Shall I ever forget it?"

They parted on excellent terms—he declaring it a real pleasure to have met her, she prophesying it would not be long before they encountered each other again. Friends were few in number, and should be cultivated; apart from which it had to be borne in mind that brief life was here our portion, and no use existed in blinking the fact.

Jim stopped more than once to look at himself in windows that gave opportunities for reflection; he seemed greatly uplifted in mind by the encounter, and a little girl ordered him imperatively to leave off whistling. A short scream came from the top of an electric tramcar, and, looking up, he saw someone descending hurriedly; the speed of the conveyance took her, however, a good distance, and she came back at a run to meet him. He gazed at her as she approached; wrinkled his forehead in the effort to think of her name.

"Spotted you," she cried, "and the odd thing about it was that I'd just been thinking of you. Wasn't that extraordinary? Oh," regretfully, "don't tell me you've forgotten little Polly Sharp, and the letters we used

to write to each other. Think of King Henry's Road, and you coming round there of an evening and whistling outside the area railings."

"Seems like yesterday," he declared.

"I've never married," went on Miss Sharp vivaciously, "and I happen to know you haven't, so it's no use pretending you have. Hasn't it been a lovely summer? I've been away to Worthing, if you please. Tell you all about it some day. Can't stop now because I'm in a hurry. Care for this flower to wear in your buttonhole? Gone off a bit since I've had it, but it'll just do for you. I've got a pin."

He endeavored to express thanks.

"When can we see each other again?" she asked, preparing to leave. "You fix up an evening, will you, and let me know. Here's my card. The number's forty-eight, but it's got smudged. Mother'll be awfully pleased to see you. She knows you by name. Good-bye! Be good!"

Not strange in the circumstances that his thoughts should go back some years; that in the five minutes which remained he should, first obtaining a box of inexpensive cigarettes and borrowing a match, walk with a jaunty air, and venture now and again to glance at the features of young women who passed by, in the hope of obtaining the compliment of further recognition. He smiled approvingly and contentedly at the thought of the enduring nature of woman's affection. There was something very comfortable in the knowledge that differences of opinion, and even words of reproof and indignation, could be forgotten. The second one, for instance. He could recall the moment when Miss Sharp announced definitely that she would never, in any circumstances whatsoever, speak a single word to him again, though he should go down upon bended knees. Those were the times when he desired companionship for evening walks, re-

lished the utterance of fond words; and the only trouble had come when it proved necessary for him to edge away.

"Always meant a row," he said reminiscently: "but I'd got my excuse, and there was no answer to it. They had to see where my duty lay. Responsibilities; you can't get over that! A chap must look after his parents."

Here, at any rate, was a revival of old days, with women-folk paying flattering attentions. He declined now to believe that this was his birthday; reasoned that he had been unwise in standing treat on this account to his fellow-workmen.

"Late home again," said the voice of his old mother from the kitchen. "Me and father begun to think something had happened. You're a nice boy"—satirically—"to go loitering. I told you this morning you were forty to-day, and it's just occurred to me and your father that we're getting close on seventy. We shall have to be seeing about two of them forms from the post office soon. Independent of you, then, when we get our pensions."

"Have you been mentioning that to people this afternoon?"

"Might have," she admitted.

"Ah," he said ruefully, "that accounts for it!"

Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.
Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.
Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and
 weep,
I lend my arm to all who say: "I can."
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But he might rise and be again a man.

—Walter Malone.



THE STATION BEAUTIFUL

The commuter's life is made pleasant here by the charming treatment of the station and its surroundings.

Suburban Life for City People

By ARTHUR L. BLESSING.

Adapted from Suburban Life

THE rapid growth of our larger Canadian cities is bringing nearer and nearer the day, when conditions of life in them will approximate more closely to prevailing conditions in the larger centres of population in the United States. Already there is an increasing number of people in Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Halifax, etc., who forsake the city during the months of summer and take up their residence in cooler and more pleasant quarters in the neighboring country, journeying in and out of the city each morning and night by train, trolley or steamer. But the day is fast approaching when these people will not be content to sojourn in the country only during the summer, they will soon make their homes there permanently. And then we will have conditions identical with those in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Even to-day, if a census were taken of the workers in our cities, who nightly journey outside the city limits, the number would be found to be astonishingly large. With improved means of transportation, the army of Canadian commuters would undoubtedly reach imposing proportions.

In the light of these facts it is interesting to learn something about the manner in which the suburbanites in American cities are looked after by the transportation companies.

If it should occur to any one to doubt the reality of the tremendous movement away from the cities which has developed during the last few years, let him consider the fact that a million or more people stream into the ten largest cities of the country every morning, only to stream out again when the day's

SUBURBAN LIFE FOR CITY PEOPLE

business has been finished. This is purely suburban traffic. These people come for the most part from within an hour's ride of the city's business centre. They go to make up that grand army of commuters, which has come to be a remarkable feature of American life.

They come and go by train and by trolley. Every railroad which enters the larger cities makes special provision for this suburban traffic. Six o'clock in the morning is none too early for the arrival of the advance-guard—artisans and laborers for the most part. For an hour or more the stations are filled with them as the trains roll in in quick succession. Then gradually the aspect of the crowd changes. Shop girls, milliners, sales ladies, cashiers and book-keepers come hurrying along the platforms, many of them carrying lunch boxes artfully designed to represent hand cameras or shopping bags.

After eight o'clock the flood of incoming humanity swells rapidly. Well-groomed men of middle age and sober countenance swing themselves from the car steps and hurry toward the entrances, many of them crushing newspapers in their hands or crowding them into their pockets. Nine o'clock sees a marked diminution in the number of incoming commuters, but by that time the throng includes a great many prosperous professional and business men, not a few of the former being easily identified by green bags bulging with books and papers, which they grasp tightly as they swing along with the throng rushing toward the open door. By ten o'clock most of the bankers and other late arrivals have left their trains, and the tense activity of a business day has seized upon the city.

In the middle of the afternoon there comes a reversal of the conditions which prevailed in the morning. By three o'clock some of the bankers and men of affairs turn their faces countryward. This is

true especially during the spring and summer seasons, when the golf links and the country clubs make their strongest appeals.

It is interesting to consider the extent to which the various cities are depopulated each week-day night. Some years ago figures were compiled to show the amount of daily suburban traffic on the railroads to and from the largest cities of the country. As might be expected, New York leads with its 100,000 people who enter and leave its portals each working day, on one of the many railroad lines which have terminals at the metropolis. Just how many people go back and forth by trolley can only be estimated, but the army of such suburbanites must be enormous. The number of commuters is not to be gauged by the size of the city, however, for Boston, although much smaller than Philadelphia and Chicago, yet has a larger influx of suburbanites each day by several thousands. Indeed, Boston, with its 80,000 commuters, is not far behind New York itself.

Each week-day the trains bring 60,000 people into Chicago and take them away again at night, while the commuting population of Philadelphia is figured at 36,000. Before the earthquake, San Francisco had more commuters than Philadelphia, the number being given as 38,700.

The range of travel for commuters lies mostly within a radius of twenty-five miles; the average distance traveled is about seven miles.

Naturally, most of the railroads entering large cities devote no little attention to the matter of suburban traffic. Some of them have experimented with specially designed cars which may be filled and emptied quickly. One railroad entering Chicago, for instance, has several trains consisting of cars the entire framework of which is constructed of steel. These cars have seats for one hundred passengers, arranged in sections transversely of the car, with two aisles, one on each side, at the

ends of the seats, and extending the entire length of the car, connecting at the vestibule with end doors. Opening directly from the aisles are twenty-four sliding side doors, twelve on each side. These doors are placed equal distances apart throughout the length of the car, a door being opposite each section of eight seats. This arrangement of aisles and seats gives great facility to the movements of passengers when entering and leaving the cars.

Of course, cars of this sort require that the station platform be upon the same level as the floor of the car. The doors slide within the walls, which are hollow, and are controlled by mechanism, which is operated either by compressed air or by hand. They are exclusively in the control of the guard, who rides within the cars, and upon the arrival of the train at the station releases the mechanism, so that the doors may be opened separately by the passengers either from within or outside of the cars.

When the passengers have left the car and those who take the train have entered, the guard puts into operation a mechanism which automatically closes and locks the doors of each car simultaneously. When all of the doors of the train have been closed and locked, an electric signal is given to the engineman, who then releases the train. This method of operation is so rapid that one hundred passengers have been discharged from a car at the terminal station in four seconds, and the ordinary stops at intermediate stations, where many passengers enter and leave the train, are made in from six to eight seconds.

The system of automatic electric signals connecting all of the side doors with the locomotive admits of long trains being handled with the same facility and despatch as shorter trains, and greatly increases the operating efficiency of the train service.

A few railroads operate what are

known as club cars, to which the public is not admitted. As a rule, these cars have luxurious appointments and are in charge of an attendant. They are rented by a club made up of commuters, for a season or a year, at a special rate, and are assigned to run upon such trains as may be desired. As they have accommodations for but a limited number of passengers, it is possible to so design the interior arrangement that they shall be particularly convenient and comfortable. The seats in such cars are reserved, the right to their use being purchased by the season or the year by members of the club, who frequently pay a premium for the choicest seats. The amount raised from the sale of the seats is used by the club to pay the rental of the car.

Some of the railroads are experimenting with a gasoline car which may come into common use for suburban service. It is commonly called "the projectile car" because of the cartridgelike appearance which it presents. Its peculiar construction allow of high speed, while it is easily handled.

Most of the railroads are obliged to enter into keen competition with parallel trolley lines for their suburban traffic, the result being exceedingly low rates of fare. Many of them have special arrangements whereby a commuter may secure a material reduction from the round-trip rates by buying monthly tickets. Various plans have been devised by the different railroads by means of which it is possible to travel back and forth between the city and suburban towns at a very small cost, provided that a specified number of journeys are made within certain limits of time. These rates differ greatly, however, on the various railroads. On some roads special rates are made for round-trip tickets from suburban towns.

What has been said, up to this point, has had special reference to



A COMMUTER'S CLUB CAR

In some places commuters form clubs and arrange for a special car of their own to run in and out of the city daily.

the railroads. As a matter of fact, the trolley companies have been perhaps the most powerful factor in developing suburban communities, the railroads having recognized this development and having taken advantage of it rather than having been active in encouraging it. The trolley lines have bound the outlying towns to the cities by bands of steel, and have introduced facilities of travel back and forth not dreamed of a few years ago. The electric road has reached out in every direction, and it is now possible to ride for long distances without change of cars in attractively appointed, thoroughly heated, well-lighted and comfortable cars.

When this condition first began to obtain, it was feared by the merchants doing business in the smaller towns that the coming of the trolleys would injure their trade by

making it too easy for their customers to reach the larger shopping centres. For this reason many trolley lines have been bitterly opposed for years. As a matter of fact, time has shown that there has been little ground for these apprehensions, for the business of the country merchant has been improved, rather than the contrary, while the customer has benefited by a larger stock, greater variety and more modern methods, and so, altogether, is well pleased.

For the sake of the race, country life is greatly to be desired and any steps that may be taken to induce city people to get out into the open are commendable. The tendency of population has been cityward for many years now. Is it not about time that a movement was set on foot to revert to the country, the natural home of man?

Josephson

By HARRIS MERTON LYON

From McClure's Magazine

HE was a little rat-like man with a sort of limpid fear in his face.

He seemed at the same time awry and dried, a very sad rag that had been thoroughly wrung. And he was half asleep; and kept mumbling over and over, "I wonder . . . I wonder."

Now, I am not going to tell you where this happened, except so far as to say it was in a Press Club where newspaper men and dramatists and critics and the palaverers on perishable things came and gathered and went. But if you will take a compass and jab on leg of it into New York and swing the other within six hours of New York, the town will lie within your circle.

He kept on saying: "I wonder . . . I wonder about myself . . . may be . . . I wonder"; and he screwed up one eye at me and took me in. There was calmness about his alcoholic survey, as if he carefully sought an effect. There was also a limp garrulousness about his mouth. He seemed a sensitive man who set much store by his choice of words and confoundedly little by his choice of deeds. Of course he must have been a newspaper man of some sort, or he would not have been at this club. I had a look at him, put a dry cigar into my mouth, took "The Hound of Heaven" out of my pocket, and sat down to read.

An important waiter came with a match-box.

"I wonder . . . I wonder . . . may be that's my fm-m-m-m

—" He said something indistinctly, something that I could not quite catch.

"'E always is that way," whispered the waiter, to my eyebrows of inquiry. "Name's Josephson, sir."

"I wonder . . . probably me, too . . . maybe it'll be the same way with my fm-m-m-m," wobbled the thin, maudlin voice behind my shoulder.

I laid Thompson aside and wheeled around. "Say, tell me," I said. Then waited. "Huh?"

He screwed up his left eye again.

"Yes—me," I went on, and waited again.

His chin and hand trembled. It was one-thirty in the morning. "You want to hear "

I nodded and called the waiter. "Give Mr. Josephson a drink."

He drew himself up with an epileptic movement, as a pantomimist in a cinematograph, and poured himself a glass against which his teeth chattered.

"You have the advantage of me. I see you know my name. Maybe you know my story, too ". He ran his thin fingers to his cheekbone and licked his lips, weakly. "Most of 'em do. They come and sit here; and I, I tell it to them, over and over again."

The strong electric light in the room beat down on him hotly: the chemicals in it seemed to suck the color out of him, taking along his nerve and his muscle and his blood. He blinked, and it made me think

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of something in a cellar. But I waved my hand cheerily, and he went on:

"Well, you don't know me. You know my name, but you don't know where I came from. And I don't propose to tell you; and you won't find out, because a man can come from anywhere to this town. I'm a genius. I'm a newspaper genius . . . without any backbone. I guess that sounds cowardly, don't it. That sounds cowardly. Very well. That sounds cowardly. But I am not going to apologize for what I did. It's done, and what's done done. And I may be a coward, but I admit—you heard me say I admit?"—he nodded his head his head emphatically—"what I did." Again he drew his thin shoulders up and gazed at me with superfluous earnestness. "No backbone—but I admit what I've done," he commented.

"Some fellows dig at a story. I've always faked. Came natural to me, anyway, and I'm a genius . . . and so I always faked my stuff. You've heard newspaper men brag about themselves, just like actors, I suppose? Well you won't hear it tonight. I'm drunk. And I'm through . . . almost through. I can write leads, that's all. I always could write good leads, human-interest dope . . . 'man-on-the-street' . . . anything except the facts. Look at me. Don't ever fake your stuff. That is, it's all right once in a while; but not week in and week out. It don't go. They get wise to you. Nothing on earth wiser than a city editor . . . is there? Is there? I guess you'd say no. But you haven't heard what I did. No. You haven't listened to me . . . Josephson. Pardon me." He poured himself another drink.

"There was a senator in our city—United States senator—and he was about to die. I had the hotel run. It was easy. And you know how a fellow gets when he's got a job that's easy. He . . . he takes liberties with himself. I loaf-

ed and did a lot of other things, some of which you'll hear about in a few minutes. Principally, I loafed. I loafed because I knew everybody, and when I was too 'tired'"—here he winked with effort—"or busy about something else, or wanted to sit in at a little game, I'd just pipe off the visitors in town I happened to know, fix it with 'em, and fake stuff about 'em. The city editor went home about eleven. I turned my stuff in to Ward. Remember that, will you? . . . Ward. All O.K. Lemme see—where was I? . . . Oh, yes! There was a senator in our town, and he was about to die.

"The man on the city desk was a red-headed Irishman named Flanagan. He used to have heart trouble, I 'member . . . gastritis . . . kept a box of baking-soda in his top drawer and used to eat it with a spoon. Does this bore you? Am I boring you? Tell me, friend, if I bore you. All right. Flanagan says to me, right at the beginning . . . he says: 'Josephson, stay on Bellows. Whatever you do, cover that.' . . . Bellows was the senator, y'know, that was about to kick the bucket. I said, 'Sure . . . all right.' Every few days he'd tell me, 'Don't forget the Bellows assignment, Mr. Josephson.' And I'd answer him, 'Sure.' I went on that way for about a week. We had the obituary all framed up, cut, black-rule, and all . . . just waiting. All I had to write was a couple of sticks of lead. Seems easy, don't it?" His fingers ran deftly around his glass and he lowered his eyes. "Seems a mighty little thing, don't it, when you look at it now? I'm damned if it don't . . . almost nothing. Almost nothing."

He licked his lips and waited. I waited. He sat quiet.

Finally I said, "Huh?"

" . . . Ward—I told you about ward. He was a tall, skinny guy . . . bald-head . . . near-sighted. He was about forty—over forty, I

guess. He'd come on the paper when he was a kid and had been there ever since. But he just naturally wasn't a newspaper man, that's all . . . you know the kind. They let 'em handle exchanges and get up the literary page on Sunday . . . you know the kind. He wasn't wise to anything. Simple, purblind, helpless as an owl. Half the time he didn't know what the boys were talking about, because he wasn't up on their slang. He went around behind his specks like a toad in a hole. He didn't know there was another paper on earth, he'd been there so long; and he was the only man in the place that dared to call the chief 'Charlie.' Ward got forty dollars a week. He had a wife and two children; lived 'way out in the suburbs somewhere. It was a long ride from the shop out to his house, down to work and back, and he used to lose sleep; so he slept now and then in his chair at the office . . . Now and then, did I say? Almost regular. I remember he used to sit in the city editor's chair and throw his head back and snore. When he did that his Adam's apple stuck out sort o' grotesquely, for he had an Adam's apple like a fish's back. He was a sick, nervous man; drank a food coffee."

Then something incongruously comic happened—something quite indecent. Josephson began weeping . . . sobbing with a sort of fierce pathos, as a man horribly compelled. He wiped his wavering knuckles around his eyes.

"I had no idea there was so much misery in a food coffee," I said, with a laugh.

But there was no resentment in Josephson. He looked at me pitifully and said: "You don't understand. Wait a minute." He nodded at me meaningly.

I nodded.

"You see, Flanagan got his paper pretty well made up and went home every night about eleven. Then this

fellow Ward used to take the city desk until the presses started. Then he went home." He licked his lips, poured himself another drink, and breathed at me huskily, his eyes dilated, his nervous hand half extended toward mine. "Bellows" died."

He went back over it again: "Bellows died." The excitement of a dozen years came out with the words—a subtle, fearful human excitement, stirring him like a poison. He could not keep, did not try to keep, his shocking frenzy out of his voice. His little shoulders twitched; his tongue ran lightly along his lip from corner to corner; he burned as if he had whispered a miracle.

"Damn it . . . you see . . . Bellows died." Then his mouth performed a horrible smirk and he threw up his hands as a Frenchman would. He seemed to take it for granted that I understood what that meant, that abrupt, mystic shrug of his hands. He seemed to take it for granted that he and I were cronies, full of a mutual wisdom. It was some tacit secret, patent to us, utterly unintelligible to the outside world . . . Bellows had died!

I looked into his watery eyes non-committally. The smirk seemed pasted onto Josephson's face. For a moment I thought him idiotic. Then he screwed up his eyes and said to me out of the corner of his mouth, in a bitter, slangy fashion.

"Where do you suppose I was when I found it out? Huh, friend? On the level, where do you suppose I was when I found it out? I was standing in the side entrance of a cafe at half-past one in the morning—and I read it in a first edition of another paper." He nodded, almost proudly. "That's where I was was . . . been bumming . . . some theatrical friends of mine." He nodded again. "Wasn't that abominable?" he asked, smilingly, with the expression of a man who has been chewing a bitter weed.

Then, all at once, his features

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flamed up with excitement. It seemed a new excitement, not the other, not warmed over. It seemed as if Josephson went back bodily to that former situation. His eyes glowed and his speech cleared.

"Half-past one—and in another paper. That very night Flanagan had warned me. He had left early, and Ward had gone on early. I called a cab and went lickety-split for the shop. I crept in on tiptoe, scared to death. It was dark in there. The city room was lighted by only two drop-lights. The rest were out . . .

"Nobody in the place! Flanagan's desk was in a little room no bigger than a cubby-hole, right off the city room to the left—just before you go into the telegrapher's room. I was edging along as softly as I could on my toes, when all of a sudden I heard a slight rustle. I jumped, but my heart stood still. Then I saw. A window was open a little from the bottom, and the breeze had rustled through a few loose papers. That was all—so I sneaked up to the door and peaked in. Ward was there . . . asleep! Asleep as usual. Papers were all over the desk in front of him. The drop-light was on, but his face was thrown back in the shadow. I almost choked. Once I thought his eyes opened and he looked at me. But he didn't. He slept. I kept standing there, looking at him for a long, long time. I must have been fascinated. My nerves were shaking like strings, and for a minute or two—maybe three minutes—I had to stand there and just look at him. Then I tiptoed back to the far end of the room to my desk and scribbled my lead to the obituary. You couldn't hear a single, solitary sound in that whole building except my pencil scratching . . . and it was a very soft pencil, too, I remember. I jumped once more when a window-shade flapped. I couldn't have felt more frightened if I had been robbing a safe! Then I sneaked back and looked in. Ward was still asleep.

I came up easy . . . easy . . . soft as a cat alongside of him, without making a noise. I moved a few pieces of copy-paper that had some writing on it. Just over in the corner, they were. What did I do? Honest to God, although I'd planned it all out as I came up the stairs, I hardly knew what I was doing! . . .

"I slipped my story under 'em, just the least bit. Some of it stuck out where you could see it. Ward never moved.

"I got out of the room. The sweat was rolling off me when I sprang into the hall. When I reached the outside door I ran down the steps. I felt as if I was in a nightmare. When I reached the air I ran to the nearest saloon." Josephson stopped.

Again I took it for granted that words were unnecessary between us. But this time he did not smirk. He seemed, instead, to slump off into a pensive melancholy. He looked at his long finger-nails and began doing fancy, dainty offices about them. He picked lint from his clothes with his uncertain fingers, in intense concern.

"Yes?" I said, as a bridge over the gap.

He screwed up his eye and nodded. "Living, breathing hell broke lose the next morning . . . of course. But I stuck to my story. I didn't say he was asleep. I didn't need to say he was asleep . . . see?—'I turned in my story a little before twelve.' That'll all. Then they fumbled around among the papers on the desk and found it there . . . of course.

"When Ward came down he'd already seen the Gazette and the Leader—the other two papers—and he knew. And when they showed him my story on his desk . . . yes, he knew that time, too. The whole thing. What I'd done, and all. He didn't say anything, though. He just went red and closed his face. They panned him good and hard for losing the story; everybody, from the Old Man on down, roasted him.

And he took it. He'd been on the paper fifteen years and never made a mistake before. One of those exact, scrupulous, 'faithful dog' old fixtures around the place. In one way he didn't know how to take it. He could have thrown it off. He could have promised. He could have kidded back at the boys. If he just hadn't closed his mouth and sat there and let it all sink in—all that bitter, miserable stuff! Couldn't he? Couldn't he? But what's the use! He wasn't that kind. He was some other kind . . . the kind of fellow that kept his scissors on that nail, and his paste-pot there, and his pile of exchanges just here, and his pen-points in this little box, and his coat-hanger on that hook . . . and so on. Hell, it seems like a little thing, don't it. Simply a—trivial incident . . . something that any newspaper man . . . any newspaper office . . . could easily do, and get over, and forget. Worse things have certainly happened. But the way they handed it to this guy was something fierce. Everybody around the shop came around and stuck the gaff into him, and broke it off. They didn't know at the time what they were doing. They didn't know anything about this man's people, or what kind of a home he had, or this man's life outside of the office. Some of them didn't even know he had a wife and children! You see, a good many of the boys were new men. And I had to watch 'em do it. Of course. Of course, I did.

"He got to be the office joke. They found that they could aggravate him; so it got to be part of the day's fun to stroll around past his desk and throw the harpoon into him. One of the guys brought up a big poster, 'Asleep at the Switch,' and set it on his desk one morning. He began to go about his work as if he was nervous about it. See? I . . . I watched him . . . very, very closely. I used to sit and watch him. He'd make little mistakes, and

they'd get past him . . . little things that in the old days would have been corrected, you know, and nothing thought of it. It wasn't that way now. He'd come up all sick and moist . . . he'd stutter and mumble apologies. His hand would shake when he took back a piece of his copy to make the corrections. He had never been a proud man. Now his humility was sickening . . . almost degrading. Sometimes it was a little thing like an initial wrong; and the city editor would get sore over it, and yell at him the office rule about the importance of correct initials.

"I know it, Ed," he would say. "If course you do. But you're dead on your feet. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"It went on that way for a couple of months, one thing and another, slow but sure. Out at his home he must have had trouble. He didn't look like a man who was getting pleasure out of his home. I remember every Saturday in the old days he used to bring his kids down to the office. But now he didn't any more.

"They reduced his pay to thirty a week . . . then to twenty-five. He used to rush at his stuff in a sort of frenzy; then he'd sit for an hour afterwards, going over it line by line like a book-keeper, seeing if he could find his own mistakes before anybody else caught them and called his attention to them. You know how a fellow gets, that way. He worked longer than anybody else. He got down early in the morning and stayed at it all day and half the night. . . . He didn't sleep any more. I used to sit and watch him." Josephson's little intricate mind went hunting for details like a ferret.

"Bill collectors came to the office, looking for him—a thing they'd never done before. He had always kept his accounts as straight as a pin, I imagine. One day it was the insurance collector, and he came a

good many times. Finally he gave it up.

"What went on in his mind I don't know. I imagine it finally got so it was just a general sort of bewilderment—newspaper work all mixed up with wife and kids and bills and mistakes and his sick stomach. If he'd only been a drinking man, like me, it might have been different! But he wasn't. Instead, he'd take half-days off for long walks in the open air. When he'd ask for these, Flanagan would say: Oh, yes, go ahead. I don't make much difference anyway, I suppose; Josephson or Gray can do your work, is there is any.' And Ward would mumble something to himself and smile in a sort of sickly fashion.

"One day one of the boys came in and said something around the office about seeing Ward's wife 'demonstrating' a new tea in a department store. Thank God, nobody told Ward about our knowing it! I—I looked her up . . . some time afterward . . . and found her working in a laundry. Yes, at a mangle in a laundry, two years ago. Lemme see . . . where was I? Oh, yes!

"His eyes got so they used to stare and stare and stare. They weren't drowsy any more. He would sit and stare at a piece of blank copy-paper by the hour as if it was something absolutely new and . . . and abnormal. The one thing, I imagine, that kept him going about his work was a kind of sweating frenzy of . . . fear. Fear that he would make mistakes. Fear that his editors would jump onto them before he did. Fear that his nerve was broken. Fear, by God, that he himself was . . . afraid!"

"That went on nine months. See? Nine months. One night this man Ward stepped over to Flanagan's desk and said in an ordinary way:

"Let me have a sheet or two of paper, will you, Ed.?"

"He got it and went back to his

own desk and wrote something. He folded it up and put it under Flanagan's paper-weight. Then he went out to the lavatory and killed himself with a revolver.

" . . . Afterwards Flanagan read the note:

"I can't stand this. One of you fellows will know why.'"

Josephson looked at me with a certain intrepid hardness in his weak face, his one eye screwed up tight, the other searching me insistently, as if after a verdict, an opinion, an expression, an exclamation. I did not move. The hot chemical electric blaze sucked away at him avidly till he moved before my eyes, impressionistically, as a thing of paint. For one queer moment it seemed a monstrous impossibility that he was alive. Then he thrust his face closer and whispered:

"That happened ten years ago. See?" He affirmed with his head. "Ten years. Now . . . I'm getting so . . . as the years go by . . . thinking of Mrs. Ward in that laundry, and of Ward . . . and of what I did . . . and of what he did . . . I wonder . . . I wonder if that won't be my finish, too! Too!" He broke off, his eyes heedless of the insignificant room, ignoring me completely. His little trembling hand crept up mechanically and felt of his thin lips. He mumbled, half aloud, and all unconsciously: "I wonder . . . I wonder . . . if that won't be the way I fm-m-m-m . . ."

I sat back entranced, mesmerized, fascinated at his fate. Then I reflected, and spoke.

"Yes, it will. You're not a man—you're a baby, Josephson."

He came back to me. "I'm a baby," he repeated mechanically, pathetically. "I'm a baby. A good many of us are babies, even after we're supposed to be grown up. And what, in God's name, are you going to do with us? For us? Tell me."

The Work of Wives

By F. M. THOMPSON

From the Outlook

A DECISION lately made in the General Sessions Court in New York City has raised the question, Are wives supported by their husbands? A man brought into court on a complaint of having abandoned his wife because, as he said, he could not support a household on his earnings of six dollars a week, was discharged by the judge, who concluded his decision with the admonition, "Let the wife go to work for her living."

It is a popular American notion that the work wives do in the household is not really work. Women so engaged are not counted in United States Labor Reports as being "in industry"; in the United States Census Reports they appear as having no occupation. The whole matter of their situation, as determined for all practical purposes, is neatly set forth by an American political economist thus:

"Only a minority of the population which inhabits the country is actually engaged in economic production. The general rule is that a laborer has a wife and family. The former is lending him material aid by cooking his food and mending his clothes, but there is no need of complicating the matter by considering her as a separate agent of production."

Let us see whether or not that which the wife produces in the home comes within the scope of economic production. What is she doing there? At a glance, we discern that

she is producing things which are actually articles of commerce—manufactured food, manufactured clothing, and that supreme work of domestic art, a poor imitation of which is marketed in hotels, lodging and boarding houses—comfort. Moreover, as buyer for the family and administrator of the family funds, she is performing services as distinctly and essentially related to the production of wealth as any similar work done by men in business houses. But this is not the full extent of the contribution she makes to the wealth of the nation. She bears children; that is to say, she produces labor.

Wives employed in the home engage in two separate and distinct forms of production—one is purely industrial in character and differs not at all from the production in which men engage; the other is the unique work of women—child-bearing; and the product is, labor. Marriage, therefore, so far from placing wives in the category of a "great majority of the population of a country who are not actually engaged in economic production," confers upon women a dual power in production: wives produce wealth the same as men do, and besides they produce the most indispensable of the requisites of wealth, labor.

It is quite true that the American wife is not regarded as a "separate agent of production," and what are the consequent conditions of her work as compared with conditions

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of the labor of women wage-earners?

It has been established by law in most civilized countries that the maximum amount of time a woman shall be required to work in industry—work for wages—is sixty hours per week; in the home, the wife, because she works for nothing—or shall one say for love?—may be forced to toil, day after day, all day long, far into the night, and all night if the convenience of the family shall so be served. The law requires that the shop or factory where women work for wages shall conform to certain standards of health and physical well-being; in consideration of the woman's particular physical needs, she must be provided with a seat so that she may rest properly even while at work, and any occupation deemed threatening to her life is forbidden her. The sanitary condition of the home, the wife's workshop, is a matter of no public concern: every man's home is his castle; the work done there is his personal affair; the rest of the world may mind its own business. If the wife work in the home in foul air, bending over a wash-tub all day and nursing a sick child all night, that is a family matter; science does not apply here, and here remedial legislation has no mission. By law in England and by custom in France it is decreed that a woman engaged in industry shall not return to work for one month after confinement: the wife at work in a home in the United States may be compelled to resume her accustomed labor the day after, or two or three days after, confinement, and it is to nobody's interest to prevent her. Yet the woman's body is the same: the strain upon her maternity is the same; the burden of her task may be greater in the home than if she labored in industry; and her contribution to wealth is worth money: but because of the sanctity of the home—such sanctity! such homes!—the situation of the wife's labor is ignored on

principle; no record is made of the profit and losses of her production; and if the health, happiness, and even the life of the wife go to balance the account, the assumption is that this is quite right and proper: it is a fine instance of the beautiful spirit of devotion to duty which makes wives and mothers toiling in the home so eminently fit to die and go to heaven.

In Great Britain the employment of wives in industry has lately received special attention. In the government report for the year 1906 on factories and workshops, the Principal Lady Inspector states that the employment in industry of married women is rapidly on the increase, and that, as asserted by many of the women, this is not because these women need to work (at wage-earning), but because they prefer it to housekeeping.

"Throughout the year," says the Principal Lady Inspector, "I have given special attention to the question, that the employment of married women. In nearly all the towns visited, from a quiet cathedral town to a large manufacturing city, I obtained the same information; namely, that the employment of married women is rapidly on the increase. A mother suffering from lead-poisoning, visited by me in her home, acknowledged that her husband was in good employment, that there was no need whatever for her to seek a job as was her custom at the factory, and said, 'I do not need to work, but I do not like staying at home.' Another woman, the mother of several children, whom I had visited during her absence from the factory, said, 'I would rather be at work (in the factory) a hundred times than at home; I get lost at home.' Mrs. F—— is an experienced damask weaver and earns fair wages; her husband is a casual worker; she has six children and is shortly to be confined. She frankly admitted that she preferred working in the factory to housekeeping

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and the rearing of children, and that she returned to the factory as soon after confinement as possible. Mrs. M—— is employed in spinning, and her husband is in regular night work. She has had ten children, seven of whom have died; the remaining ones are aged respectively fifteen years, four years, and ten months, and she is to be confined again shortly. Her husband objects to her working, but she has just returned to the mill after an absence of eight years. In the majority of cases I have found that neglected, delicate children and dirty, ill-kept homes are the natural concomitants of the employment of married women."

Concerning the unemployment of the husband in relation to the employment in industry of the wife, the Lady Inspector says, "Much of the work formerly done by men is now done by their wives at a lower wage." Lower wages of men must therefore be enumerated with the other concomitants of the employment of wives in industry.

The United States Census Report, "Women at Work," published in 1907, shows an increase in the percentage of married women employed in American industry. The relation of this situation to infant mortality has been very distinctly traced by medical authorities in Great Britain. It is the consensus of British medical opinion that "any attempt to combine the offices of child-bearer and breadwinner in one person must, of necessity, result in feeble, bottle-fed babies and premature births." It has been pointed out, moreover, by a medical officer of health in an English factory town that "the damage done cannot entirely be measured by mortality figures, for these take no account of the impaired vitality of the infants who manage to survive to swell the ranks of the degenerate."

Categorically stated, then, as determined by scientific investigation, these evils are associated with the

employment in industry of married women—the slaughter of infants, degeneracy of children, neglect of children and of the home, lower wages, unemployment of men. None of the sorrow, pain, privation, degradation, resulting from these evils do the women themselves escape by their occupation in industry, yet, in ever-increasing numbers, wives abandon work in the home for wage-earning. Why is it? What impels them, against the will of their husbands, when no actual necessity exists, to seek work in shop and factory at any price rather than stay at home? Is not the reason this:

Wives to-day realize that the situation of their work in the home is more intolerable than the worst possible consequences of their wage-earning.

Industry, at least, admits the fact of the woman's individual existence, of her individual contribution to production, of her individual right to live as well as to labor, to have her labor measured, the burden of it weighed, the product of it known, valued, priced, and paid. In the home, on the contrary, her labor is lost to sight; none of the evils of her situation there are known, her work there is not so much as credited with being work; during not one moment of the day, week in and week out, year in and year out, can she extricate consciousness from the overwhelming burden of toil, the prostrating sense of failure, the wastage of life—her own, her children's, her family's life—which her work imposes upon her. It seems perfectly reasonable, therefore, to conclude that the increasing demand of married women for occupation in industry is, at fond, a revolt of wives against the intolerable conditions of their occupation in the home.

In the United States other indications appear marking this revolt among wives. These are, in particular among women of the well-

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to-do class, the increasing number of divorces and the increasing tendency to race suicide. It is perfectly idle to preach against these evils, and tell women, as some good, foolish men do, that woman's place is in the home; that intermittent marriages and childless marriages are not pleasing in the sight of Heaven; that the family is the corner-stone of the nation, and therefore women should seek to make the family permanent and numerous, and love to work at home. The American woman cannot reasonably consider any duty to the family which does not properly provide for the fulfillment of her duty to herself. Before the good of the family can be urged upon her as a motive for doing, or not doing, it must be shown that the family will be good to her. Heaven may wait to welcome her into glory when, as a wife and mother in the home, she shall have worked herself to death; but the education she has received and the ideals she has been taught to revere compel her, while working in the hope of heaven, to have some hope of life, liberty, happiness, and fair wages to recompense her here below. American women are bound to crowd into men's work, and to regard matrimony as an experiment and matern-

ity as unprofitable, until the work done by wives is recognized as being work—work which has value; work which, as it is well or ill done, as it is well or ill conditioned, adds to or subtracts from the wealth of the nation. The work done by wives in the home is the last determining factor of the problem of the cost of living, and is also the first determining factor of the cost of all production. Labor itself—the numerical strength of the workers of the nation and their efficiency—depends in the beginning upon the industrial situation of wives.

Carroll D. Wright said once, "Some notion of the economic importance of the labor which wives do in the home is to be had by considering what would be the consequences to general industry if these women were "to walk out." If all the women working without wages in our homes were suddenly to quit cooking, cleaning, sewing, taking care of babies, and planning to make ends meet, it would mean nothing less than a cessation of general industry. If one thinks of this situation as continuing indefinitely and including a strike against maternity, it would mean the collapse of our industrial empire and the end of the nation."

You Have a Brain—Use It.

A Manual craft that implies no thought or ingenuity stands very low. A man who simply shovels, exercising neither skill nor intelligence, who does mere muscle-work, is at the bottom of the scale. A man that thinks how to shovel goes higher in proportion to the thought which he adds to the physical exertion.

—Henry Ward Beecher

The HEALTH VALUE *of a* SUMMER VACATION



By JAMES W. BARTON, M.D.

Physical Director, University of Toronto

DO you need a summer vacation? Perhaps you think that you can get along just as well without one—and you may for a year or two. You can do without sufficient sleep or the requisite amount of food for a short time without perceptible harm, but a day of reckoning comes. You may find on the date of settlement that the principle of healthy, happy existence and rugged, vigorous nature has been so wasted—mortgaged—that it is doubtful if the residue is worth rescuing. Then you go through a renaissance period, sometimes lasting for months, sometimes for years—and to think it all might have been prevented if you had only known, had only thought and paused and rested! Just remember that the richest man in America, John

D. Rockefeller, has been fourteen years under the care of a physician seeking to regain health shattered in the acquiring of his immense wealth.

Health is never so precious as when we find it slipping away from us. There is a success about health the same as there is about anything else in life, which may be briefly described as knowing and doing the proper thing at the proper time—not on hour, a week, or a month after. The people, who are winning to-day, are those fighting the battle of life with all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth. They recognize the requirements of rest and recreation now, not later on.

It is interesting to note how many health resorts and sanitariums are flourishing all over America at the

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present time. Thousands of dollars are being made out of their patrons, a large number of whom never would have been there if, in the mad gallop for gain, they had stopped and taken stock. How fashionable it is for an American business man to take a holiday accompanied by a couple of private secretaries, or a staff of stenographers. Who knows but that in a few years he will have to take a long vacation accompanied by a couple of doctors or, perhaps, a posse of police.

A recent issue of a leading medical journal tells of a rather remarkable cure or method of treatment for such cases which is known as "stuffing and working." This system was practiced upon two large, able-bodied men who had worked themselves to a point where there was a danger of the human machine breaking down altogether. They were only average types—not isolated examples—of over-worked, depressed, dyspeptic, neurotic beings. One manifested every inclination to talk incoherently and incessantly, while the other showed symptoms of violence and irresponsibility for his acts. They were each accompanied in their exercise and eating by two guardians. After a while there was only one guardian required, and finally the victims were sufficiently restored to be permitted to roam without an escort, but the evolution was slow and difficult. They had to walk so many miles a day, play golf, and take other vigorous forms of exercise which did not require a great deal of mental work. Between times the men were fed frequently, and thus the process was known as "stuffing and working."

For many years our neighbors to the south, in their thirst for wealth, have neglected their bodies until the play on the words is a truism—they lost their health securing wealth, and they lost their wealth securing health. This body of ours with its bone, muscle and nerve was not made to sit a desk year in and

year out, to stand behind the counter, or at the bench—nor in fact to do incessantly any of the hundred and one occupations of our civilized life. The effect of a good all-round summer vacation should be to make one feel brighter, more buoyant, and capable of further work. It is interesting to recall the men of prominence in all ages who have managed to insure health of body and vigor of mind, and firmly believe in the benefit and blessing of a holiday. We can trace the lives of such men in every period of the world's history and find that they were those that accomplished the most—the illustrious ones in the great temple of fame—biblical characters, such as David and Daniel, scholars like Socrates, Plato and Demosthenes, soldiers like Wallace, Robert Bruce, Napoleon and Moltke, writers like Shakespeare, Tennyson, Scott and Goethe, statesmen like Gladstone, Lincoln, Webster and Bismarck, preachers like Moody, Chalmers and Beecher. This list might be increased by hundreds of other names prominent in their respective spheres.

The man, who never takes a holiday, is now pointed out as a freak or a faddist; perhaps in a few years he will be pointed to as the man who had to take a holiday. There are so many fallacies and follies regarding the method of spending a vacation that a few pointers may be valuable and timely. Take a holiday before you actually need it and do not wait until you think business may slacken so that you may be able to get away. You can generally manage to get some time in July or August as the commercial and industrial world is then at its quietest, and the tourist traffic at its liveliest. Do not take your business along with you. Leave all thought of your every-day calling, its cares and vexations behind. Cut loose all your usual connections whatever they may be, and be a youth again in spirit, thought, outlook and action.

Be sure, however, to observe some regularity especially in the matter of getting sufficient sleep, retiring at a reasonable hour, rising early, and having your meals at something like the proper time. What you want is a change of scene and air, of habit and hope, of pursuit and pastime. Of course, a man may spend his holidays right at home and reap considerable benefit, but the chances are he will secure much more relaxation if he gets away from everyday scenes and surroundings. It will place him as it were in new channels.

Years ago a great deal of hostile criticism was heard against physical culture. To-day its importance in the up-build of mankind and the nation is recognized by every educational institution in the land. I read not long since of how the president of a bond and guarantee company which insures young men's honesty on the basis of dollars alone—no higher motive or principle being involved—favored athletics. It was his belief that the very fact of a young man going in for them enabled him to withstand temptation, gave him greater moral fibre and mental force. Among the questions asked of all applicants, who desired guarantee policies was "Did you go to college?" An affirmative or negative reply did not count materially one way or the other; but, in the case of the youth who attended college another query was put: "Did you go in for athletics during your course?" If he did, that tallied in his favor, for it was the experience of the company that all men, who had undergone physical development and discipline, were stronger, not always in a bodily sense perhaps, but ethically. Owing to the restraint, self-denial and system which they had to practice they were not so liable to be led astray, by temptation.

In a somewhat similar sense the world is recognizing that the most

progressive business managers, the cleverest professional men, the most aggressive and enthusiastic accountants, the ablest and most alert clerks, the shrewdest and most resourceful salesmen are those who take not only exercise, but an annual holiday. Its health value is apparent; you do not have to be told it. You can see it in the bright eye, the clear complexion, the bounding step, and the beaming smile, all of which proclaim life. A true, health-giving holiday is not a jollification in the sense in which this term is sometimes employed. It is not a detour of dissipation, a period of profligacy, or an era of excesses. It should be a matter of getting away at a convenient time. The loss to business is then at a minimum, and the peace of mind resulting from this fact is a tonic in itself as one does not feel that the sacrifice is too great, or that the pleasure is purchased at too much personal outlay. You cannot mix business and holidays any more than you can oil and water. Therefore, I would advise you that all business matters, telegrams, balance sheets, monthly statements, and cash receipts, be left at home.

To my mind the most suitable time for an outing is the latter part of July. By taking it earlier you may have to come back to the city at the very hottest season. By taking it later you may be too fagged out by the extreme heat to enjoy a vacation. During July and August business is generally quiet and therefore the monetary loss is less than at any other time. There may be some exceptions to this rule, due to the nature of individual employment and I can lay down only a few general principles. The question naturally arises, where should one go to enjoy a complete respite from labor. This query affords many answers. My advice is to select a quiet spot with only two or three mails a week and several miles from a telegraph station, beside running

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water, or in the country, if you want complete, quiet, refreshing rest.

Ideas as to what constitutes a holiday materially differ, and it is well to remember that what is one man's occupation is another man's relaxation. Evidences of the truth of this old saying may be found on all sides. What may constitute a beneficial and thoroughly enjoyable pastime on your part may be nothing but a dull, dreary, unhealthy proceeding to your neighbor or your associate. The most concise and readily understood definition of a holiday is a change. An old saw has remarked that a "change is as good as a rest," a meaning that is not far astray. A holiday may be translated into action in various ways—a visit to friends, a few days spent at your old home or in camp along the banks of a limpid stream, or on the shores of some picturesque lake, a trip to the country, a few days' stay in another city, a flight to a new district, a long cruise upon the water, a motoring tour, a bicycle journey, etc. It does not matter whether it is paddling a canoe, rowing a boat, hunting in the wild wood, working on a farm, cultivating a flower garden, digging in the soil, prospecting, building a hen house, sawing wood, or breaking stone. In some of these, certain individuals have found enjoyment and diversion—a true holiday, and always will. There are many excellent ways of profitably passing a few days' release from our ordinary every-day vocation. Individual ideas of a beneficial and joyous outing differ—always will differ as widely as the poles. Just as our respective tastes vary, just as our means of making a living are diverse, so are our habits, dress, con-

versation and pastimes. What may bring pleasure to one is irksome to another. What will afford unbounded happiness to many may prove a listness and monotonous undertaking to others. No specific regulations can, therefore, be laid down.

The question of how long to stay must be settled by the individual. A month should renew a man completely, two weeks revive him, and even ten days fit him to start the business wheels again.

Many suggestions are promiscuously thrown out by health advisers as to what to do during vacation. What not to do seems to be more in order. Therefore, I will mention a few things not to do. In the first place, "don't" take your business with you. Before you start make a resolution that you are "quit" of business until you return. Don't take those papers along, that you think you could work out better whilst lying around on a long summer day. You must remember that your mind is to have a complete rest or change, and that for the time being you are simply an animal, that is, you are to eat, sleep and exercise. Make this resolution, and so arrange matters that your resolution may not be easily broken. It may be well, therefore, to avoid the place where there are six meals a day.

After all, the keynote, as I said before, is to live the "boy life" again. Eat heartily as does the boy, but move around as he does also. Endeavor to live the "boy life" as nearly as possible, is my simple message relating to the health value of a summer vacation. Let your motto be: "Backward, turn backward, oh Time in thy flight. Make me a boy again, just for 'my vacation.'"



The Tin Box

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD

From the Blue Book.

THE rocking hansom swung the corner from the avenue, rolled along a shabby little cross street and turned finally into one of the narrow, crooked thoroughfares close to the waterfront. It pulled up at length before a decidedly unattractive house, and the man who sat grimly on the cushions pushed open the apron and alighted.

"I'll be down in a few minutes," he called to the cabby, as he mounted the steps and gave the bell a vigorous tug.

The door was opened by a frowsy woman, who surveyed the man on the stoop with more or less suspicion. He was a tall, well-built man, broad shouldered, clean shaven, and apparently in the early thirties. His clothes were faultless in cut and texture. His gray eyes were clear and steady. Decidedly he was not the sort of man who generally rang the bell of this particular house.

"Well?" said the frowsy woman, the suspicion in her own shifty eyes growing momentarily more pronounced.

"I'm looking for a party named—re—"

The man on the stoop drew a bit of paper from his pocket and glanced at the scribbled lines upon it.

"A party named Shannon," he finished. "I'll find him here, won't I?"

"No," said the woman shortly. "He's moved."

The other elevated his eyebrows. "Aren't you mistaken?" he asked politely. "You see, Dan Ryan sent me."

Immediately the woman's expression changed. She grinned, nodded her head, and opened the door wide.

"Three flights, back," she instructed, and forthwith shuffled away down the gloomy hail.

The man mounted the three flights of creaking stairs, paused before the door of the back room, and tapped smartly upon it.

"Come in!" a gruff voice on the other side commanded.

He pushed open the door and entered a large bare room, which was filled with a blue haze of tobacco-smoke. Opposite the door, through which he entered, was a wide bed, and stretched upon it in all the luxury of shirt sleeves, collarless neck, and shoeless feet, was a big freckled faced young man, with a mop of fiery red hair above his watery blue eyes. Beside him was a pile of newspapers and between his lips a cigaret sent out its clouds of smoke.

The man on the bed made no motion to rise. He surveyed his visitor with a cold and none too cordial scrutiny.

"This is Mr. Shannon. I take it," said the newcomer.

"That's wot," the other replied tersely.

"Ryan sent me—Dan Ryan, you know."

"Uh-huh!"

"I have need of a man in your

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profession," said the visitor with a slow smile, "and Ryan suggested you. Now then, how are you fixed for time? Anything particular on for to-night?"

Mr. Shannon grunted and shook his head.

"Then perhaps you can find time to do a little job for me," the other suggested.

"Maybe," said Shannon cautiously. "Wot is there in it?"

"I'll tell you what I want you to do and let you set your price," was the answer. "I shall want you to go with me this evening to a certain house out on Claverly Road, and get for me a little tin box—just an ordinary strong-box, black japanned tin, handle on top and two yellow stripes running around the lid. You know the kind; you couldn't possibly mistake it."

Mr. Shannon nodded.

"I'm not positively certain as to just where it is," his informer went on, "but I can make a mighty good guess at the place. In all probability you'll find it in a little old fashioned safe set under the shelves in a china-closet, just at the left of the side-board in the dining-room. It is a woefully old fashioned safe," he added. "I'm quite sure it will give you no trouble at all. Now then, what will it be worth to you to get that tin box for me?"

Mr. Shannon meditated for a moment. He took a fresh cigaret from the box beside him and lighted it from the glowing one he had just finished.

"A hundred plunks," he decided at last. "Fifty now, the other fifty when I turn over the box to you. And if it aint where you say, or there's any trouble—a holler from the folks in the house or anything of that kind—the fifty already paid is mine just the same."

"That's all right," the broad-shouldered man agreed.

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and stripped off several of them.

"Here's the first fifty. We better go out there about eleven. I'll meet you in a motor in front of the Day Building in Jefferson Square. That all right? Good! Don't fail me, will you?"

"I'll be there at eleven," said Shannon. "So long!"

He picked up one of the papers, and arranging the pillows more comfortably under his head, resumed his reading.

At five minutes of eleven that evening, he stood on the curb before the Day Building, his hands in his pockets and a cap pulled low over his eyes, watching the stream of traffic on the glistening pavements. A drizzling rain was falling, and the biting wind which whistled sharply about the neighboring corner, made him turn up his overcoat collar and tap his feet on the curbing for warmth.

Presently, from the long line of passing vehicles two lights swung in his direction. A low rakish road-car shot up to the curb and the man at the steering-wheel craned forward to peer into Shannon's face.

"On time, I see," said the familiar voice of his caller of the afternoon. "All ready"

"Sure," said Shannon, climbing into the car.

They sped away from the square, headed up the avenue, and were soon making good speed to the north. Shannon sat huddled silently, his hands in his pockets, and his head lowered to the driving mist. The man beside him, too, was silent. No word passed between them until they reached Claverly Road with its row of imposing houses each set in its ample expanse of well-kept grounds.

Presently they stopped before one of the houses, and the man at the steering-wheel alighted.

"This it?" Shannon asked, climbing stiffly from the car.

"No, fourth house down," the other replied. "I left the car here be-

cause it's dark under these trees. Come on."

He led the way down the road, turned into a gateway flanked on either side by tall stone posts, and made his way up a winding drive. Between the trees Shannon could see a big, rambling house looming dimly. They kept to the drive until they were close to the house. Not a light showed in any of the windows.

Shannon's companion drew him into a clump of syringa bushes on the lawn.

"I'm going to wait for you here," he whispered. "It won't take you but a few minutes at the most. Open the third basement window on the back. That will bring you into the lower hall. Then go up the stairs and you'll find two doors on your right. Take the second of them. It opens into the dining-room. You know about the rest of it. Safe's in the closet at the left of the side-board. Open it and bring back that tin box. Go ahead, now."

Shannon kicked off his shoes and replaced them with a pair of sneakers he drew from his coat-pocket. Then he slipped like a wraith through the mist to the back of the house, found the third window, and in the twinkling of an eye had it open and was crawling cautiously through it. He pulled the little electric-lantern from his pocket, took a swift survey of the place, and noiselessly ascended the stairs. Another quick blink of the lantern and he had opened the second door and was in the dining-room.

There was the sideboard, and to the left the little china-closet. He opened the door and saw beneath the lower shelf a little old safe—the sort of safe the veriest tyro might open without trouble.

He sank to his knees and pulled a bit of steel from his hip-pocket. In a trice the knob of the lock was off and Shannon with his finger was clicking the falls. It was child's play to him. He grinned to him-

self as he thought of the man out there in the bushes. A hundred for a job like this was like robbing a blind man. Had the man outside but known it, Shannon would have gladly done a job of this kind for a quarter of what he was getting.

Silently he swung open the door of the antiquated safe. The whole thing had taken less than five minutes. Once more the lantern winked briefly. Sure enough! There within the safe was the tin strong box. He lifted it out and arose from his knees.

And then suddenly the room glowed with light. Shannon sprang up, blinking and sputtering inarticulate oaths. For a moment the flood of light blinded him; but in another moment he saw, standing by the table and surveying him with steady eyes, a young woman in a blue bath-wrap.

She was a very beautiful woman, tall, willowy, with great dark eyes, in whose depth was no hint of fear. Indeed, her beauty—the satin smoothness of her skin, the soft waviness of her loosened hair, the roundness of her superb throat—filled him with a vague shame, like some potent accusation. His hand which had intuitively gone to the gun in his right coat-pocket, was suddenly withdrawn empty. He stood there with the tin box in his fingers, staring, motionless.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded in a low, cool voice.

Shannon said nothing, but over his puffy features stole a sickly, apologetic grin.

"Put down that box you have," she went on. "You are making a mistake in taking it. It is of no earthly good to you."

Shannon looked down stupidly at the box. Then he remembered that box was worth fifty dollars to him.

"Say, don't make no holler," he advised, his heavy brows drawing together ominously. "Don't try to put up no squeal."

"I'm not foolish enough to attempt

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to make any outcry," she said in the same guarded voice. "You may take anything else you find and I won't say a word. Only—only," there was a choking sound in the low tones, "leave that box. It is nothing to you. You don't want it."

"Maybe I do, at that," Shannon growled.

"Open it and see" she demanded. Shannon merely stared.

"Open the box and see what's in it. Then tell me if you want it," she persisted.

A sudden curiosity as to just what the box contained took possession of him. Moreover, through his mind flashed the sudden suspicion that it might be more valuable than he thought; that this woman was taking a desperate chance with him; that the man out there in the bushes had put him up to a big job, after all.

The woman was quick to note his hesitation.

"Here's the key," she said, tossing it across the table to him.

Shannon slipped it into the lock and jerked open the cover. Within was a pair of tiny, much worn shoes, a rattle, an ivory ring, and two bits of pail blue ribbon.

"Surely you don't want those—not those," the woman was saying in the same choking voice.

Shannon grimly locked the box and stuffed it under his arm. For the first time fear came into the woman's eyes.

"Listen," she almost sobbed, "I have money—a lot of it—here in the house, but you could never find it. I'll give you the money gladly—all of it, if you'll leave the box. Or you can have more to-morrow—"

Even men of Shannon's type have their code of ethics, however, warped and distorted these may be. To break faith with a pal was perhaps the most heinous offense in Shannon's particular private code. It was something he prided himself he had

never done; and the man out there in the bushes was a pal for the time being. Shannon had accepted his money and pledged his word in this thing.

"Sorry, Ma'am," said he, "but—"

"You don't mean you still want it, after you know what's in it?" she said breathlessly.

"Uh,huh" he grunted tersely, and like a flash he had jumped to the French window on the other side of the room.

The wonder of it all to Shannon was that the woman did not scream. There was a quick catch of her breath, a smothered, broken and wholly from Shannon's point of view—ineffectual cry, and she, too, sped to the window, just as Shannon pulled it open, leaped out on the wide verandah, vaulted the rail, and sped down the drive. Behind him the patter of footsteps told him of the pursuit.

He neared the syringa bushes, running hard and panting.

"Come on," he gurgled. "The house is up. They're after me. Cut for it."

The other man jumped from the bushes.

"Bungled it, eh?" he growled. "What's this?"

He had caught sight of the woman in the bath-wrap running down the drive. He caught Shannon by the arm in a grip that made that gentleman wince, and calmly faced the breathless woman.

"Mary!" he said simply.

The woman stopped short. Her hand went to her throat. Her breath was coming hard. She came a step nearer and scanned his face in the darkness.

"You!" she cried in unbelief. "You! Then—then—you were behind it all?"

"Yes," he said.

"Why?" she panted. "Why?"

"This is no place for explanations, he said coldly. "It is rain-

ing, and this ground is sopping wet. You shouldn't be here in slippers and a bath-wrap. Go back to the house."

"Not—not without—"

The man wheeled on Shannon.

"Bring along the box," he commanded.

Shannon, thoroughly mystified, followed the silent pair to the house. They mounted the verandah, and stepped through the French window into the big dining-room, where the lights still burned brightly.

The woman stood by the table, very cold and straight, but her lips quivered now and then, despite her evident efforts to control them. Opposite her, grim, white faced, stood the broad-shouldered man, while Shannon, with the tin box in his clutches, leaned against the French window, and stared in perplexity.

"You are not going to take it now, are you?" the woman said at length, and despite all her outward calm, her voice trembled in anxiety.

"No," he replied. "Put the box on the table," he added to Shannon.

"What—what does it mean, anyway?" she demanded. "Why should you attempt this?"

The man did not reply at once. He stood for a moment looking at her frowningly.

"I have been living in London since—since we separated," he said at last. "It was there that I heard about the boy—that he was dead. I wanted something of his—some little thing associated with—with those days."

"Why didn't you ask for it then?" she said haltingly.

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to remember that all my letters have been returned to me unopened—even since he died," said he bitterly. "As I say, I wanted something of his. I didn't suppose you'd let me have it if I asked—not after all that has happened. I came over here from London for just this pur-

pose—to get it—somehow, anyhow, at any cost. I shouldn't have kept them all—just a rattle, perhaps, or one of the shoes. I should have sent back the rest."

"I—I didn't know you felt that way," she said. "I didn't suppose you knew or cared. I—I thought we had both gone out of life—he and I. I—I was sure that to you it was as if I had never been—nor he either."

He was still standing very stiffly erect, and he was still frowning.

"May I have one of those things now—just one?" he asked rather huskily.

"You may have them all—all," she said, "and then suddenly she sank into a chair, and burying her arms began to sob like a child.

For a minute or two the man stood motionless. Then he turned almost fiercely to Shannon.

"You bungled it," he said, "and I'm glad you did."

His hand went into his pocket and came out with a roll of bills.

"Here, take this," he went on, thrusting the roll into the astounded Shannon's hand. "Whatever there is over the fifty is yours, too. You earned it by bungling. Now go."

He glanced at the woman's shaking shoulders and a great light was in his eyes.

"And for God's sake, go quickly, will you?"

Shannon with the bills in his hand, slipped through the French window once more. On the verandah outside, he turned to look back. The man had opened the tin box and spread its sorry contents on the table. Moreover, he had knelt beside the woman and her head was buried on his shoulder.

Shannon paused only long enough to light a cigaret and then thoughtfully effaced himself in the shrouding, dripping mist.

An Indian Warrior's Tomb

By C. G. COULSON

VISITORS to the City of Brantford find no more interesting or historic spot in that city than the old Mohawk chapel, erected in 1785, and the tomb of Captain Joseph Brant, the renowned chief of the Six Nation Indians, whose remains, along with those of his son, Captain John Brant, are interred in the cemetery surrounding the ancient church. Recently Mr. Bowlby, a prominent resident and former Mayor of Brantford, received a letter from Dr. G. H. McMichael, of Buffalo, conveying the startling information that the tomb of Brant had been rifled and that there had come into his possession the skull, one femur and the pelvis of the illustrious warrior. The medical man from Buffalo offered to restore the bones to the city.

The residents of Brantford, which was so named in honor of Captain Joseph Brant, were greatly surprised at the news of the alleged robbery. The report caused considerable alarm not only in that centre but throughout Ontario. Dr. Ashton, who is President of the Mohawk Institute, and other Brantford authorities, who have closely followed the controversy, declare that the sensational rumor is a pure falsehood. Dr. Ashton says that the tomb was alleged to have been opened many years ago by a party of ghoulish young men and that one of them, Dr. Healy, who subsequently went West and died, had carried away the skull, and other parts of the skeleton. These were handed to a friend with the request that they be placed again in the tomb. Accord-

ing to the story, the skull, one femur, and the pelvis finally came into the possession of Dr. McMichael, who offered to return them to the city. A plaster cast of the Brant skull, which is exactly like the original one in the vault, is the property of Dr. Ashton and he has declined to accept the proffered skull, the original being, he declares, in the vault.

Brantford has several times been agitated by reports that the remains of Chief Brant have been stolen from the tomb at Mohawk church. A few years ago the vault was broken into but a careful inspection and investigation the following morning showed that the two skulls were left intact. The tomb was sealed and has not been tampered with since.

Captain Joseph Brant—(Thayendanga) was a Mohawk of pure blood. In the American rebellion he influenced several cantons of the Iroquois to join the British standard and, at the close of the war, he removed to Canada, procuring for the Six Nation Indians the land grant known as the Mohawk Reserve. Brant died in 1807 and was buried at the Mohawk church as was also his son and successor. The mounds that marked the last resting place of these valiant fighters were being neglected and time was fast obliterating the graves when a few interested friends of the Indians, together with some leading spirits of the Six Nations, resolved to have the remains of both chieftans re-interred in one common vault. This was done on November 27th, 1850. The inscription on the tomb reads.

"This tomb is erected to the Mem-



MOHAWK CHURCH, NEAR BRANTFORD

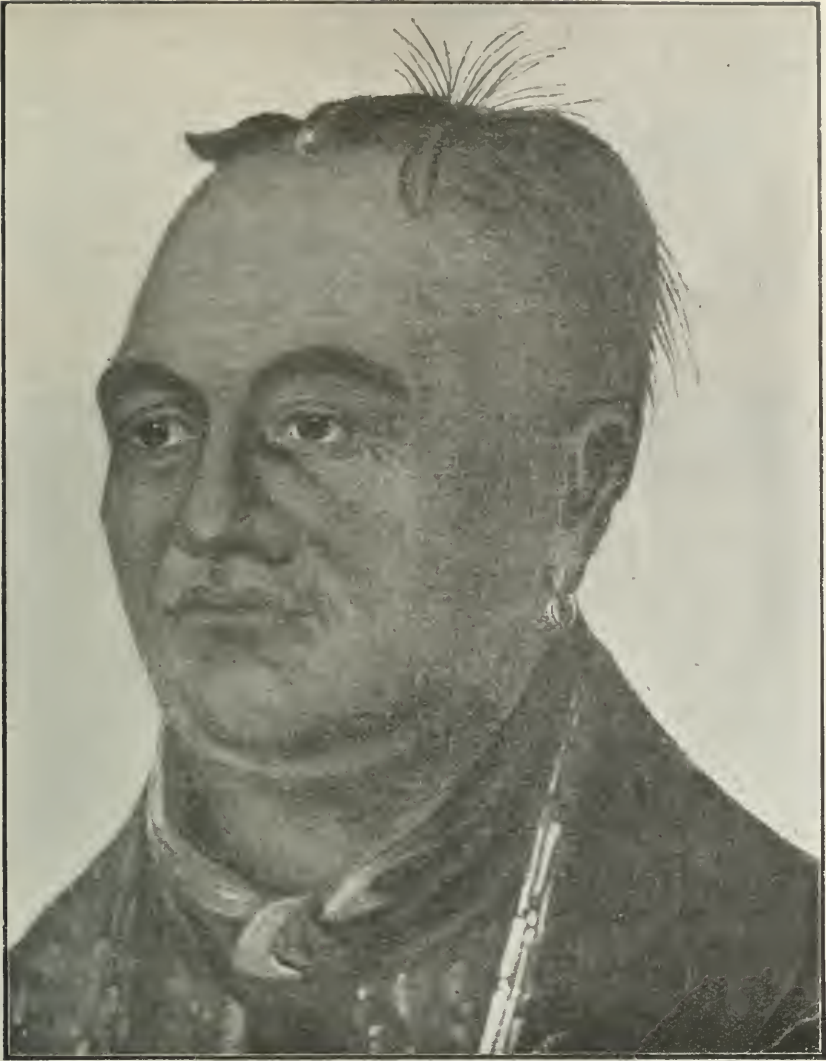
This is the oldest Protestant Church in Canada and the first sacred edifice built in Ontario. It is in the cemetery surrounding the church that the remains of Chief Brant are buried. A tablet in the building bears the inscription, "St. Paul's—His Majesty's Chapel of the Mohawks. Erected by King George III., 1785."

ory of Thayendanege, Captain Joseph Brant, principal warrior and Chief of the Six Nation Indians, by his fellow subjects, admirers of his fidelity and attachment to the British Crown. Born on the banks of the Ohio River, 1742. Died at Wellington Square, U.C., 1807. It also contains the remains of his son, Ah-you-waeghs, or

Captain John Brant, who succeeded his father, as Tekanhagea, and distinguished himself in the war of 1812-15. Born at Mohawk Village, U.C., 1794. Died at the same place, 1832."

In Victoria Park, Brantford, there stands Brant's monument which was erected in 1886 as a tribute to his

AN INDIAN WARRIOR'S TOMB



CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT

The famous Mohawk chief, whose remains, along with those of his son, are interred in Brant's tomb at the Mohawk Church, a short distance from Brantford.

memory. The imposing memorial was built by national and private subscription, the Imperial Government giving the bronze cannon from which the splendid statutory was cast. The monument was designed by Percy Wood, of London, England, and the corner stone was laid by Chief Henry Clench. The total height is 27 feet, and the height of Brant's statue is nine feet.

The Six Nation Indians are composed of the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Tuscaroras and Delewares, while the Onondagas are "fire keepers" in the council which meets at intervals at Ohsweken, which is the "capital" of the Reserve since the removal of the council chamber from Middleport in 1863. In the original federation difficulty was experienced

by the promoters of the union in securing the co-operation of the Onondagas and as an inducement to their entry they were accorded special privileges in the governing body. They were constituted the "fire-keepers," which in the early days was a most important post, as on them devolved the duty of summoning the council by lighting the traditional camp fire, and of maintaining the same during the ensuing

session. In time the right became theirs to summon or disband the council at will. If they desired to convene the body they ignited the fires or if it was their wish to curb discussion during a council of war they merely permitted the embers to die out. While no longer fire-keepers in the original sense, the Onondagas still have wide powers in the council.



AN INDIAN COUNCIL HOUSE

The first Council House of the Six Nation Indians.

The Regeneration of Palestine

By ALBERT M. HYAMSON.

From the International.

THE population of Jerusalem is now estimated at 80,000, about two-thirds of whom live outside the walls in a new city, the oldest house in which does not date back more than a quarter of a century. So rapid is the growth of the city that visitors who were previously in the country only a couple of years ago are astonished at the vast changes that have taken place in the interval. Jaffa, whose name (Beautiful) well describes the aspect of the district, is extending at a similar rate, and a city of white domes is rapidly giving place to one of red French tiles. The imports of Petroleum are also increasing to a very considerable extent. This fuel is largely used for the working of agricultural engines, as well as for lighting purposes. The imports of petroleum include apparently no waste product. The empty tins are being used by the natives throughout the land as substitutes for pitchers, and it is to be feared that the romantic pictures of dusky maidens of sublime gracefulness returning from the wells with pitchers poised upon their heads are doomed to disappearance. These tins, as well as the wooden boxes in which they reach the country, also serve another purpose in Palestine. The "Box Colony" on the outskirts of Jerusalem, inhabited by Yemenite and Kurdish Jews steeped in the direst poverty, has earned its designation from the materials out of which the

hovels are constructed—petroleum tins and boxes. I understand that since my visit an outbreak of fire has deprived the inhabitants of even these primitive shelters.

The principal exports from Jaffa are oranges, soap, sesame and wines. The value of the respective articles has risen to the following extent in the period of 1900-1907: Oranges, £74,215 to £179,000; soap, £44,550 to £88,870; sesame, £30,560 to £47,300, and wines £21,840 to £33,850. This, however, is by no means the full measure of the increase in production, for the rapid increase in population has of course led to an enhanced home consumption of produce that would otherwise have been exported. In these comparisons the unfavorable harvest of 1907 should also be taken into account.

In 1906 Gaza exported barley to the value of £180,000 and wheat to that of £16,000, all grown within the district. The cultivation of the orange is growing at a remarkable rate. In 1897 290,000 cases were exported; last year the number was 630,000, and the total is expected to reach a million within a few years. The success of viticulture has fallen short of expectation. The produce was quite satisfactory—Palestine wine gained a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1900—but the wine market appears to be fully supplied and the sales rendered the culture hardly profitable. As a conse-

quence, a large extent of land hitherto devoted to vineyards is being given over to the cultivation of oranges, almonds, and other fruit trees. Experiments, which have shown considerable success, have also, during the last few months, been made in the cultivation of cotton, and the export of this plant should become considerable within a few years. Other recent experiments in the growing of tobacco, geraniums (for the extraction of oil), potatoes, eucalyptus, peas, beans and oats, have in the great majority of cases been successful, while an attempt at ostrich farming made a year ago has survived the winter with success. One of the latest Quarterly Statements of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains an announcement that may be fraught with much influence on the agricultural future of the country. Wild wheat has again been found in Palestine. On this discovery Mr. Macalister says, "The importance of this discovery is two-fold. If the newly-found plant be the original stock from which cultivated wheat was artificially developed, then the origin of wheat culture must be looked for, not in a rich alluvial basin like Mesopotamia or Egypt, but in some stony country, for there alone the original plant seems to grow. On the rich soils of the plains and valleys of Palestine the plant appears to be absolutely unknown, though common enough in the more uninviting regions, where it is always found associated with wild barley (*Hordeum spontaneum*). This is evidently a fact of far-reaching archaeological importance. Secondly, there is of course a practical side to the discovery, for given the original material from which the primeval agriculturists developed the wheat plant it may be expected that with modern scientific methods of culture yet greater results might be attained

in developing the material than have been attained hitherto."

Grain has, of course, always been produced, the principal wheat-growing district being the Hauran, east of the Jordan. Hauran wheat is considered among the best in the world, and when the primitive methods of cultivation and milling still in force among the natives are replaced by others more scientific the Hauran wheat will doubtless be accorded the recognition it deserves.

Within the last quarter of a century a large number of Jewish agricultural colonies have been established in Palestine, and despite the many difficulties with which they had to contend, not the least being the unsuitability for agricultural life of a large proportion of the pioneers, they are to-day, with hardly an exception, self-supporting and flourishing. The best proof of their success is the establishment, so far as the Government will permit, of additional colonies. German colonies have been established still longer, and their success is, if anything, greater. A visit to the German colony in Jaffa or Haifa for instance, arouses envy on the part of those who are confined by circumstances to a town life in England. The Jewish colonies are in many instances practically autonomous republics paying tribute, in the form of a communal tax, to the Turkish Government. They are governed by an elected committee with whom the administration of justice rests, and so thoroughly have these committees earned the public confidence that it often happens that disputes between Arabs unconnected with the colony are brought before the nearest administrative committee for adjudication. The prosperity of these colonies naturally varies, but the average is very far above the poverty line, and few, if any, of the settlers are to be found who look back with longing

THE REGENERATION OF PALESTINE

to the flesh-pots of Egypt—the conditions in Europe from which they have severed themselves. The agricultural conditions of these colonies is in every way satisfactory, and other industries are already beginning to be established among them. At Rishon le Zion, near Jaffa, wool washing is being undertaken. A partner in a large Russian firm of manufacturers has settled in the colony. The wool, after having been washed, is exported to Russia, where it is worked up by his partner. The manufactured goods are then exported to Palestine and Syria, and a fair profit is made on the series of transactions. In the course of the present year the firm proposes to establish a weaving factory in Rishon itself, and the wool will then be turned into manufactured goods on the spot. At the Rosh Pinah Colony, near Safed, silk, produced on a large scale in Northern Palestine, is turned into silk floss and exported to France.

At Zichron Yaacob, another of the colonies, on the hills close to Caesarea and Haifa, a mutual credit bank has been established. Agricultural laborers are encouraged to acquire holdings of their own, for which they pay by instalments, and thus without the assistance of legislation peasant proprietors are rising among the recent Jewish settlers on the soil of Palestine. In the towns also industries are springing up. Oil refineries and soap factories have been established at Ramleh and Haifa. A machine factory has been established in Jaffa, and in other parts are to be seen the beginnings of spinning, weaving, dyeing and ceramic industries, and of fruit preserving. Religious objects—Jewish and Christian—have for a long time been manufactured on a considerable scale. Home industries, such as knitting, have been introduced into the colonies as well as Jerusalem. Waterproof cloaks are also made for

the wear of the peasants. There are many other industries—milling, perfumery, furniture, bedsteads, soda-water, etc.—conducted at present on a small scale. The Turkish policy of levying a duty in other provinces of the Empire on articles exported from Palestine — only recently changed—hampered very considerably the industrial growth of the country. At Jaffa a Cabinet-makers' Association has been formed.

The mineral wealth of Palestine has hitherto been entirely neglected. There can be no doubt, however, that it exists. This was recognized by the Government even before the recent change of policy, and more than a year ago a scientific commission was dispatched by the Sultan in order to investigate the mineral resources. The Hedjas Railway runs the whole length of the country beyond the Jordan. It connects at Derat with a line to Haifa, a port beautifully situated at the foot of Mount Carmel. The French line from Jaffa to Jerusalem is sufficiently successful to show in 1907 a profit of over 210 per cent. on the year's total expenditure. The roads are, however, in many cases very primitive, and, granted a settled Government, the greatest needs of the country are communications and irrigation. That neither desideratum is quite unattainable will be seen from the following extract from a letter written by the new Governor of Jerusalem shortly after his appointment—

"I shall endeavor to pave the way and direct to completion, means of encouraging commerce, of developing agriculture, of assuring the well-being of all citizens. I shall endeavor to extend or to create means of communication, to irrigate the land, to assure the safety of property, to ameliorate the situation of towns and villages, to create new schools to assure the execution of justice, to extend liberty and equality to all

citizens without exception. The above is my programme.

"In the following statement I render an account of my first week in Jerusalem. I have listened to and examined all complaints and all petitions presented to me, and have in each case given such decisions as are conformable to the laws. I have formed, under the presidency of Lieutenant-Colonel Noury Bey, Director of the Imperial Demesnes, a Commission composed of competent persons, whose duty it will be to investigate the agricultural needs of the province and to submit to me a report of the result of their investigations. I convened a meeting of merchants, with the object of creating a Chamber of Commerce which can serve as a consulting body, but acting on the suggestion of the Israelites, who begged to be excused from attending on account of their festivals then beginning, I have postponed the establishment of this Chamber of Commerce till next week. Being assured of the extreme need of water for the town, I have confided to an energetic man the consideration of a project to bring into Jerusalem the waters of the spring Arroub, and also the forma-

tion of a company which is to procure the capital necessary for the work. I have placed myself in communication with the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway Company, and have asked them to consider the question of a junction of their railroad with the Haifa-Damascus line, and am endeavoring to promote, by the construction of other railway lines, the easy and free access to all parts of the country of travelers arriving at Jaffa and Jerusalem. In conclusion, I have charged the municipality with the earnest consideration of the speedy sanitary canalization of the town."

Even as it is, Palestine is rapidly becoming a favorite tourist resort. With the introduction of improvements the characteristics of the people and the land will rapidly change. The existing universal picturesqueness will soon submit to demands of utilitarianism, and those who delay their projected visit may find when they arrive in Palestine in a few years' time that, as, in Algeria and Egypt, the Orientalism of all the ages has been driven out by the pressure of the modern Occident.

Begin It

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
True indecision bring its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize the very minute;
What you can do, or think you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only begin it, and the mind grows heated;
Begin it, and the work will be completed.

—Goethe

Some of Swinburne's Oddities

Westminster Gazette.

OF all the quotations from Swinburne's own poems that have been used since the poet's death the most popular have been the beautiful lines from "The Garden of Proserpine":

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

To those who knew Swinburne during the last few years, who saw him occasionally, and watched him taking his daily walk up Putney Hill, along the Heath, and across Wimbledon Common, the quotation does not appear as happy as it seems at first sight. It is true he was seventy-two, the golden red of his hair and beard had lately turned to a silvery white, and his walk was not as light and his figure not as slight as they were a very few years ago. Also, his deafness had increased with age, and was worse than an inconvenience. But for the rest there was surely never a man to whom the simile of the weary river winding "somewhere" to the sea was less applicable.

He looked stolid enough, in all conscience, as he strode along, a curiously old-fashioned figure, in that soft, cone-shaped, wide-brimmed felt hat, grey in summer and black in winter; in the cutaway

coat that seemed too tight, and the boots showing their elastic sides to well above the ankle. There was something in his attitude and his walk which reminded one of the tin-soldier of the toy-box, but of old age there was not a sign in that erect and almost too straight-backed little figure. He spoke to no one, and his eye never met that of any chance passer-by. Everyone in the Putney-Wimbledon district knew him by sight: everyone, from the butcher boy on his cart to the horse-man and the golfer on the Heath, glanced at him as he passed, and I have again and again seen fair ladies do their utmost to attract his attention. But he remained aloof, absorbed, and seemed entirely unconscious of the presence of any human being.

But if you ever had the chance of seeing him on some sunny morning when the gorse on Wimbledon Common had burst into its first golden, fragrant bloom, and when the air thrilled and throbbed with the song of larks, while all around under the wide, luminous sky the silence was unbroken, then you would see a wonderful light spring into the large grave eyes, and a look of intense delight that looked strangely, beautifully young in the face set in its frame of white hair. He would stand still for minutes together, his eyes on the billows of clear yellow blossoms, or, in autumn, watching the swallows dart in and out of the pale mists floating above the purple stretches of heather.

And there was another sight dur-

ing this walk (which was taken with utmost regularity and often in the rain, without umbrella or any other protection than perhaps an upturned coat collar) that would always not only lighten up but almost transfigure Swinburne's face. Whenever he met a perambulator or a band of small children in charge of a nurse, the far-away look in his eyes would give way to an expression of a rather pathetic, wistful interest; his rapid walk would slacken, and he would hesitate as if on the point of speaking to this child or that. Years ago, before he was seriously inconvenienced by his deafness, he would, indeed, often stop and ask questions of a nurse concerning a particular attractive baby, and politely ask permission to touch a little hand or try to bring a smile into a little face.

Those were the days when, almost as regularly as he turned into the private bar of the Old Rose and Crown Inn, on the edge of Wimbledon Common, where the landlord invariably put before him a small bottle of ale, leaving the opening of it by request to his queer, silent customer, Swinburne walked further along Wimbledon High Street into a baker's shop, out of which he came with side-pockets bulging in extraordinary fashion. He had bought biscuits by the pound, all weighed out in small quantities, which on his way back to Putney, he distributed among such of the children as were not above accepting good things from strangers. They ran towards him when they saw him coming, these enterprising urchins; they got to know his name, and he, the shyest and most unsociable of men with the grown-up who sometimes, but always unsuccessfully, tried to make advances to the poet on his walk, made the most of his young patrons' society, and finally escaped with a smiling face.

To the very last Swinburne's ob-

vious delight in the children continued, and to those who have seen him recently, tramping steadily towards Wimbledon, his eyes unseeing till he came upon a child, his poems of children come to mind before any other of his songs; for he might have written them this very spring unless the rapture in his eyes as he looked at a child belied his feelings. And somehow the "Etude Realiste" and all the other poems of childhood in the "Century of Roundels" seem to represent, far better than the idea of the "weary river," the man who only the other day marched sturdily across the wind-swept suburban common, a lonely, unimportant-looking figure, with a face of stolid indifference, until the light of enthusiasm and inspiration flashed into it at the sight of a little child, and you saw the poet who wrote:

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the
heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet,

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then, fast as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening
bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

The Disintegration of Mr. Whitfield

By THOMAS L. MASSON

From Munsey's Magazine

MR. SIMEON WHITFIELD was a gentleman of high moral character and eminent respectability. Living in moderate circumstances, he was loved and respected by all who knew him.

One Saturday afternoon Mr. Whitfield was strolling along the street, when he paused for a moment in front of the office of a motor-car company, to admire the car he saw in the window.

It was a beautiful car. After Mr. Whitfield had enjoyed the sight long enough, he stepped to the opposite window, where another car—fully as beautiful, but somewhat smaller—was also exhibited.

"This would suit me better," murmured Mr. Whitfield to himself. "Easier to manage."

At this instant the manager of the company chanced to stroll out to the door. With an eye open for business, he saw Mr. Whitfield—well-dressed and respectable-looking—standing looking at the smaller car.

"Won't you come in," he said politely, "and look around?"

"Thank you," replied Mr. Whitfield, almost ashamed to be caught looking at the property of some one else, "I was just admiring that automobile. No intention of buying one."

"That doesn't make the slightest difference," said the manager. "I take a genuine pleasure in showing my cars to any one, no matter whether he buys or not. I think you might be interested to see the chassis."

Thus urged, and having on hand

nothing of importance, Mr. Whitfield stepped inside. In a moment the manager was explaining the simplicity of this particular car. Mr. Whitfield became absorbed in the story.

Suddenly the manager called:

"Billy, is that demonstrating car in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good!" The manager turned to Mr. Whitfield. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," he said. "I want you to take a turn in our car; then you will see what it can do. Billy, take this gentleman out around town. Take him up one or two steep hills, just to show him how we are put together."

"But," protested Mr. Whitfield, "I have no intention of buying. I was merely looking around," he added weakly, as if to explain himself.

"That is not of the slightest consequence. Jump right in. Billy, take him anywhere he wants to go."

It was a beautiful day. Mr. Whitfield lay back luxuriously in the perfectly appointed car, and drank in the balmy air. He didn't remember when he had experienced such keen delight.

They were gone for an hour. When they came back, Mr. Whitfield again protested that he wasn't thinking of buying a car. The manager waved him off.

"That's all right," he replied. "You may change our mind any moment. When you do, you will think of us. If you have a friend who is thinking of it, you will tell him of your ride.

"Thank you for permitting us to show you what we can do."

The whole affair made a subtle and indefinable impression on Mr. Whitfield. He didn't know it at the time, of course; but it was there just the same.

On the following Saturday he once more strolled through the automobile district. This time he stood in front of another office. Then he ventured in.

This manager was even more pleasant than the first one.

"I'm not thinking of buying," said Mr. Whitfield. "I just came in to look around."

"That's all right. I want you to see how this car works. Jim, get out the demonstrating-car. Oh, there she is now! Step right in, sir. Jim will take you anywhere you want to go. If you have a favorite hill, just try it in our car. Give him a good ride, Jim."

Mr. Whitfield again sank back, alive to the pleasure. For the first time in his life, he was getting something for nothing. And it seemed so easy. All he had to do was to present himself, to look doubtful, and there was the hearty invitation.

The best of it was that there was no obligation. He might buy a car some day, of course. He might influence a friend. In this case, he ought to know what was the best car; and how could he find out unless he tried? With these subtle sophistries Mr. Whitfield eased his conscience.

The next Saturday he presented himself at the office of a third automobile shop. He was rapidly becoming an expert. He simulated perfectly the air of hesitation which a man would naturally feel if he had determined to buy a car, and yet hadn't made up his mind which one he wanted.

"Would you like to go through the park?" asked the chauffeur.

"Not to-day," replied Whitfield almost giving himself away, until it occurred to him that the chauffeur might easily think he had a lot of cars at

home, was accustomed to ride most of the time, and was just trying this one to add to his collection. After all, wasn't it better to convey an impression like that? It was easier. Besides, Mr. Whitfield began to look ahead. He had a list of all the automobile offices. In a short time he would have been everywhere in the vicinity, so that he must begin to discriminate.

"Run her up along the river," he said in an authoritative voice.

It was colder to-day, and Mr. Whitfield look rather enviously at the chauffeur, who had on a fur coat. It occurred to him that he ought to get one—that is, if this was to be the regular thing with him. But the expense! He hated to think of it.

The following Saturday it was still colder, as Mr. Whitfield—glibly now, for he was rapidly becoming an expert—engaged a fourth manager in conversation. But when that gentleman in the usual manner suggested that he should take a spin in their new car. "fresh from the factory," Mr. Whitfield looked dubiously outside.

"I'll stroll around some warmer day," he said.

"Don't let that make the slightest difference," said the manager, going to the wardrobe and pulling out a magnificent coon-skin. "Just slip this coat of mine on over yours."

Could any thing be more delightful? It seemed to Mr. Whitfield almost like fairy-land. He had only to present himself at a new place every Saturday. Everything was provided for him. He found that by tipping the chauffeur—although he hated to spend the money—he could go anywhere he pleased.

He began to get ambitious. Where an hour's ride satisfied him at first, it was now two. And he would ride in nothing under a forty-horse-power. He preferred a six-cylinder. The best was none too good for him.

It was only a question as to how long the different makes would hold out. But as new ones were coming

THE DISINTEGRATION OF MR. WHITFIELD

into the market all the time, and as the old ones were enough to last him several years, with economy, there was no immediate cause for worry.

And then the end came—gradually but surely.

Mr. Whitfield began to stop going to church. His family protested, but it was no use. He found that half the time he could make dates ahead to go riding on Sunday afternoons. He usually explained, in making these arrangements, that he was in a Wall Street pool, which kept him busy all the week. He had, indeed, become an expert liar.

There was no trick, no subtlety, no prevarication, that Mr. Whitfield did not acquire skill in using. The habit grew, and with it came others. He took up smoking. He began to drink.

One day the head of his firm sent for him.

"Sorry, Whitfield, but you are no longer useful to us."

Mrs. Whitfield was obliged to take in boarders. In the meantime her husband, having become known to all the trade, and his clothes getting shabby, was promptly ordered out of every garage. He ran away, became a tramp, and when last heard of was beating his way to San Francisco on the Overland Limited Freight.

MORAL.

Now, all ye would-be motormen, who haven't got the price,
Be not beguiled by managers with invitations nice.
Their business 'tis to demonstrate their cars by rides and talk ;
Your business 'tis to demonstrate your character, and walk !

Health and Memory

Physical health is a powerful factor in regard to the memory. An invalid, or one who is physically or mentally weary naturally cannot give concentrated attention to or exhibit a lively interest in things generally, and especially in unattractive matters. The effort necessary under such conditions to acquire knowledge or experience, and to retain what is acquired, not only makes the task exceedingly irksome, but infinitely tiring, and is for these reasons largely work thrown away. Most of us have seen this in our own experience. Whoever desires to cultivate or strengthen his memory should, therefore, as a serious part of the work, pay attention to his health, and by every sensible means endeavor to gain and retain physical vigor.

—*Success Ladder*

Imagination in Business

By LORIN F. DELAND

From the Atlantic Monthly

IMAGINATION, is the ability, upon seeing any object, to construct around that object its probable or possible environment; thus apprehending any force, to realize what produced it, and what it will produce. The man of imagination writes a drama. His dramatic instinct apprehends the power of contrasts; he constructs a plot; he realizes what each person will do, and why he will do it. His characters take possession of his will; they act out their author's own destroy often against their author's own desire. He relates it all together.

Let me say here, in passing, that I shall not introduce into this article any suppositious occurrences; each illustration is an actual fact, either in my experience, or of which I have been cognizant. And one other point: it is difficult at times to draw the line between imagination and sagacity. Starting in sagacity, a man's action often proceeds by imagination. The two become blended. Perhaps it is not too much to claim that, as sagacity emerges from the present, the existing, and the seen, into the future, the unborn, and the unapprehended, it becomes imagination.

Let me tell the story of two boot-blacks. We can scarcely go lower in the business scale. These two boys, of about the same age, I found standing, one Saturday afternoon, on opposite sides of a crowded thoroughfare in Springfield. So far as could be judged, there was no preference between the different sides of the street, for an equally large crowd seemed to

be moving on both sides. The boot-blacks had no regular stand, but each had his box slung over his shoulder, and standing on the curbstone, solicited the passers-by to stop and have a shine. Each boy had one "call," or method of solicitation, which he repeated at regular intervals. The two solicitations were entirely different, but each was composed of four words. They never varied them. Yet one of these boys, by the peculiar wording of his solicitation, secured twice as much business as the other, so far as one could judge, and I watched them for a long time.

The cry of the first boy was, "Shine your boots here!" It announced the simple fact that he was prepared to shine their boots. The cry of the second boy was, "Get your Sunday shine!" It was then Saturday afternoon, and the hour was four o'clock. This second boy employed imagination. He related one attraction to another; he joined facts together; his four simple words told all that the first boy said, and a great deal more. It conveyed the information, not simply that he was there to shine shoes, but that to-morrow was Sunday; that from present appearances it was likely to be a pleasant day; that he, as a bootblack, realized they would need an extra good shine; and, somehow, the sentence had in it a gentle reminder that the persons on whose ears it fell had heretofore overlooked the fact that the next day was the Sabbath, and that any self-respecting Christian would wish his shoes shined before he repaired to the sanctuary.

IMAGINATION IN BUSINESS

Perhaps it was merely good luck that this boy secured twice the business of the other, but I have seen too many of such experiences to think of them as accidental.

Take another case, not in my own experience, but which happened to Heinemann, the European publisher. He once noticed two peddlers standing side by side, selling toy dolls. One of them had a queer, fat-faced doll, which he was pushing into the faces of the passers-by, giving it the name of a well-known woman reformer, then prominently before the public. His dolls were selling rapidly, while the man beside him, had a really more attractive doll, was doing comparatively little business. A thought occurred to Heinemann, and he tried an experiment. Calling the second peddler to one side, "My friend," he said, "do you want to know how to sell twice as many of these dolls as you are selling now? Hold them up in pairs, two together in each hand, and cry them as 'The Heavenly Twins.'" The toy-vendor somewhat grudgingly followed his advice. It was at a time when Sarah Grand's famous novel was at the height of its popularity, and the title of the book was on every one's tongue. Perhaps it was merely another case of good luck, but the Heavenly Twins dolls were an instantaneous success, and within one hour the vender of the woman-reformer dolls gave up the fight, acknowledged himself beaten, and moved five blocks down the street to escape the ruinous competition.

Another weakness in human nature is the inability to throw away an element of value even though it cannot be utilized. Many years ago a firm of large retailers of Oriental rugs in this country, the representative of leading houses in Smyrna and Constantinople, found itself overloaded with goods. The situation was critical, unless a certain part of their stock could be turned over at once. The firm had but one proposition to make: namely, a great sacrifice sale of its smaller sizes of rugs, with a reduction in

price of from fifty to sixty per cent., to ensure the movement of at least a thousand rugs, at retail, within one week. An average price on small Oriental rugs—take them as they come—would be \$30 to \$35. This called for an average loss of profit on each rug of from \$15 to \$20. But just here imagination was applied, and another course was recommended and adopted, which was based upon the inability of the average person voluntarily to throw away an element of value.

A test was to be made for six days. Of course, the firm was willing to pay something for such information, and so in each paper there was printed a facsimile of a one-dollar bill, made out in the name of the firm, and good during the next six days, to the extent of one dollar, on the purchase of any Oriental rug at their establishment. The imitation one-dollar note was somewhat crude, but in size and general appearance it suggested a dollar bill, and results showed that it was difficult for many persons to regard it in any other light. At least, they found it as hard to let it go unused, as if it had been indeed a genuine dollar. To all intents and purposes it was a one-dollar bill, provided it was spent at a certain store during a certain limit of time, and for a certain article. It seems incredible now, for the experiment was not tried in a large city, yet within three days the volume of rugs sold amounted to the largest total yearly discount limit. The anticipation of one thousand rugs far exceeded in the performance, and the week ended with sales of sixteen hundred rugs.

Mark this fact! It was not the price. It never is. It was the reason for the price. If, instead of giving the buyer one dollar toward his purchase money, they had taken \$12 off the rug, there might have been sold, perhaps, two hundred of those rugs—scarcely more.

A leading organ manufactory found that by actual count they had, in the preceding fifty years, manufactured

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

and sold a larger number of organs than any other maker in the world. In other words, they held the world's record of sales, the number being 200,000. The problem was to determine how best to utilize the advantage contained in this fact. I suggested that they offer a prize for the best popular conception of the number 200,000; that they publish this offer widely throughout the country, which, in itself would call attention in an interesting way to the fact that they had manufactured 200,000 organs. They were then to take the fifty best conceptions of this large total, making an engraving to illustrate each one, and publish the whole in an attractive pamphlet, of which they should issue an edition large enough to make the cost of the book not to exceed one cent. It could be mailed for another cent, so that they could supply them to the public, at a cost of two cents; or, in other words, any one enclosing a two-cent stamp in a letter would receive the book by mail; and if a large number of these books could be distributed, it would be substantially free advertising, for it would be advertising which involved no expenditure beyond the sending away of the books. It was found that an edition of 100,000 copies would have to be printed to bring the cost to this low limit.

Four months later, in discussing another matter, they referred to the failure of their efforts to dispose of the book, and their chagrin at finding so large an edition on their hands, which they could not use. It appeared on further conversation, that to dispose of them they had advertised them once in the *Youth's Companion*, a paper which at that time had a circulation of over 400,000 copies. They showed me the advertisement. It measured six inches, single column and in good plain type, announced that a book entitled "How Large is 200,000?" had been prepared, with over fifty illustrations, finely printed, making an attractive volume of forty-eight pages, which would be

sent free on receipt of a 2-cent stamp. In all the time which had elapsed since that advertisement had appeared, they had received 788 replies, and, consequently, an edition of 99,212 books was still upon their hands. The man who was responsible for this operation felt his humiliation, but nevertheless he believed that he could get rid of those books, by an advertisement in the same paper, inserted once only, and in a smaller space—virtually a mere repetition of the previous offer.

Accordingly, another advertisement appeared. At the top were the words, "PRIZE REBUS." Under this heading there was a simple rebus, one of the old-fashioned kind so dear to the 'regular subscriber,' although this particular puzzle was so easy of solution that any person of ordinary intelligence could not fail to work it out in a reasonable time. Under the rebus was the offer, which was to the effect that the books had been prepared, that a certain edition had been printed, that no more would be thereafter printed, and that the books would not be distributed thereafter upon request, but would be given as prizes to any one who could solve the rebus there given. Of course the rebus, being exceedingly simple, would be readily solved; it then entitled its interpreter to a book, and we find ourselves at once back on the old ground of a person entitled to an advantage, and and called upon to choose whether he will avail himself of that advantage by a very slight expenditure or sacrifice the advantage with no expenditure. The advertisement was inserted once, and nothing further was heard from the organ company for a time. Then came a letter saying, "Where is this thing going to end? We have sent out 23,000 books on that one advertisement up to last Saturday night. We have now a force of five women employed in opening letters and mailing books. Had we not better prepare another edition?"

So it went on for ten weeks more.

finally breaking all known records for the number of replies from any single advertisement.

Now, what was the defect in the first offer? It employed no imagination. It did not reckon with human nature. Or rather, it went directly contrary to a law of human nature. There is a belief, deep-seated in the human mind, that the thing which you can get for nothing is worth nothing. The public very properly accepted this book at its publisher's own appraisal; he offered it for nothing, therefore it was worth nothing.

It must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the reason for the price. This is one of the backbone truths of merchandising, and when once a seller gets a firm hold of this fact, and is able to apply it in its highest efficiency, he can almost devastate the trade. I have seen on more than one occasion the delight with which a retail advertiser first clearly grasps this idea. We can detect something of it in one of the illustrations just used; but now what is the reason which underlies this law? Is it not this: that the argument for the price is the imaginative part of the transaction; the price itself is absolutely unimaginative.

Approach the whole question from another standpoint. Perhaps there is no better index of the value of imagination in business than the immense importance which attaches to the selection of a name for any article. To describe an article in an imaginative vein is to sell it at once to many persons; merely to give it a good name is to sell it to a few. So important is this matter held to be by those who have successfully grasped the value of imagination in business, that it has been used for not less an object than the stifling of competition. Let us assume that to-morrow you decide to embark in the business of manufacturing a toilet soap, to compete with some of the well-known makers. It is important that it should have a significant or attractive name. That

is a first consideration. But, right at the outset, you discover that it is almost impossible to secure any satisfactory name for a new soap. Its color, transparency, and clearness suggest the title of "amber soap." Yes, surely "amber soap" does have an attractive sound. But you cannot use the word "amber" for you find that this is one of a list of twenty-four possible names for a toilet soap, pre-empted by registration as a protectionary measure, years ago, by one of the leading American soap-makers. They have covered over one hundred names in the past quarter of a century.

If an establishment like this, directed by some of the ablest heads in the business world, believes that it can discourage competition by simply depriving the would-be competitor of the appeal to the imagination in the naming of his soap, how great a value must we attach to imagination in business!

More striking instances of this endeavor to intercept competition may be found by a perusal of the trade-names and trade-marks registered in Great Britain. Ten years ago there were only 27,000 trade names registered in the United States as against 182,000 registered in England. The English, from whom we have borrowed the idea of protection by registration, take most of our American names that have any originality or value, if the owner for any reason has left them unregistered at the expiration of the six months during which the trade-name is protected for filing in Great Britain. English manufacturers have gone to the extent of protecting themselves, not merely in their own line of goods, but in all lines of manufacture, thereby preventing their trade-name from becoming commonplace by its repeated use. Thus the word "Sunlight" has been registered by its owners, not merely as the name of a soap, but for practically every article of household use to which the name could be applied.



AMATEUR PLAYERS OF TORONTO

Mr. T. W. Lawson Mr. Douglas Kelly Mr. Eric T. Owen
Miss Christabel Robinson Miss Elsie U. Maclean Mr. J. Beverley Robinson

This company, presenting George Bernard Shaw's play, "Candida," won the Earl Grey Dramatic Competition, 1909. Mr. and Miss Robinson are children of the late Christopher Robinson, the eminent lawyer, and grandchildren of Sir John Beverley Robinson. Miss Maclean is a Scottish visitor to Canada, the daughter of the Maclean of Pennycross.

A Unique Dramatic Tournament

By W. S. MOORE

ALL human beings have a natural craving for the acted drama.

They believe, as did Ben Johnson, that life itself is like a play, and agree with Bulwer Lytton in his observation that "Plays are the mirror of life." Music and the drama have aroused widespread interest in Canada, for, in her nine provinces, there are 2,000 theatres, concert halls and places of public entertainment. Implanted in every healthy nature is a desire to act, to dance, to portray, to impersonate. To give expression to this feeling and in order that there might be a friendly rivalry among representatives from different parts of the Dominion, His Excellency Earl Grey, a few years ago decided to inaugurate musical and dramatic competitions, and offered suitable trophies

therefor, the contests being open to all amateur companies in Canada and Newfoundland.

His generous and commendable action in this respect, it is said, grew out of a visit to Newfoundland. In the City of St. John's the Governor-General listened with so much pleasure to the splendid production of an orchestra composed principally of boys, that the idea occurred to him of starting some movement whereby these players could be brought in contact with various organizations in Canada. He believed it would result in the development of a broader and more patriotic spirit, tend to a better understanding and appreciation of art, and evoke more sympathy and interest generally in the cultivation of what is best in the world of music.

A UNIQUE DRAMATIC TOURNAMENT

Shortly after, he announced his intention of holding each year a competition and presenting trophies to the best amateur musical and dramatic organizations.

The first two competitions were held in Ottawa, the third in Montreal and the one next year will take place in Toronto. Each succeeding year the interest has increased and the number and efficiency of competing companies have steadily grown. In 1907 the dramatic trophy was first won by the Winnipeg Dramatic Club; in 1908 by the Thespian Club, of Ottawa, and this season by the Amateur Players, of Toronto. The first musical trophy was captured by the Quebec Orchestral Society, while the second and third went to the orchestra of the Canadian Conservatory of Music, Ottawa.

Two years ago Miss Margaret Anglin, the celebrated Canadian actress, decided to offer a handsome gold bracelet annually for the best lady actress. This was awarded in 1908 to Mrs. Edgar, of Ottawa, and this year to Mlle. Marguerite Jancy, of Montreal, who, in private life, is Miss Anne Ethier. She took the part of Lionnette in "La Princesse de Bagdad," by Alex. Dumas, Jr., a comedy-drama presented by the St. Henri Literary Society. A competent critic, speaking of Mlle. Jancy, says: "Her interpretation of an exacting role was admirable and aroused much favorable comment, round after round of applause greeting her delivery of important speeches. She handled her big scenes with the skill of one who received excellent training and her manner, as well as her delivery, were both admirable."

It is interesting to note that the mother of Miss Anglin, who gave the bracelet won by Mlle. Jancy, was a member of the company that captured the prize donated by Lord and Lady Dufferin for amateur theatrical competition in Canada over thirty years ago.

This year sixteen entries were received for the dramatic competition.

Of this number, seven were cancelled after trial performances had been given in Ottawa and Montreal before judges appointed by the committee, thus reducing the companies to the maximum number that could be accommodated during the week. Last year there were nine entries altogether.

The regulations have from time to time been altered and one stipulation this season was that the length of



JOHN CORBIN

The New York dramatic critic and playwright, who was judge in the dramatic competition.

each dramatic production should not be less than one hour or more than an hour and a half, that the maximum number of players in each company should be confined to 100, and that the minimum number of speaking parts should be six,

No performer who, within the past five years, has lived by the profession of the drama, is eligible to compete. A professional stage manager, may, however, be employed.

The first year the trophy was won by a company composed of some fourteen members, there being about four speaking parts. The production last-

ed forty minutes. The judge decided that it would be advisable in future for each organization to have a leading man and leading lady. The next year the prize went to a company of only three members, and their play was presented in about thirty-one minutes. It was thought three did not constitute a company in the fullest meaning of the term and that a presentation should be longer than the time taken for an ordinary act in a professional drama or comedy. Accordingly more changes were made in the conditions governing competing companies, as it is only through a process of experiment and varied experiences, that perfection is attained, and the best results brought out in all undertakings. In all probability further amendments will, like the constitution and by-laws of other organizations, have to be made to meet circumstances and needs, which may arise.

The judge in this year's competition, Mr. John Corbin, of New York, made some timely suggestions, and other recommendations have been offered by those who took part in the proceedings. All difficulties and vexatious will, doubtless, be overcome, as well as other weaknesses and shortcomings that time (and talent) may reveal. The basis of judging is interesting. Twenty points are allowed for excellence of the company in acting together as a unit, or, in other words, for ensemble; 10 points for individual excellence, apart from acting, which includes dress and make-up, and 20 points for "individual excellence in acting," including grace or ease of carriage and manner, diction, the promptness of entrances and exits, and the picking up of cues.

A rule, unless it is adhered to, is not of much use and it is contended that the executive should see that all regulations are carried out in letter and spirit, by both the judge and the companies. It seems unfair, for instance, that some companies, which appear first in the evening, should have all the afternoon for the setting and ar-

rangement of the stage, while a company, that follows, does not, in many cases, have as many minutes as its predecessor had hours. The second company has to make all changes and an original setting of scenery, while the audience is waiting; and any theatre-goer knows that patrons will not sit contentedly for more than ten or fifteen minutes at the most. The company playing second would thus appear to be handicapped at the outset, as it has to abide by the same regulations with respect to time, marks, dress, make-up and other qualities on which judging is based.

It is suggested, too, that a judge, instead of being a dramatic critic and playwright, as was the case this year, should be a former actor, one who has had a varied and extended experience behind the footlights. It is further contended—and no reflection is implied on the conscientious work of past judges—that the most competent and thoroughly equipped official would be one who has been a professional actor, as well as a playwright, as he would appraise the productions not only from the quality of their literary finish and style, but also from the actors' viewpoint, conception and possibilities.

The recent competition also showed that Canadian dramatists are not taking advantage of their opportunities and that native talent, which is often as good as that abroad, is not being exploited to the extent that it should be. Other recommendations, made by the press and competent critics, are that every competing organization should engage a capable stage manager; that short plays are preferable to very long ones that have to elide one or two acts to come within the time limit, and the plays chosen for production should be those having several speaking parts of equal or nearly equal importance. Of course, there should be a leading man and a leading lady, but the support rendered them should involve some responsible parts or, in other words, the company should be evenly divided in the mat-

A UNIQUE DRAMATIC TOURNAMENT

ter of work as far as possible. Careless, thoughtless, amateur efforts will not answer.

No doubt some of the suggestions made, as well as others that develop, will be taken into consideration next year. It is worthy of note that, contrary to statements made in the press, the company which carried off the prize in this year's competition, had very little previous amateur experience. The members of the Amateur Players of Toronto determined last fall to get up a production—merely for their own amusement and to while away pleasantly the long winter evenings. They decided to put on a play which would require only a small cast, and selected "Candida," by Geo. Bernard Shaw. One critic says that, to successfully produce this comedy every individual must be a player of some experience, and that the Amateur Players all evidently had that experience.

As a matter of fact only two members of the organization have had any experience worth speaking of. "Candida" was first given privately before a few friends, who thought well of the performance and urged the players to enter the Earl Grey competition. The company employed no stage manager, and coached themselves entirely. The judge, in an eulogistic reference, says "As a whole, the acting was on the highest plane of art, excelling, in my opinion, that of the New York production of the play. To find flaws here criticism is obliged to verge on hypercriticism." The Marchbanks of Mr. Owen was far more truly psychological and temperamental than that of Mr. Aruold Daly, and was quite adequate to one of the most difficult parts in the modern drama."

The closest rivals to the winners were the amateurs of La Conservatoire La Salle, Montreal, who gave a remarkably fine performance and clever interpretation of Moliere's comedy "La Precieuses Ridicules."

In his general report, Mr. Corbin says: "The majority of the plays were better than any amateur acting in my

experience, while "Les Precieuses Ridicules" and "Candida" were excellent in any comparison. It seems obvious to me, therefore, that the competition is of the utmost value, not only to the performers, but to the public at large. In time it must be recognized generally as an important and a vital element in the cultured life of the Canadian cities.

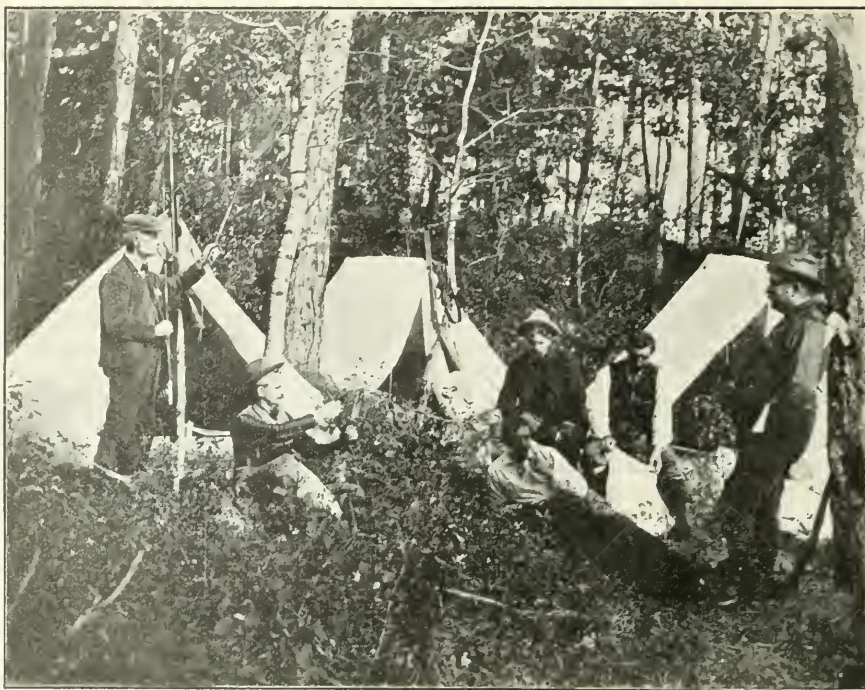


DONALD HEINS

Principal Canadian Conservatory of Music,
Ottawa, whose orchestra won the
musical trophy.

The chairman of the permanent executive committee of the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition is Sir John Hanbury-Williams, Military Secretary to His Excellency. Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, is honorary secretary.

The hope is expressed that the competition, which will be held in Toronto next year, will witness, among the entries, some dramatic clubs from the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.



53 A Fisherman's Camp [in Northern Wilds]

Canada, Summer Playground of America

By W. G. FANSHAW

THE rural resident is getting ready for the summer boarder and the summer boarder in turn is getting ready for the rural resident. The latter is mowing the lawn, painting the verandah, trimming the trees, overhauling the boats, putting new seats on the capacious arm chairs and giving the big democrat wagon a fresh coat of varnish. The summer boarder is thinking of where he will go this season for a holiday, wondering whether he can stand the same spot again, and asking himself if the landlord overcharged him last year, or whether he could not get richer cream, riper apples, newer eggs, more luscious berries, better fishing, and a more beautiful outlook from a pic-

turesque and financial standpoint some place else. Then, there is the question of associations and the associates. He thinks it all over, and, after calm reflection, decides that he will try another hotel or boarding house. Distant fields appear green, the valley beyond seems more inviting—and accordingly a change is agreed upon.

There are two things which give the tourist traffic of Canada its present large and steadily growing proportions. The first is improved transportation facilities and better hotels, along with the fact that the great majority of people are now firmly convinced that money and time spent on a holiday or vacation at some distant point are well invested and bring pro-

CANADA, THE SUMMER PLAYGROUND OF AMERICA

fitable returns physically and mentally. The second reason is that all persons like to shift. They believe that change is the law of life. They want to see as much of Canada's majestic landscapes and lovely waterways as their purse and everyday pursuits will permit.

Each of the nine provinces in the Dominion presents peculiar attractions and quaint charms. The railways and navigation companies issue an abundance of neatly printed and superbly illustrated folders which are scattered over the country from Halifax to Vancouver and from Maine to California, while the ticket agents in every city and town are obliging, thoughtful and well-informed with respect to roads, routes and rates. They are veritable storehouses of facts and figures. Thousands of persons depend solely on the advice of the ticket or tourist agent, who cheerfully furnishes them with all the data that they desire.

The number of questions the average ticket seller or his clerks have to

answer, the amount of knowledge geographical, climatic, piscatorial and otherwise, which they are supposed to possess, would stagger the ordinary man who, if asked the hotel rates in his own town or how far it is located from Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, Halifax or Quebec, would not be able to tell. A ticket agent must be a compendium of knowledge, a handbook of routes, an authority on rates, and a railway hotel directory, all in one. He must know the exact distance, the time of arrival and departure of trains, alternative lines, the sights to be seen on the way and at the destination, and a score of other things. He has little or no time to consult reference literature, for it is a busy season for him, and his office is filled with persons anxious to secure his advice and assistance.

How is he made familiar with all these details? Principally by the traveling passenger representatives of the various transportation lines, who call upon him several times during the year and ask him to include their lines



An Early Morning Start



A Hard Paddle Against the Stream

in his railway rate sheets, so that he can issue direct tickets to travelers good over their routes. Transportation companies, where their roads do not touch competitive points, thus reciprocate or interchange. Each lists the other in their rate sheets. Even where an opposition road runs to the same destination as his own, if a traveler insists upon it, the agent will make him out a ticket over a rival route..

The ticket often takes a wayfarer over half a dozen roads. While the strip of cardboard or colored paper may appear almost as long as the journey itself, every section serves a purpose. The coupon that belongs to each line, is torn off or lifted by the conductor and is forwarded to the audit office of his company. It is a voucher, and, on presentation to the issuing road, settlement is made with the company for the transportation granted in response to the reading on the coupon. Thus the respective lines get their just share for the portion of

a trip executed by them on their cars or boats. A ticket agent in California or Florida issues a slip good over several lines and saves a traveler the inconvenience and annoyance of purchasing a ticket at different points or junctions en route. The system is a wonderfully perfect one and works smoothly and satisfactorily.

Railways and steamboat companies spend thousands of dollars in advertising countries, districts and towns. Of course, they do it primarily to make money for themselves, but many localities, which have never expended a dollar to make their own advantages and beauties known, reap the benefit. Places that would never be heard of beyond a limited local area are world famous through the agency of the railways, and yet, in some instances, have not sufficient local pride to keep their streets clean, provide suitable hotel and boarding house accommodation and afford other facilities which the stranger naturally expects.

CANADA, THE SUMMER PLAYGROUND OF AMERICA

All Canada has been richly dowered by nature; yet how many communities of their own accord, have evinced any enterprise in seeking to deserve the patronage bestowed upon them by holiday seekers and travelers. Many have not expended a dollar and yet they give the railway companies little or no credit for making their charms and resources known to the great outside world. There is a big profit in the tourist trade. Summer visitors are generally persons who have money to spend. They are not parsimonious if they receive fair value and are accorded some measure of attention, but if any centre wishes to reap the fullest harvest from this profitable traffic there must be some little spirit of give and take manifested.

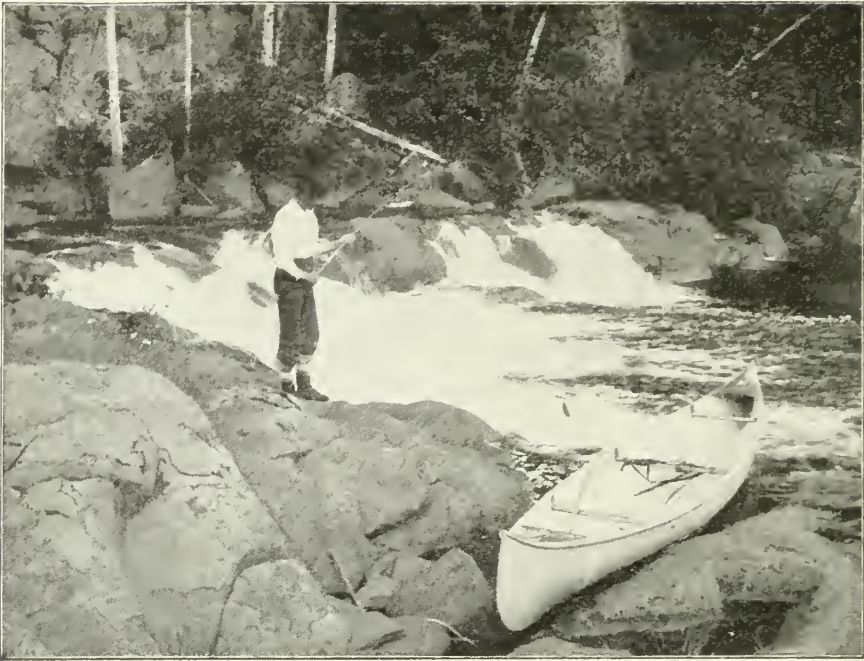
Roughly speaking, there were forty-five million passengers carried on the twenty-five thousand miles of Canadian railways last year. What number were pursuers of pleasure it is impossible to tell, but, so far as can be learned from the various transportation companies, probably a million tourists from the United States come

to Canada annually in search of health, rest and recreation. It is estimated that over a quarter of a million roam New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, while another quarter of a million visit the Pacific coast and the far-famed Rockies. Fully half a million come to Ontario and Quebec.

The liveliest months are in June, July and August, when railway coaches and steamers are crowded to their fullest capacity if times are good and money plentiful. If business conditions are stagnant and commercial depression exists the falling off in the tourist trade is enormous. People either postpone their annual outing until a more favorable occasion or else take shorter trips. The traffic last year was dull, but this season, with the return of prosperity and the freer circulation of money the outlook is most encouraging. The different resorts and hotels throughout the Dominion are preparing for a record summer and the number of inquiries from all over the continent is large.



A Typical Canadian Water Fall



A Likely Spot

For Ontario and a large portion of Quebec, Toronto is the great distributing centre. Nearly all of the half-million American vacation seekers in these two provinces pass through the capital of Ontario every summer on their way to Muskoka, the Upper Lakes, New Ontario, the St. Lawrence river and Gulf. Of this number between three and four hundred thousand travelers are brought to Toronto every summer across Lake Ontario by boat. The exodus alone to Muskoka is fully fifty thousand people, one-quarter of whom are visitors from the other side of the line. In the great Muskoka district, fittingly termed the Highlands of Ontario, there are over 1,000 cottages and scores of first-class hotels. Over 50,000 passengers are carried every season by boat down the famous St. Lawrence river through the beautiful Thousand Islands to Montreal, on to the historic City of Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadousac and the picturesque Saguenay river. About seven-

eights of this large traffic is composed of visitors from across the border. Other Americans who come to Toronto take rail for points on Lake Huron and wend their way by the upper lake steamers to Manitoulin Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur or Fort William, and the Rainy River district. Still others make their way to Cobalt, Haileybury, New Liskeard, and the famous Temagami district.

The splendid stretch of waters known as the Kawartha Lakes, and the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay also claim a fair share of American tourist traffic.

The holiday spirit is encouraged not only by Canadian transportation companies, but also by various educational and business organizations. The employees of many commercial concerns hold an annual excursion to some objective spot; the Y.M.C.A. has a flourishing boys' camp on the shores of Lake Couchiching, and the Upper Canada College students have a permanent resort on Lake Temagami.

CANADA, THE SUMMER PLAYGROUND OF AMERICA

Canadians appreciate a vacation. On every public holiday and every Saturday afternoon during the heated term the number who leave the crowded city centres for week-end jaunts taxes all boat and rail lines to their utmost. Taking Toronto as a fair example, there is a wide choice of routes. There are twenty-three excursion steamers plying from Toronto to near points and their combined capacity is 20,147 passengers. Some idea of the travel by rail may be gained from the fact that, during a recent holiday period, when single rates prevailed, the number of persons who passed through the Union Station was 75,000, and this is not an unusual experience.

To St. John, Yarmouth and Halifax, in the east, thousands of American tourists are brought by boat every summer, from Boston, Portland and New York. On the west coast of Canada lines of steamers ply between Seattle and Victoria and the business in the warm months is heavy.

The pure air of Canadian summer resorts drives away all malaria, asthma and hay fever. That is why so

many thousands of Americans flock to the watering places and sylvan retreats, which every province affords. To cover the whole range of recreation grounds and specialize on their grandeur and charms, the fishing facilities, the hunting paradises, the bathing conveniences, the carriage drives and canoe trips would require volumes, and then the half would not be told. All that can be done is to give a general indication of the principal points, their height above the sea level and the average temperature for the three vacation months—June, July and August.

The higher the altitude the less depressing, of course, is the heat, and the less dense and humid the atmosphere. Persons suffering from lung trouble should spend their holidays on the more exalted spots. For those, who desire a more even temperature the year round, the lake or sea shore is preferable, as water tends to equalize temperature.

The following table should prove of interest.



Down Shadow River

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Place	Elevation.	Average Temperature.			Extremes.	
		June.	July.	August.	Highest during summer months.	Lowest
Vancouver	136	52	63	60	92	36
Nelson	1760	60	67	64	94	34
Edmonton	2158	57	61	59	94	25
Victoria	85	57	60	60	90	36
Banff	4542	51	56	55	91	25
Kamloops	1245	64	68	68	102	35
Calgary	3389	56	60	59	95	26
Dawson City	1200	58	60	55	95	26
Port Simpson	26	54	57	57	88	31
Prince Albert	1432	58	62	59	96	22
Regina	1885	59	64	62	106	23
Winnipeg	760	62	66	64	103	21
Port Arthur	644	56	62	60	95	21
Southampton	656	61	66	65	96	32
Parry Sound	635	61	66	64	95	31
Port Stanley	592	64	69	67	90	32
Toronto	350	64	69	67	99	28
Kingston	285	63	68	67	92	34
Ottawa	294	65	70	66	98	36
Gravenhurst	770	63	67	65	97	26
Bala	740	63	66	64	95	32
Jackson's Point	726	63	68	65
Montreal	187	65	69	67	94	38
Quebec	296	61	66	64	96	35
Father Point	20	53	58	56	88	28
St. John	70	56	61	63	89	35
Chatham, N.B.	21	60	66	64	98	30
Halifax	88	58	64	65	93	35
Yarmouth	65	55	61	61	84	30
Charlottetown	38	58	64	55	92	32
St. John's, Nfld.	125	51	60	60	87	29

The railways of Canada on May 1st each year reduce their rates to distant points and issue tourist tickets good to return until November 20th. These tickets differ from the ordinary ticket in that certain stop-over privileges are allowed. To encourage local traffic, from every large city week-end rates, which are good within a limited radius, are in effect from May 1st to October 31st. A return journey can be made for single fare plus ten cents, the tickets being good to leave on Saturday and return the following Monday. On all public holidays single rates return prevail, covering a period from four to six days.

The main question—the personal problem—around which a holiday centres, is the cost. The length of a sojourn must often be measured by the size of one's purse. For instance, should a person desire to visit the Pacific coast, Vancouver, Seattle or any other point in the extreme west, the rates are very low this season owing to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle. Tickets going any time from now up to the end of September and good to return until October 31st, with stop over privileges at all the principal cities en route, either in the United States or Canada can be purchased from Toronto for \$74.10. A first-class sleeper would

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cost each way \$17 or a tourist sleeper \$9. Not including hotel bill or meals, one may make the journey from Ontario to any point beyond the Rockies and enjoy berth both ways for \$100 or \$125. The different transportation companies, in view of the exceptionally favorable rate expect that many Easterners, who have never traversed the Prairie Provinces, will take advantage of the present inducements.

A return tourist ticket from Toronto to Halifax should one desire to see the country down by the sea, so full of historic interest, early struggle and the strange blending of the archaic with the modern—costs \$42.70 and a sleeper about \$6 each way.

One may take a boat ride from Toronto up the Great Lakes to Fort Wilian and Port Arthur and return for

\$36.10 including meals and berth, the outing occupying about a week. The expense for a continuous water voyage down the St. Lawrence to the Saguenay and return from Toronto is \$43.50 including meals and berth, the journey lasting about ten days including a stay of several hours in Montreal and a day in Quebec city.

A sail from Toronto to Montreal and back (meals and berth included) may be enjoyed for \$23.50. These rates apply individually, but, in the event of a party of ten or more going, a substantial reduction is secured. A round trip to Winnipeg costs \$50 and to Edmonton \$80. A traveller may go by boat one way if chooses for \$5 more. Many other figures might be given but an indication is furnished herein of the average outlay for a long or short jaunt.

When They Made Good

George Washington was commander-in chief of the army at the age of forty-three ; Cromwell entered upon his remarkable career at twenty-nine ; Napoleon conquered Italy before he was thirty ; Gladstone was a member of Parliament at twenty-three ; Macaulay began his literary career at twenty ; Columbus started out on his voyage of discovery at thirty-six ; Frederick the Great began the Thirty Years' War at the age of thirty, and Blackstone had finished his "Commentaries" before he was thirty-five.

A Migration of Half a Million

By AGNES C. LAUT

From the Century Magazine

IF half a million American settlers should suddenly pull up roots and migrate in a body to some foreign land the event would be heralded as one of the most epic movements of the century. Yet that is virtually what has happened, with little notice and less comment, in the last six years. In less than six years 388,000 American farmers have pulled up stakes in their native States and moved from Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Oregon, across the invisible line of the international boundary to free homesteads in the Canadian Northwest. Moreover, 100,000 Americans have gone north as investors, speculators, miners, lumbermen.

A railroad traffic manager and a customs officer both told me the same thing; very few of the American homesteaders came in with less than \$1,000 cash; many came in with capital ranging from \$3,000 to \$10,000. The capital brought in by the investing classes varies from the \$10,000,000 placed by the Morgan banking house in the Canadian Northern Railway to the \$200,000 and \$300,000 capital placed in actual cash by the land and lumber and fish companies. Average the American new-comer's capital at \$2,000, and the American invasion of Canada in the last six years represents in hard cash an investment of a billion dollars. From what I saw in a leisurely four months' tour of Canada—first by canoe, 1,500 miles among

the settlers of the frontier beyond the railroad, then by rail twice across the continent—I have no hesitation in saying that a billion dollar average is too small by half.

It used to be British Columbia's boast that she had timber resources to supply the whole world for a century. When one considers that British Columbia is one-half larger than the German Empire, and that most of her area is timbered with a heavy growth of gigantic Douglas fir and spruce, literally shutting out the daylight and crisscrossing one's trail in a veritable cheval-de-frise, the boast seemed to have good foundation in fact. So prodigal was the Pacific province of her timber resources that the Provincial Government used to lease out a square mile to any applicant for a mere nominal rent of something over a hundred dollars. Then, with a shock that was electric, the province awakened to a realization of what had happened. Virtually all the best timber limits had been leased and the leases sold at enormous profit to American lumber companies — \$2,000 leases in some cases for \$32,000, for \$90,000, for \$100,000, and this up in Queen Charlotte Islands, which used to be considered inaccessible. To-day one cannot lease a single square mile of timber in British Columbia. One must buy it from the American investor. Why? The Provincial Government says, because they are conserving natural resources. But the timber cruisers

tell a different story: because all the best limits are taken

Between the different ranges of the Rockies are wonderfully rich valleys—ranch, fruit, and coal lands. It need scarcely be told here that in every instance, from Cariboo and Cassiar to East and West Kootenay, the mines have been prospected, developed and operated by Americans. British and Canadian capital has come in second—I am sorry to say, as in Rossland and Slocan, sometimes to an aftermath of watered stock and wildcat schemes. What has happened with the mines is, to-day repeating itself with the ranch and fruit lands. One example will suffice—that of the Nechaco Valley, up at the headwaters of the Fraser River. Canadians are notoriously conservative. They will not invest one dollar till quite sure that two dollars will come back. The American will lightly risk his two dollars on the slimmest kind of chance of getting ten back. As long as there were prairie lands, Canadians did not consider the bunch-grass and ranch lands of the Rocky Mountain valleys worth having. They were hard to reach, too far away; so the government rated such lands as second and third rate, to be obtained for merely nominal homestead duties and dues that did not total more than fifty cents and \$2 an acre. As soon as two new transcontinental railways began to push westward, it became apparent that railroads would cross these valleys, and there was a rush to the far off bunch-grass valleys of squatters, whom Seattle and St. Paul and St. Louis companies had “grub-staked.” By the time the government surveyors had come on the scene and the land-office had wakened, the homesteaders had proved title and sold out to American companies for a few dollars an acre lands worth \$25. As far as I could learn, the operators in the Nechaco Valley were from St. Louis.

Now come on across the moun-

tains to the prairie, a level stretch of 1,500 miles. The first Canadian transcontinental railway was constructed about midway between the Saskatchewan and the boundary—that is, zigzagging north and south, one may call it half way, though it is nearer the south—and settlement followed along the line of it like iron filings sticking to a magnet. The Saskatchewan is the true watershed of the north, and down its broad roily current has swept from time immemorial ocean loads of silt, of humus, of forest covering from the Rockies, depositing such cargo of fertility along its banks as the Nile deposits over Egypt. The Canadian settler has always stuck to the line of the railroad like a burr. The American settler, as if obsessed, has always struck ahead of the railroad to the best lands, independent of where the road might be; and he has compelled it to come to him. Along the banks of the Saskatchewan for 800 miles from the Rockies is a deposit of fifteen feet of solid humus; and sure enough though the Saskatchewan is remote from the railroad except at three points, along its bank have settled American homesteaders—the very cream of American homesteaders—from Iowa, where scientific training for thirty years has virtually revolutionized agriculture.

Peace River plays the same part for the north that the Saskatchewan does for the middle north; only, in addition to arable lands, there are vast asphalt beds—asphalt enough to pave America. Do you know who is behind the railway charters connecting that north country with the outside world? A group of Wall Street men.

This has been a “panic year.” The “boom” in the Northwest land had collapsed before the panic, and the panic witnessed the complete subsidence of fevered speculation. Yet more American settlers came into the Canadian Northwest than ever before. Of 143,754 homesteaders in

the Canadian West 58,000 were American. Other countries sent fewer colonists during the panic year. The United States sent 5,000 more than in the preceding year. A migration of such proportion and persistence results from deeper causes than a hysterical stampede or a campaign of clever advertising. It results, indeed, from causes which the advertiser—immigration and railroad—does not like to hear mentioned, from the deepest economic causes, which the world has not realized, or, realizing, has not faced. Let us face the facts and state them plainly, whether we like them or not.

We are within sight of the end of free land. Of all the migrations over America's vast area, from Plymouth Rock and James River to the mountains, from the mountains to Ohio and Tennessee, from the Bloody Ground to the Mississippi, and from the Mississippi to Oregon and California, the last West has at last been reached. This is the last frontier to which the adventurous pioneer will ever trek in America. The great migration from East to West, which began with prehistoric Aryan ancestry, has at last come to an impasse. The West has met the East on the Pacific Coast.

Canoeing leisurely down the Saskatchewan among the very latest of the newly come homesteaders, it was a continual shock to find how little really excellent land remained for free homesteading. We have been told so often that Canada's wheat-lands extend right to the Athabasca and the Peace, and we have come to believe free homesteads, like the poor, we should always have with us. What is more, it has been proved with government statistics that Canada's unoccupied free lands extended up to the billions of acres.

The proofs are all right both as to climate and latitude, only the land isn't there. Canada's free lands extend to the Pole all right; only they are not farm lands. It is perfectly true that if you add up the long sunlight of the almost nightless Northern summer, it totals more hours than the sunlight farther south, and ripens wheat fast enough to escape early frost. Also the farther north wheat grows, the better it is, the whiter the bread made from it, owing to the long sunlight; and a soft California or Kansas winter wheat can be transformed into a spring No. 1 hard by growing it for a season or two in the North. Wheat grows on Peace River and on the Athabasca and kitchen gardens flourish round the fur posts of the Mackenzie; but the point is that when you go seventy miles north of the Saskatchewan, arable land exists only in small patches. The rest of the North Country is sand, muskeg, rock—nature's great fur preserve on this continent for all time to come.

This limits the remaining wheat area of the Canadian Northwest from the boundary on the south to a strip seventy miles or thereabouts north of the Saskatchewan, with a few additional patches on the Upper Fraser, sections, but only small sections, on the Peace, the Grand Prairie of Lesser Slave Lake. Coming down the Saskatchewan, what did we find? Settlers north of the Saskatchewan as far back as fifty miles. Between the Saskatchewan and the boundary the best lands have already been culled out, and are held at advance prices; and the remaining free lands were being taken up at the rate of a quarter of a million farms a person before the "panic year." As for the east end of the Saskatchewan, it is not a farming country at all.

The People Who Go to Plays

By HORACE G. HUTCHISON

From the Cornhill

A CERTAIN actor—something of a dramatic author also—informed me that he was lately at luncheon in a golf club not far from London, and heard one member with a long moustache (whereby he judged him to be a Guardsman) say to another, “By Jove, my dear fellow, went to the best play last night I ever saw in my life. Cleverest thing I ever saw, by Jove. Don’t know, I’m sure, whom it was by—forget exactly what it was all about—hardly remember the name of any of the actor Johnnies, don’t you know. But, by Jove, there was a little fellow in it, and he came on in armour, don’t you know. Deuced funny. You should go and see it.”

That was all he could tell in his most eloquent vein, to his friend, about the cleverest thing he had ever seen in his life. Is it not rather desperate for the unfortunate playwright who has to cater for a public composed of critics of this character? Just imagine the sentiments of this person of great moustachios and appreciation for little men in armour, if he was set down to watch a play by Ibsen. In all probability he would not even begin to understand what it was all about, and if he did understand it, it would not interest him. The typical attitude of his class towards a play with any thinking, any problem in it, was revealed to me by the remark of one of them coming from a performance of “Olive Lati-

mer’s Husband”: “What a gloomy day!” The remark had a truth in it; the piece is not a cheerful one. But it is not the remark that sums up the points, or that touches the main character of the piece. It is a play very far from perfect, but essentially it is a play that raises interesting questions. It “gives to think”; that is what is the matter with it according to the criticism which the utterance coming from the man of big moustaches typifies. That it affords Mrs. Patrick Campbell an opportunity for a splendid piece of acting is a fact which does make something of an appeal to him, but that is not enough in his eyes to save the play from gloom and his evening’s amusement from failure.

It may be said that the writer of plays has no business to concern himself with an audience of this character, that it does not count. The answer to that, however, is the simple and direct negative: it is not true. Emphatically, for the production of a play the audience does count. It is an integral part of the performance. It is herein that the playwright’s art differs from that of the painter or the novel-writer. To one or other of the two last, complaining of lack of public appreciation, the answer is ready: “Be true to yourself, do your best work, be indifferent to your public; after a time, if your work is good, your public will come to you.”

You may say this to them because there are means of showing pictures—to a limited public, it may be, but still to some section of the public—even if they are not popular, and of submitting to the general verdict a book, though, it may be, in a very small edition. But this is not the case with a play. If you cannot capture an audience, if (in the present condition of the English stage at least) a manager does not deem it likely that your play will have an audience, there is virtually no possibility of producing it at all. A painting is done when the canvas is covered according to the artist's intention, a book when sufficient sheets for the telling of the tale have been similarly filled, but a play can hardly be said to have existence, to draw the breath of life at all, until it is acted. That is the fact which makes all the difference between this art and others. There are a few societies which live for the purpose of giving this life to plays which would otherwise be stillborn, because they could not attract a greater public, but though they have done fine work in giving the opportunity of production to a few authors to whom it would otherwise have been denied, and in one striking instance at least to an author who has since achieved as much popular success as one of his kind can expect with reason, the playwright can hardly be called on to address himself to this small section alone. He has to gain some wider popularity or else confess himself something very like a failure, however fine, in literary and psychological qualities, his work may be. He has failed to hit an audience, and if the writer of plays intended to be acted fails in this he has failed in one, at least, of his chief aims. It is very well for Robert Browning to write himself down as "you maker of plays," but with all possible admiration for his genius, and full recognition of the fact that by some kind of tour de

force the effort has been made to place on the stage some of his passages, we feel that it is only by a little stretch of the meaning of words that we can allow him such a title as he claims, no doubt not very seriously. A maker of plays must make actors play them and audiences attend them.

And yet it would be rather desperate if we were to admit that our playwrights had to write entirely for the appreciators of "the little fellow in armour." Besides these, there is a great public which admires, above all else, the magnificent spectacle, and cares not how far the incidents and portrayed persons are remote from real life. The staginess of construction or of character does not trouble them at all. It was of a play of this species that one of its authors said to me in horror, "Whatever you do don't go and see it!" "Oh no," I said, "I will not, but we are going to send the servants." "Oh, yes," said he. "Do. It's a splendid piece of carpentering—the nails and glue sticking out all over it. They'll love it."

So they went, and they loved it, as he had said, and the next day I was dining with a financier of no little acuteness in the city, who was also a member of Parliament, if that is to be attributed to him as an added grace, and in course of the talk I heard him say to another of his kind, "I say, there's one play you must go and see. You mustn't miss that," and then he named that very thing of glue and nails and gaudy spectacle and remoteness from all that is akin to life. He loved as the servants loved, though in his own line he had much intelligence.

Now in this play there was no wit at all, nor an attempt at it. There was magnificence and murder and melodrama, and it is obvious that for a piece of this description there is a great audience. There is money in it, and the playwright who loves to boil the pot will set it humming

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with a production of the kind. He will not lack the audience, which is the true fire beneath the pot. Whether he will be proud of the quality of that audience is another story, perhaps one that will not trouble him. Perhaps the man who handles glue and nails in this fashion is not excessively particular. In any case he has his reward.

Undoubtedly there is this big audience for melodrama, as there is also for little fellows in armour, and, besides, there are good audiences for what is described as "the bright society piece." This is of the kind which affects a Gallic lightness in its treatment, is extremely clever, really "quite good," leaving us with the conviction that the author could do a good deal better, but that he has deliberately made up his mind that the public do not want his better, and he will therefore give them his worse. He is not to be blamed, in the sense that a painter or a novel-writer might be blamed for a like lowering of his art. The reason has been stated: a play must be produced. This is the kind of piece which will catch what is called society. It will appeal to the lover of the little fellow in armour on the one side, and will catch the financier and others who appreciate the melodrama splendors, but it will not do to send the servants to. It would not interest them. And it will hardly catch those who want a psychological study in a play; the more fastidious of this kind of audience it will disgust, though the less delicate will appreciate its brightness and its wit which does not go beneath the skin. It is just because it does not go too deep that its audiences will be big, for its humor is of the kind that men and women who have dined generously and are not in the metal condition for keenest thought can perceive and then go away with the agreeable impression that they have been remarkably clever in perceiving it. That is al-

ways so satisfactory. It places us at once among the elect.

Of people who go to plays a certain number are inveterate first-nighters. No matter what the play or who the actors, they make it a point of honor to attend the first representation. And this is a curious fancy, for there is no doubt that as a rule you get your play worse done on the first night than ever again. The voice of the prompter is loud in the land. If you have the fortune to be sitting so as to get a view of the side scenes, on the first night of a play given by a certain star actor—a very bright luminary indeed—you may see his own particular *ame damnee* indicating to him not only all he has to say but all the bits of business he has to do, rubbing his nose at one moment, wiping his eye the next, each of these moments having a mean which the great man reproduces, with much the great man reproduces, with much added majesty, for the audience. Still, those who go on the first night are twenty-four hours ahead of those who go on the second, and it always gives a sense of superiority to have opened the oyster a little before the man whom you meet in the street.

Besides the first-night audience, which is to be reckoned as more or less of a certainty, there is a certain hearing assured for every prominent actor and actress, no matter in what piece they are appearing. Each has a personal following. There is one of our actresses who may be relied upon to fill a house of ordinary size for six weeks, quite apart from any merit of the play in which she has the star role. People go to see the actress, not the play. Each theatre, moreover, has its clientele. Far away in mid-ocean you may hear one returning exile say to another, "There is a new piece at the So-and-So. I must go and see that." He does not ask what it is about, or who is in it. It is at the theatre of which he has

been an habitue; that is enough for him. He knows, or he thinks he knows, what kind of play he is likely to see at just that theatre, and goes to it accordingly. It is for this reason that it is something of a disappointment and a shock when a piece of some entirely different character from that which is usual at any one theatre is produced on its stage. "Olive Latimer's Husband" at the "Vaudeville," for example, gives something of the sensation we might have if we found the pages of "Robert Elsmere" bound within the covers of the "Contes de Jean Tourné-broche." The very name of "Vaudeville" almost contradicts the idea of a "thinking" piece. No wonder that the man of the big moustaches came out with a sense of gloom.

There are a certain number of people who go to plays to see the dresses. Of these there are two kinds, professionals and amateurs. There is the smart lady, who wants to be smarter than her nearest and dearest friend and must go because the stage shows the dernier cri; and there are the dressmakers, who go that they may consult with their clients and say, "Did you see how the sleeves were cut in that gown which Miss M. T. wears in the last act of Mr. Maugham's latest?" Only they do not name the author, because he is, to ninety-nine hundredths of people who go to plays, a person of no importance.

It is not often that you will find an audience which has not some actors and actresses among it. It is said that it is curious how fond

they are of going to the theatre. Perhaps it would be more curious if they were not. It must be most interesting to see how the products of their art look from the other side of the footlights. They go with an earnest desire to learn, in the first place, naturally with a very great appreciation of all the points, both of the writing and the acting, and with a most generous disposition to give credit for all that is done well. There is no more generous critic of an actor or actress than another of the same trade. It is not always so in the arts.

What is more singular than the attraction which the theatre has for actors is the little attraction it has for playwrights. Yet this is again not without its tolerably obvious explanation. If the professional critic is apt to hear the machinery creak and see the nails and glue more than the ordinary public, how much more, again, is the playwright—the man whose work is with these materials—likely to be painfully conscious of them. If spontaneity counts for anything—and surely it counts for a very great deal—in the illusion which the playwright tries to produce, how can he hope to produce it for one who is always busy endeavoring to create the same illusion? Did not Cicero, who seldom made a joke, say that he wondered how two auspices (bird-seers, and fortune-tellers from the flight of birds) could pass each other in the street without laughing? It must surely be with something of the same consciousness that a playwright goes to see another's work.

It does not matter that you usually take the right road, one careless turning may lead you to the wrong goal.

A Nation of Little Savers

By CHARLES F. SPEARE

From the Review of Reviews.

IF you were a Frenchman with a very small surplus to invest; if, even, that surplus were but a modest franc, you might become the holder of a French Government bond. From the cradle to the grave the French subject is taught to save and to turn his earnings into safe income-producing account. The state pays a premium on thrift. It rewards its school children for various good performances with a tiny bank deposit which, invariably, will have grown into goodly size when the recipient has reached maturity. Having nursed its people through the early stages of economy it directs their steps in the choice of investments, and even assumes paternal power in arbitrarily transforming the savings bank account into government bonds, or rentes. Thrift is a national characteristic. France is a nation of little savers, of little incomes, and of little farms. Collectively, these exercise a tremendous power on the affairs of Europe. The holder of the one or two-franc bond and the possessor of the bank account, so small that bankers of other countries would scorn it, have built up a monetary power that commands the respect of the world, and, indeed, regulates the finances and politics of much more presumptuous nations.

Bonds of states and governments, of railroads with a government guarantee, bonds of cities and towns, of mortgage companies, are the Frenchman's choice. His port-

folio contains the most varied collection of government securities imaginable. It is safe to say that, in Paris, coupons are cut from the bonds of nearly every government under the sun. Too often the Frenchman gambles and loses in mining shares. He will have none of his own country's industrial issues.

Something over two years ago I exploited the fact that France had captured from Great Britain the title of "world's banker," and that it was to Paris instead of to London that the borrower turned his steps. The shock of this statement to British pride was considerable. It was controverted. After the 1907 panic English bankers pointed to the manner with which the Bank of England had guided the nations through the monetary crisis. By advancing its discount rate to 7 per cent., gold was automatically brought to it from all corners of Europe. With this gold, debtors, whether individuals, corporations, or governments, were satisfied. But France and the Bank of France stood in the background, and really supplied most of the yellow metal so that, when these debtors began to liquidate, they found that France and the Bank of France were, in most cases, their creditor.

To-day France, even more than in 1906, is the world's banker. Her inexhaustible supply of funds waiting for investment is the wonder and the envy of all foreign bankers.

Wars come and go, acute political crises follow fast after each other in mercurial Continental Europe, and panics flatten industry and draw sharp cleavage between creditor and debtor. Through all these changes and chances the great middle class of France continues to save enough from its income to finance countries with much greater industrial wealth and to fill the vaults of the Bank of France to overflowing with gold. The shores of France are laved with a golden flood that never seems to ebb. How could it be otherwise in a nation that so carefully trains its people to save and splits up its government debt certificates into pieces of one, two and three francs (20 to 60 cents); of whose 10,000,000 electors nine-tenths are investors, and where, of 12,500,000 savings bank depositors, over 50 per cent. have less than \$4 to their credit in bank.

Week after week, until the end of January, the financial columns of the daily press contained this statement: "Paris secured all the gold offered in the London market to-day." So it happens that, in the past year, the Bank of France has increased its gold holdings nearly \$170,000,000. The actual amount held in the middle of January was \$715,000,000, which was only exceeded by the gold in the United States Treasury, and has never been approached by a trading institution. For it should be remembered that the Bank of France is a dynamic force in the commercial life of the nation maintaining it. Napoleon, under whose regime it was founded, enjoined his finance minister and the governors and regents of the bank to make its prime object the discounting, at a low rate of interest, of the credit obligations of all French commercial houses. Consequently, we see the petty borrower of five francs receiving as much consideration at the Bank of France as the applicant for millions, and find that, in 1906, no less than 232,-

000 bills for amounts under 10 francs (\$2) were discounted and carried in the domestic portfolio of the richest bank in the world.

Nearly every nation under the sun is to-day paying golden tribute to France. She has an army of creditors, but no debtors. About two score governments have to remit interest-money to her. The interest and dividends on the capital of her small investors represent earnings in all parts of the world. The road to Paris becomes, therefore, the route of least resistance for the floating gold supplies. Paris is absorbing into her banks, from 35 to 40 per cent. of the metal freshly taken from the mines. So uniformly favorable is their international credit balance to France that, since 1891, about one-fifth of all of the gold mined has found its way into the Republic. In the year following the panic the stock of gold in the chief banks of the world increased \$400,000,000. This actually equals the twelve months' production of new metal. Of this gold the Bank of France secured \$100,000,000; Bank of Germany, \$75,000,000; associated banks of New York, \$100,000,000; Bank of Russia, \$55,000,000; Bank of Italy, \$50,000,000; the Bank of Austria-Hungary, \$17,000,000, and the Bank of England about \$9,000,000. The \$1,250,000,000 gold held by France and Russia is greater than the combined holdings of the banks of other nations. In ten years gold in the Bank of France has increased \$300,000,000, while the Bank of England has been gaining less than \$20,000,000.

Prince Von Bulow, the German Chancellor, recently gave his people the example of French thrift and industry to study. This was after the influence of French gold had impressed itself on German diplomats, and quieted their war talk. France recovered in four years from the billion-dollar indemnity of 1870, a burden imposed on a devastated land. Great Britain has just recent-

A NATION OF LITTLE SAVERS

ly shaken off the debt of a far less serious war in South Africa, waged nearly a decade ago. This year, with French exports cut 50 per cent. by the empty purses of foreigners who usually buy the products of that country, France has saved enough to finance nearly all of her European neighbors.

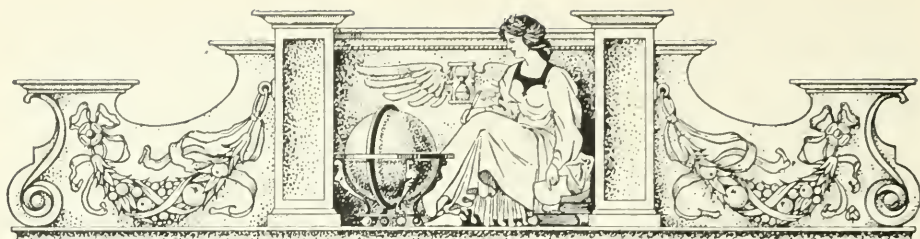
Why is France amassing this enormous fund of gold, Is she preparing for war or warding it off? We know now that her control over the money markets of Europe quickly brought harmony out of discord at the Algieras conference in 1906, when once it threatened to be exercised. For many persons her gold supply is an index of European political sentiment. The fact should not be overlooked that it is also, and now especially, a very good barometer of trade throughout the world. All of France's commercial creditors have been paying off their loans because they could not employ the money loaned them. So capital has gone home. France has, further, peremptorily called back funds loaned abroad. The gold holdings undoubtedly do represent, in a degree, fear that the seething pot in the Near East may some day boil over. The Russian loan accounts for a fair portion of the increase. In the last analysis, however, it must be

admitted that the gold that France obtains comes to her by right as supreme international creditor.

The extent to which France has been carrying the idea of protecting her gold and keeping it at home once it gets there is shown in the high ratio between the metallic holdings of her national bank and circulating notes. These notes are covered by gold to the amount of 70 per cent. If we add to this silver the Bank of France note is secured by a metallic reserve equal to 87 per cent. This is an astonishing situation.

One cannot deny the fact that a nation that has so much idle gold suggests stagnation. Capital ought always to be earning something. In order to enlarge, the supply of its funds have been recalled from lucrative foreign channels and re-loaned at lower rates of interest where they could be instantly secured. France probably deserves the charge of living within herself too much. She is trying to consume only what she produces and to economize to the last franc. Whatever her policies she commands to-day, by exacting industry and thrift, the liquid supply of capital in Europe, and will always be the best able to help that government which is in financial distress.

The man who can not control himself is like a mariner without a compass; he is at the mercy of every wind that blows. Every storm of passion, every wave of irresponsible thought buffets him hither and thither, drives him out of his course, and makes it well-nigh impossible for him to reach the goal of his desires.



MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By R. P. CHESTER

It was Wellington who once declared that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket creases of Eton and Harrow. At these famous schools

the preparatory work was done, the physical manhood developed, that strength, self reliance and confidence which led later to victory. It is known that a general election, like any other great triumph, is not captured by a few days' or a few weeks' work. It means a labor of months—more often years. It requires long, thorough, consistent organization, discipline and instruction. Imbued with this idea it is announced that the Opposition in the Canadian House of Commons intend

to organize Quebec as it never was before. It is said the Conservative forces will be so well drilled that on the date of the next Federal engagement the result will not be eleven Con-

servatives, fifty-three Liberals and representative of the Labor Party, which was the verdict of that province in October last. The man, who

has the campaign of education and enlightenment in hand, who will lead the attack, see that every district is properly organized, meetings held, and addresses delivered on the political issues of the day and the work of the past session, is Frederick Debaratzch Monk. He is the able, trusted lieutenant of R. L. Borden, and recently was offered and accepted the position of leader of the Conservative party in Lower Canada. Mr. Monk is a lawyer by profession and a poli-

tician by instinct. He loves the smell of party powder and to hear the roar of distant cannonading. Fond of political life, in the last four elections he has been successful in his own con-



F. D. MONK

The new leader of the Conservative Party in Quebec.

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

stituency—Jacques Cartier. He is a gentleman of quiet, dignified bearing with all the culture and grace of a French-Canadian, though decidedly English in appearance. Possessed of good judgment and a strong will, he has a calm judicial mind and is a ready, brilliant debater in both French and English. He is not an extremist, his attitude on all topics of national importance being marked, by breadth of sentiment and liberality of utterance. His father, the late Hon. Samuel Cornwallis Monk, was a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench for Quebec, and a gentleman of English descent, coming originally from Devonshire. Mr. Monk's mother was of French extraction, so that the man, who will uphold the Conservative cause down east during the next election, possesses the best elements and characteristics of the two races. He is often referred to by his admirers as an Englishman of French birth and a Frenchman with an English name.

Has the time come for the sanitarians to turn from our old friend

the chained dipper and its polite successor, the glass tumbler, as a medium for the slaking of thirst in schools, parks, and public buildings generally? Has the time arrived when we may accept the "bubble fountain" as a practical, everyday fixture, tending to cleanliness and sanitation and not as a fad? The fixture was introduced in Washington five years ago, as more or less of a novelty. "Bubble fountains" may be divided roughly into two classes; those in which there is a valve by which the drinkers cause the stream to flow, and the type commonly called continuous flow. These two classes may each be divided into two types: in one of which the water spouts directly upward from a nozzle, and in the other the stream from the spout is retarded by a small mass of water to give ease to the act of drinking. The arrangement in every case compels the drinker to drink directly from the top of the stream, without the lips coming in contact with any part of the fixture.



A Sanitary Drinking Fountain



MRS. HEWES OLIPHANT

Winner of the prize for the best essay
on a Canadian Navy.

The \$400 prize offered by the Navy League for the best essay on, "Why Canada Should Have a Navy of Her Own," was won by Mrs. W. Hewes Oliphant, of Toronto. The competition was open to any one who desired to enter, the only condition being that contributions should not exceed in length 6,000 words. Mrs. Oliphant became interested only after seeing the advertisement in a local paper asking for articles on the subject. She had never written anything except papers on musical topics, which she read before several clubs of which she is a member. Mrs. Oliphant is a native of Toronto, and greatly interested in all movements pertaining to the work and welfare of women.

Are our fellow-citizens of German extraction loyal? How would they regard a struggle between England and Germany? These are questions which many a Canadian has been asking during the last few months. They were well answered by Valentine Stock, M.P.P., during the last session of the Ontario Legislature.

Mr. Stock is of German extraction and has lived practically all his life in the county of Perth, which was peopled largely by Germans. During the course of a debate a speaker in referring to the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration, made use of these words: "On St. Andrew's Day let the Scottish flag fly. on St. George's the English. on St. Patrick's the Irish and on Jean de Baptiste's the tri-color." Mr. Stock, in reply, pointed out that the speaker had overlooked the Germans. "I did not expect the honorable gentleman," said he, "to say let the German flag fly on certain occasions, but he might at least have said, let the German sing his patriotic songs." (A voice, "Die Wacht am Rhein.") "Yes, 'Die Wacht am Rhein' and 'Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles,' with the word Canada in place of the word Deutschland; and while teaching his children, our young Canadians 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' the German-Canadian will remind them that we have a Rhine in Canada on a grander



VALENTINE STOCK, M.P.P.



SIR JOHN JACKSON
Contractor for the new railway
across the Andes.

scale than the Rhine of the Fatherland—a Rhine extending from the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic Ocean, with falls far more majestic at Niagara and scenery down among the Thousand Islands more lovely and exquisite than even the German Rhine can boast. Thus the German-Canadian implants into his offspring the same love and affection for their native land, Canada, as fills his heart for his Fatherland. Our Canadians of German descent do not ask any favors nor special notice, but they do not consider it necessary to be continually overlooked. The German citizen may have his weaknesses, but he has also his good qualities, peculiar to his nationality which, intermingled with the best qualities of the English, Scotch, Irish, French and other foreign elements in Canada, will build up a national character not to be equalled in the world."

Sir John Jackson, head of the great firm who have secured the contract for the construction of a new railway across the Andes, is one of the most eminent of British civil engineers and contractors for public works. Among the undertakings now being carried out by his

firm are the Admiralty Docks at Devonport, the Admiralty Harbor at Simon's Bay, Singapore Harbor, and the Tyne Breakwater. They were also responsible for the foundations of the Tower Bridge, Dover Harbor, and the last section of the Manchester Ship Canal. The new railway will run from Arica, in Chile (sacked by Drake in 1579), to La Paz, in Bolivia, and is estimated to cost £3,000,000.

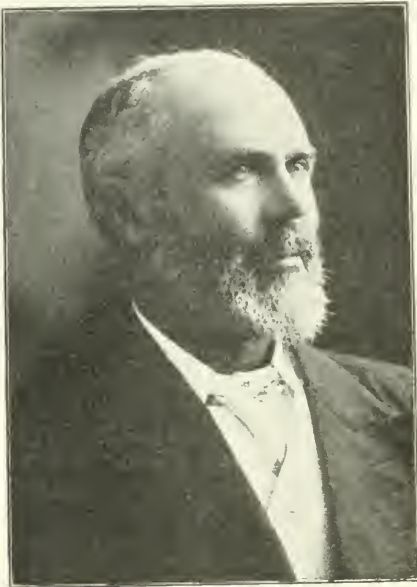
The story of Sir Donald Currie's life is one of the romances of successful trade. Genius, like murder, will out, and the man with the right stuff in him will come to the front, even if his start in life be, as it is said to have been in the case of Sir Donald, in the humble calling of a barber's boy. Genius, however, requires to be allied to pluck, and of that quality the man who started the "Castle" line to South Africa, and ran it on liberal lines which, in the long run, brought the older-established "Union" to terms and amalgamation, was not wanting. Sir Donald's friendship with Mr. Gladstone is, of course, the fact in his life best known to the public. The voyage with Tennyson in the Pem-



THE LATE SIR DONALD CURRIE
A great shipowner.

broke Castle is, and deserves to be, an historic event. Three reigning Sovereigns and our present Queen visited the distinguished party on board. Noctes ambrosinae indeed must those evenings in the North European summer, with Gladstone and Tennyson for companions, have been for the successful man of affairs.

A record of twenty-three years in public life without a single defeat



SENATOR J. H. McCOLL

A notable Australian, who has been visiting the Dominion.

at the polls is somewhat unusual at the present time when constituencies are prone to change representatives every ten or twelve years. The legislator with this fortunate political career is Senator James H. McColl, an interesting visitor from the Commonwealth of Australia, who has been in Canada during the past month and is now traveling through the western provinces on his way home. Senator McColl has a rather unique personality, and for a politician is a mixture of many virtues.

He is a consistent advocate of woman suffrage and has supported every measure, having in view the extension of the franchise to the wives and daughters of the antipodes. He is an energetic worker in and president of the Young Men's Christian Association in his own city, Bendigo, Victoria, a Sunday school superintendent, a Presbyterian, a prominent farmer, a Liberal and a deputy chairman of the Australian Senate. In addition he has served the people of the Commonwealth for a generation or more in various legislative capacities. Senator McColl came to America as a delegate to the Dry Farming Congress, which was held recently in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Since then he has been traveling extensively both in Canada and the United States, gathering information on agricultural and other matters which will be of use in his own country. He expects to reach home in June, in time for the assembling of the Commonwealth Parliament. He first entered the Victoria Parliament in 1886, being elected for the same district that his father had represented for five years. He sat for this constituency for fifteen years, during which time he filled the positions of Minister of Mines and Water Supply in the Government of Sir James Patterson, Minister of Lands in the administration of Hon. Allan McLean. On the inauguration of the Commonwealth he forsook state politics and stood for the district of Euchuca, which included his previous constituency. He was successful and continued to sit as a member of the House of Representatives until 1907, when he resigned to become a candidate for the Senate. That body is elected by the vote of the people, the term for each member being six years, three senators retiring every three years. The retiring Senator, Simon Fraser, an old Canadian, headed the polls with Mr. McColl second, he being 53,000 votes ahead of the third man. His long

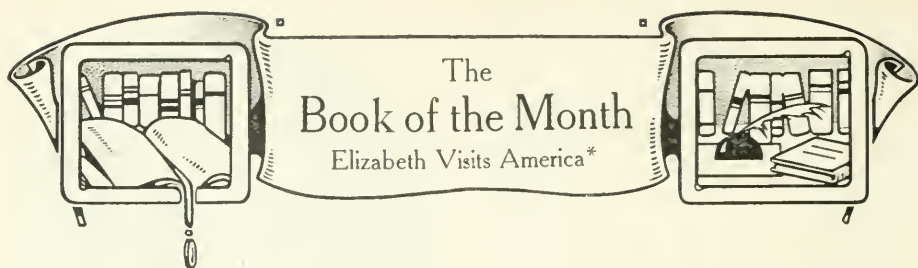
career as a politician uninterrupted by a single defeat, testifies to the respect in which the Senator is held. He is a man of broad views, constructive ideas and sound judgment and is deeply interested in agriculture, a pure water supply and other progressive measures

A career full of inspiration to young men is that of William J. Rogers, of New York. His life work affords a valuable lesson to youth, of what may be achieved by persistency, pluck and integrity. In the early sixties young Rogers, who was the son of a New York provision dealer, was a clerk in a small grocery store in the metropolis. When the American Civil War broke out, both he and his father enlisted. After two years of hard campaigning the son returned to civil life. Out of work, he advertised for a job, getting three replies, two of which he discarded. The third offer was to drive a milk wagon for the New York City Condensed Milk Company, the enterprise which Gail Borden had then but recently begun to popularize. This was in 1863. Just twenty-one years later the industrious and resourceful driver, so steady his progress, became manager of the Borden's Condensed Milk Co. (successors to N. Y. City Condensed Milk Co.) subsequently succeeding to the presidency. His directing influence had permeated every department of the business. He possessed rare faculties of discernment, and was conscientious in discharging even the smallest details of duty. The condensed milk industry was then new. The public was slow in comprehending the importance of a pure food supply. Young Rogers foresaw that a plan of education and enlightenment was necessary. This he carried through to a remarkable degree of success, through the employment of many well-laid plans of a fertile brain. By a policy of honorable treatment to all with whom he came in contact and the judicious selection of capable assistants, Mr. Rogers had



WILLIAM J. ROGERS

the satisfaction of seeing the business grow to tremendous proportions. In 1884, after being for some time an invaluable aid to Mr. Klemm, the former secretary and manager, Mr. Rogers succeeded to that double office upon his death. Several years later H. Lee Borden declared to the company that, while he appreciated the honor of being its president, he felt it but right that the man who actually did the work and whose directing influence permeated every department should also ostensibly hold the office. He was then elected president of the company, and as its president he still continues, after a service of nearly half a century. Having attained a high position in industrial life, William J. Rogers has again and again been solicited to let his name, if not his power, be used in the development of other enterprises, but always in vain. Of modest disposition, he has preferred to do one thing and do it well, and his first duty has been, and, no doubt, will continue to be, to the company in whose history of success he has borne so important a part.



MRS. GLYN'S new book is in no sense a sequel to her first great success, "The Visits of Elizabeth," though some of the same persons appear in it, and it is told in the same form of letters to her mother. The earlier volume applied to French and English things and people—an ingenious and amusing power of observation. This time it is America that comes in for the fun. Elizabeth has married, and is now Marchioness of Valmond.

"Harry," the Marquis, lord and master, taking offence at a flirtation she indulges in, goes off to Africa to shoot lions, while Elizabeth visits America. The pretty Marchioness has a little fun here, too, but in the end "Harry" comes over after her, and they make it up. The author of "Three Weeks" kept her eyes open in the United States, as is evidenced by the following extracts from her new publication:

BEING INTERVIEWED.

America is too quaint. Crowds of reporters came on board to interview us! We never dreamed that they would bother just private people, but it was because of the titles, I suppose. Tom was furious, but Octavia was delighted. She said she wanted to see all the American customs and if talking to reporters was one of them, she wanted that, too. So she was sweetly gracious and never told them a word of truth.

When we actually landed female ones attacked us, but Octavia who,

as you know, doesn't really care for women, was not nearly so nice to them, and their articles in the papers about us are virulent!

AT SHERRY'S.

Everything is so amusing! and we have had a delightful evening. It is more like Paris than England, because one wears a hat at dinner, which I always think looks so much better in a restaurant. The party was about eighteen, and I sat next the host. American men, as far as I have yet seen, are quite another sex to English or French—I mean you feel more as if you were out with kind Aunts or Grandmothers or benevolent Uncles than just men. They don't try to make the least love to you or say things with two meanings, and they are perfectly brotherly and serious, unless they are telling anecdotes with American humor—and that is not subtle. It is something that makes you laugh the moment you hear it, you have not to think a scrap. When they are not practically English, like the ones we see in London every season, they wear such funny clothes—often velvet collars on their coats! and the shoulders padded out so that every man is perfectly square: but everything looks extraordinarily well sewn and ironed and everybody is clean shaven: and Octavia says it takes at least two hundred years of gently bred ancestors to look like a gentleman clean shaven in evening dress, so perhaps that is why lots of them have the appearance of actors.

AMERICAN HUSBANDS.

American husbands fetch and carry and come to heel like trained spaniels.

* "Elizabeth Visits America," by Ellen Glyn.
New York: Duffield & Co.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

and it is perfectly lovely; everything is so simple. If you happen to get bored with your husband, or he has a cold in his head, or anything that gets on your nerves, or you suddenly fancy some other man, you have not got all the bother and subterfuge of taking him for a lover and chancing a scandal like in England. You simply get your husband to let you divorce him, and make him give you heaps of money, and you keep the children if you happen to want them; or—there is generally only one—you agree to give that up for an extra million if he fancies it; and then you go off and marry your young man when he is free; because all American men are married, and he will have had to get his wife to divorce him. But when it is all "through," then it is comfortable and tidy, only the families get mixed after a while, and people have to be awfully careful not to ask them out to dinner together.

RICH PEOPLE'S HOUSES.

Our bedrooms are marvels. Mine is immense, with two suites of impossible rococo Louis XV. furniture in it; the richest curtains with heaps of arranged draperies and fringe, grand writing-table things, a few embroidered cushions; but no new books, or comfy sofas, or look of cosv anywhere. The bathrooms to each room are superb; miles beyond one's ideas of them in general at home. Tom says he can't sleep because the embroidered monograms on the pillows and things scratch his cheek, and the lace frills tickle his nose, while he catches his toes in the Venetian insertion in the sheets. The linen itself is the finest you ever saw, Mamma, and would be too exquisite plain. Now one knows where all those marvellously overworked things in the Paris shops go to, and all the wonderful gold incrustated Carlsbad glass. You meet it here in every house.

There is no room in it where there is any look of what we call "home," and not one shabby thing. Mrs. Spleist has a "boudoir"—and it is a

boudoir! It is as if you went into the best shop and said, "I want a boudoir"; just as you would, "I want a hat," and paid for it and brought it home with you. Natalie has a sitting-room, and it is just the same. They are not quite far enough up yet on the social ladder to have every corner of the establishment done by Duveen, and the result is truly appalling.

The food is wonderful, extraordinarily good; but although the footmen are English, they don't wait anything like as well as if they had re-



ELINOR GLYN

Whose "Elizabeth Visits America" has just been published.

mained at home; and Octavia's old maid, Wilbor, told her the hurly-burly downstairs is beyond description; snatching their meals anywhere, with no time or etiquette or housekeeper's room; all, everyone for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. And the absolutely disrespectful way they speak of their master and mistress—machines to make money out of, they seem to think them.

A PHILADELPHIA HOME.

Kitty's house is the sweetest place, rather in the country, and just made

of wood with a shingle roof; but so quaint, and people look at it with the same sort of reverence we look at Aikin's Farm, which was built in fourteen hundred, you remember? This one was put up before the Revolution, in Colonial days, and it has a verandah in front running up with Ionic pillars all in wood like a portico. Inside it is just an English home—do you hear, Mamma? I said home! because it is the first we have seen. And it came as some new thing, and to be appreciated, to find the furniture a little shabby from having been in the same place so long; and the pictures most of them rather bad, but really ancestors; and the drawing-room and our bedrooms lovely and bright with flowery chintzes, fresh and shiny, no tapestry and wonderful brocade; and the tablecloths plain, and no lace on the sheets, nor embroideries to scratch the ear. It shows what foolish creatures of habit we are, because in the other houses there has been every possible thing one could want, and masterpieces of art and riches and often beauty; but just because Kitty's house is like a home, and has the indescribable atmosphere of gentle owners for generations, we like it the best!

SOCIAL RIVALRIES.

Among the married women there are two distinct sets here in the inner cream, the one which Valerie leads, and which has everything like England, and does not go in for any of those wonderful entertainments where elephants do the waiting with their trunks, or you sit in golden swings over a lake while swans swim with the food on trays on their backs—I am exaggerating, of course, but you know what I mean. Valerie says all that is in shocking taste, which, of course, it is. She never has anything eccentric, only splendid presents at her cottillons, and all the diplomats from Washington come over, and the whole tone of her house is exactly as it is at home, except that many of them are brighter and more amusing than we are.

Then the other set is the "go one better set"—that is the best way I can describe it. If one has a party one week, another must have a finer one the week after, and so on, until thousands and thousands of dollars are spent on flowers, for instance, for one afternoon; and in it nothing is like England. I believe it must be purely American, or perhaps one ought to say New York.

AMERICAN GIRLS.

The whole tenue in moving, of the girls, is "flying about," even in the street, but no other nation can compare to them in their exquisitely spruce, exquisitely soigne appearance, and their perfect feet and superlatively perfect boots, and short tailored dresses. To see Fifth Avenue on a bright day, morning or afternoon, is like a procession of glowing flowers passing. Minxes of fifteen with merry, roving eyes, women of all ages, all as beautifully dressed as it is possible to be, swinging along to the soda-water fountain shops where you can get candy and ice-cream and lovely chocolates. No one has that dragged, too long in the back and too short in the front look, of lots of English women holding up their garments in a frightful fashion. Here they are too sensible; they have perfect short skirts for walking, and look too dainty and attractive for words. Also there are no old people much—a few old women, but never any old men. I suppose they all die off with their hard life.

"SALES LADIES."

Yesterday Octavia and I went to a "department store" to buy, among other things, some of their lovely ready-made costumes to take out west with us, and it was so amusing; the young ladies at the ribbon counter were chatting with the young ladies at the flowers, divided by a high set of drawers, so they had to climb up or sneak through the passage opening. Presently after we had tried to attract their attention, one condescended

to serve us, while she finished her conversation with her friend round the corner perfectly indifferent as to our wants, or if we bought or not! The friend surveyed us and chewed gum. But when we got to the costume salon, they were most polite. Two perfect dears attended to us, and were so sympathetic as to our requirements, and talked intelligently and well on outside subjects. Octavia and I felt we were leaving old friends when we went. Why should you be rude measuring off ribbons, and polite showing clothes?

PULLMAN CARS.

The sleeping cars are too amusing. Picture to yourself the arrangement of seats I told you about going to the Spleists, with a piece put in between to make into a bed, and then another bed arranged on top, these going all down each side and just divided from the aisle by green curtains; so that if A. likes to take a top berth and B. an underneath one, they can bend over their edges, and chat together all night, and no one would know except for the bump in the curtains. But fancy having to crouch up and dress on one's bed! And when Octavia and I peeped out of our drawing-room this morning we saw heaps of unattractive looking arms and legs protruding, while the struggle to get into clothes was going on.

A PITTSBURG MILLIONAIRE.

A millionaire traveling also, whom the Senator knew, joined us for the meal. He was such a wonderful person, the first of just this kind we have met yet, although we are told there are more like him in Pittsburg and Chicago.

He was thick-set everywhere, a bull neck and fierce moustache and bushy eyebrows, and gave one the impression of sledge-hammer force. The whole character seemed to be so dominated and obsessed by an immense personal laudation, that his conversation created in our minds the doubt

that qualities which required so much vaunting could really be there. It was his wonderful will which had won his game, his wonderful diplomacy, his wonderful knowledge of men; his clever perceptiveness; his supreme tact; in short, his everything in the world. The slightest show of a contrary opinion to anything he said was instantly pounced upon and annihilated. I do wonder, Mamma, if two of his sort got together what their conversation would be about? Would they shout one another down, each saying he was perfect, and so end in thunder or silence? Or would they contradict each other immediately and come to blows; or would they realize it was no use boasting to one of their own species, and so talk business or be quiet?

A MINING TOWN DANCE.

There was a Master of Ceremonies who called out the dances, and not more than ten or twelve couples were allowed to dance each time, two-steps and valse, and without exception it is the finest dancing I have ever seen—the very poetry of Motion. Nothing violent or rude, or like a servants' ball at home, although they held their partners a little more clasped than we do. But in spite of their funny holding, or perhaps on account of it, there is a peculiar movement of the feet, perfect grace and rhythm and glide, which I have never seen at a real ball. One could understand it was a pure delight to them, and they felt every note of the music. They treated Octavia and me with the courtesy fit for queens, and some of them told us delightful things of shootings and blood-curdling adventures, and all with a delicious twinkle in the eye, as much as to say, "We are keeping up the character of the place to please you." We did enjoy ourselves. The Senator says this quality of perfect respect for women is universal in the mining camps. And any nice woman is absolutely safe among them. I think there ought to be mining camps to teach men manners all over Europe.



Architecture and the Arts.

Ignacio Zuloaga, Spanish Painter. James W. Pattison—World To-Day.
 American Painters of Outdoors. Giles Edgerton—Craftsman.
 A Growing Appreciation In America of the Grotesque In Art—Craftsman.
 Construction and Design in Wood Carving. Karl Von Rydingsvard—Craftsman.
 The Story of Dutch Painting. Charles H. Gaffin—St. Nicholas.
 The National Art Collections Fund—Saturday Review (May 8.)
 The Minor Arts. John La Farge—New England Magazine.
 Development of Commercial Art. Ren Mulford, Jr.—Signs Of The Times.
 Dutch Art and Artists. George Psreod Zug—Chautaugian.
 Modern French Sculpture. Edwina Spencer—Chautauquan.
 The Art Of Benson. Charles H. Caffin—Harper's Magazine.
 Neapolitan Cameos. Aloysius Coll—Overland Monthly (May.)

Army and Navy.

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Aim Within Your Scope

Success, they tell us, comes from aiming high. I think it oftener comes from aiming low, from aiming within one's scope. Suppose, for instance, that the average reporter, aiming high, devoted his life to the composition of Shakespearean tragedies or Miltonic epics—do you think he would succeed? Ah, no. Let us then aim at what we stand some chance of hitting. It is they who strive to leave footprints in the sands of time who, alas, most frequently get stuck in the mud.

—Keir Hardie, M.P.



Yost



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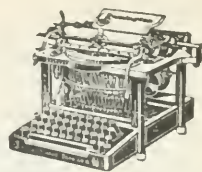
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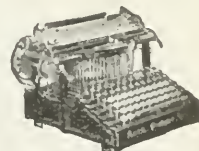
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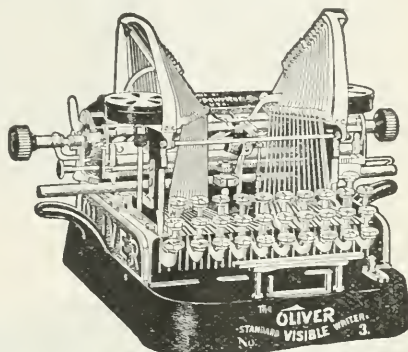
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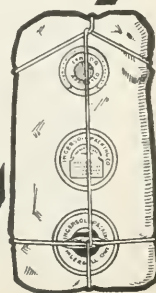
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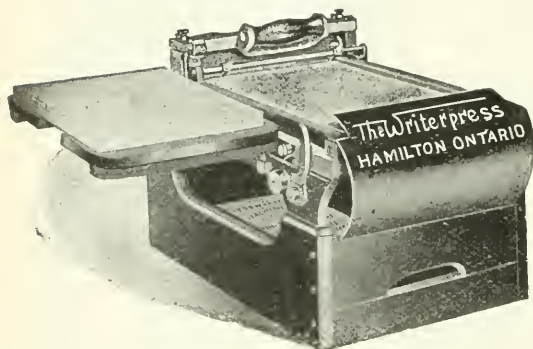


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THE accompanying cut illustrates the Direct Inking Carriage. This device is designed for use on any Writerpress and has in addition to the regular cylinder for printing, in automatic inking roller made of felt with the necessary mechanism to bring it into contact with the type while the printed sheet is being delivered and out of contact while the sheet is printed.

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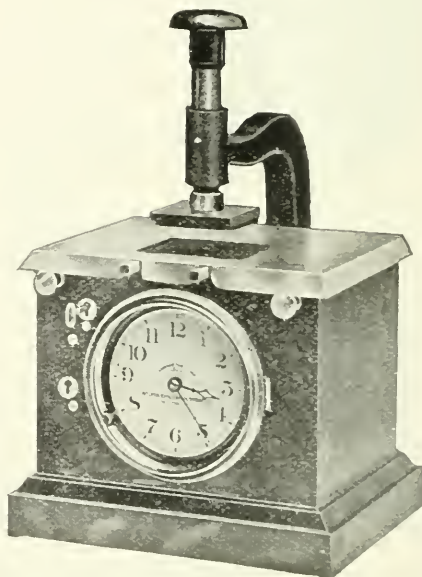
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The Dictograph

How to conserve the time and attention of the overdriven executive of the modern business world is a serious problem. In the great organizations of to-day the utmost efficiency of operation must be attained.

The inventing of the dictograph, shown in the annexed views eliminates all the "lost motion" between the executive and his subordinates by establishing immediate oral communication with them without a transmitter to be talked into, or a receiver to be held to the ear.

The dictograph, as it appears on the executive's desk, consists of a small box containing an extraordinarily sensitive transmitter and a loud-speaking receiver. An ear-piece receiver is also provided. On the front of the box are a number of simple electric switches and signals. That is all there is to the "master station." Even less pretentious are the "sub-stations" which are installed on the desks of the subordinates and each of which is connected by wire to the master station where it terminates in a switch and signal.

To dictate a letter, for example, the executive touches one of the little levers on the dictograph box. This signals the stenographer, and her reply emanates from the box just as though she were actually sitting beside one's desk, though in reality she is sitting at her own desk

in another room. If the dictator wishes, he may walk about the room while dictating, speaking part of the time with his back turned; yet every syllable is caught by the stenographer through the sensitive electric ear on her employer's desk. Should secrecy of reply be desired, he may silence the loud-speaking receiver and use the earpiece instead.

Apart from the advantages in time-saving, and in controlling the privacy of one's office, it will be seen how totally different from the ordinary telephone the dictograph is. One has only to think aloud; the little box is always ready to listen, and through it there may pass a rapid fire of telegrams, letters and memoranda for stenographers to write, orders for department heads to carry out, questions and suggestions to and from colleagues—short-cut communications of all kinds that result in getting things done.

Then there is the secrecy attained. The physical presence of a stenographer or other persons in the private office has a dampening effect under some circumstances. Many a business deal has gone awry because the principals felt unable to talk freely. With this apparatus, assistants can be called in and dismissed instantly. By utilizing the ear-piece receiver, warnings or advice may be received from the credit man or general counsel during an interview with a business caller, without the latter's knowledge.

Where this system is installed conferencees may be held over the wire without any of the conferencees leaving their desks. It enables the ex-



Dictating through the Dictograph

ecutive to speak to a department head, manager, bookkeeper or other employee without wasting an instant of either his own time or that of the employee. The attention of the person addressed is not distracted from his own work, any more than it would be by some one coming up to his desk to ask a question.

The apparatus, which is made by the National Dictograph Company of New York has already been installed in several prominent banks, trust companies and large commercial institutions in New York, Chicago and elsewhere. It is put in on a rental basis and the company guarantees all maintenance.

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EFFICIENCY, ACCURACY AND ECONOMY OF THE NEW TELEPOST SYSTEM

A year ago comparatively few people would have understood what any one was talking about had the word "Telepost" been heard in a casual conversation. Now, however, there is probably not a Canadian community reached by Uncle Sam's mails and certainly not one in the United States that does not know something definite about this new and really wonderful system of automatic telegraphy that sends messages whizzing over the wires at the speed of a thousand words a minute. The Telepost is the perfected result of



Inventor Delany and Chief Engineer Larish reading from a Telepost Instrument which has been "slowed down" to a speed to permit reading by sound.

many years of scientific effort to achieve what electricians regarded as the inevitable outcome of the telegraphic art, the mechanical transmission of messages. Several inventors devised machinery that would automatically transmit messages at high speed, and as early as 1879 one of the systems was put into experimental operation in the United States. Unfortunately for those earlier inventions, the electricians were unable to cope with their arch-enemy, the "static" charge of a telegraph wire. Therefore, while the system worked splendidly in favorable weather conditions, it was "put out of commission" by atmospheric changes, induction currents, and other disturbances and rendered impracticable. Other automatics were brought forward, but in each instance the "static" interfered so persistently with their operation that continuous service could not be maintained. After these futile experiments elec-

tricians in general came to the conclusion that, ideal as automatic telegraphy was in theory, it could not be realized in successful practice. But Mr. Patrick B. Delany, an expert electrical engineer and the inventor of many telegraphic improvements, (a native of Ireland, by the way) announced to his friend and associate, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, that he was going after "static," as he believed the problem could be solved by patient effort.

He devoted himself with determined energy to experiments which he hoped would make him master of the principle. He devised new mechanisms and applied new theories to the working-out of a system that occupied him for fifteen years before he finally discovered how to deal with "static" (which may be described to the lay mind as the excess electricity with which a wire is saturated, and which must be "cleared" before signals can be sent. It is a very tricky element). In 1903 he obtained from the United States government a basic patent on his invention for the control and use of the "static"—a patent that gives him, and through him the Telepost Company, the exclusive right to the only method by which rapid automatic telegraphy is possible. He succeeded where many earnest and brilliant predecessors failed, for the Delany System of Rapid Automatic Telegraphy, known as the Telepost, has conclusively demonstrated its reliability and efficiency in every kind of weather, under the most exacting conditions, and sends its one thousand words a minute through when storm influences make hand transmission impossible. It is now in operation in parts of New England and in some of the states of the Middle West.

Remarkable as Mr. Delany's achievement is from a scientific view-point, its real importance lies in the fact that it clears the way for the almost inestimable boon of cheap telegraphy. The ability to send telegrams at the rate of one thousand words a minute means that the Telepost can transmit over one wire as many messages as ordinary telegraph companies can transmit over seventeen wires, and with four wires can do all the business that other companies can do with sixty-eight—which is assuming that the methods at present in use permit the sending of sixty words a minute on an average. But as the president and general manager of the principal telegraph says the aver-

age rate in the United States is but fifteen words a minute, the Telepost could accomplish with two wires what the hand-operated systems obviously would require one hundred and thirty-three wires to perform.

With such a very great economy in the matter of construction, maintenance, etc., the Telepost can operate very profitably with low tolls; and, however gratifying it may be to a public that has long paid the very highest rates in the world, it is not surprising that the Telepost sends messages at the charge of a cent a word, half a cent a word, or one-quarter of a cent a word, according to the character of the message. But even this low rate is minimized by the fact that distance makes no difference in the cost of a Telepost message, the charges being the same between any two points. The saving to business men communicating between New York and Chicago, or St. Louis, or St. Paul, or San Francisco, etc., will be enormous in the course of a year, and they will heartily wel-

come the extension of a system that offers them such practical benefits.

There are many notable interesting features about the Telepost besides its speed and cheapness. It has, for example, three quite unique services in addition to that of transmitting regular telegrams. One of these is "telecarding," which is sending a postcard by wire. Though this is not done literally, it is in effect thus: the writer fills in a "telecard" (the same size as a postcard) and hands it in to the Telepost office (or he can drop it into a post-office box to be delivered in due form by the letter-carrier), and the Telepost will wire the message to the point of destination or to the nearest Telepost office to that point, where it will be typed on to a similar card addressed to the person for whom it is intended and delivered through the mails. By this means "telecard" messages could be written in New York and be delivered to an address in Chicago in two hours, instead of in the twenty or thirty hours required to transport a postcard between the two cities. As the "telecard" ser-

vice carries ten words for ten cents it will undoubtedly soon be a very popular means of communication in cases where messages are urgent, though not of enough importance in the matter of time to necessitate delivery by special messenger. The supremacy of the Telepost system does not rest on a theoretical claim; continuous operation through the severities of the past winter, over a line stretching from Boston, Mass., to Portland Me., demonstrated anew the previously fully established claims of the Telepost as "a means of furnishing rapid and uninterrupted telegraphic communication."

The Company has opened several western lines, and in the course of the year expects to have a profitable commercial service in operation. It will not take many years to extend the Telepost throughout the entire country.

Popular appreciation of the Telepost is shown in the desire to secure stock in the enterprise, the whole of Series A and a large



The illustration above shows the perforated tape used by the Telepost for transmitting, and the one below shows the electro-chemically printed receiving tape. The clearly defined Morse characters, recorded perfectly at the highest speed of transmission, allow of none of the errors made in transcribing from sound as practised by the old companies. This insures accuracy. An ordinary typist, with two days' training, can translate these tapes into typewritten messages in half the time a skilled operator can write the message from sound. This means cheapness—25-word telegrams, or 50-word teleposts, or 100-word teletapes for 25 cents, or 10-word telecards for 10 cents, regardless of distance.



T E L E P O S T

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proportion of Series B having been subscribed. The remainder of the latter series is going rapidly.

The Telepost has already done enough to give practical significance to the descriptive phrase used a few months ago by a distinguished Congressman in describing it before the House of Congress, as "the telegraph of the future," for it is certainly on the way to a command of the telegraphic field.

The fiscal agents of the company, the Sterling Debenture Corporation, Brunswick Building, Madison Square, New York City, will give full particulars to any one desiring special information concerning Mr. Delany's system, which represents the greatest advance made in the telegraphic art since the original discoveries of Morse. Write and ask them for their illustrated booklet No. "T. 373" which contains all the facts, and which will be sent without charge to any one who is interested in this latest development of improved telegraphy.

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401 to 450	19	
451 to 500	21	
501 to 600	23	
601 to 700	25	
701 to 800	28	
801 to 900	31	
901 to 1000	34	
1001 to 1100	37	
1101 to 1200	40	
1201 to 1300	43	
1301 to 1400	47	
1401 to 1500	50	
1501 to 1600	53	
1601 to 1700	56	
1701 to 1800	59	
1801 to 1900	63	
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Brandon, Man., May 18, 1909.

The Busy Man's Magazine, Toronto, Can.

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E. Elliott West

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVIII

TORONTO JULY 1909

No 3

Romance of Transportation in Canada

By

W. S. FISHER.

THE forty-two years that have elapsed since Confederation have been the most eventful in the history of Canada. During that period, what were formerly a series of disjointed provinces or colonies have been consolidated into one Dominion, which has leaped into world-wide prominence with almost lightning-like rapidity. Distance has been annihilated. High speed and reduced cost for transit have brought widely-separated communities closer together, have created a bond of union and have solidified and strengthened that bond into one of mutual interest. The remote has become near, so that in point of time and convenience, our friends a thousand miles distant are now more accessible than were those a hundred miles away fifty years ago.

No more romantic story could be written than that of the development of transportation in Canada, and if any one had had imagination enough forty years ago to predict what has since come to pass, he would have been looked upon as a greater romancer than the author of the Arabian Nights.

Looking back over the past hundred years, what changes have been

brought about on this continent, the greater portion of which was then a "terra incognita," and looked upon as impossible for cultivation or development! At that time, even in the United States, the most prominent statesmen of that country considered union of the people on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts as utterly out of the question. In 1812 President Jefferson, writing to John J. Astor, saw in the great American desert an impassable barrier. Ten years later, Tracy, of New York, in the United States House of Representatives, said "Nature has fixed limits for our nation. She has kindly provided"—mark the words—"as our western barrier, mountains almost inaccessible, whose base she has skirted with irreclaimable deserts."

These two opinions reflect the general feeling then existing in the minds of the people of the United States, and are useful in leading us to estimate more truly the wonderful changes that have since been brought about mainly through improved methods of transportation.

In view of what has come to pass, who among us is bold enough to predict what the next hundred years,



A LINK IN THE ALL-RED LINE

C.P.R. steamer Empress of Britain, connecting England and Canada.

yea, even the next ten or twenty, may develop, that will bring about even greater changes than those witnessed within the lives of those present!

No man who has read even a few pages of human history will dare to make pessimistic prophecies as to the future accomplishments of the human race. It is much safer to be optimistic.

A modern writer has defined transportation as the key with which wise statesmen open the door of national prosperity. Over three hundred years ago the philosopher Bacon said: "There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous—a fertile soil, busy workshops and easy conveyance for man and goods from place to place."

Of this we may be sure, that there is no other question of equal importance to the citizens of this Dominion, formed as it is of a narrow stretch of country extending a distance of several thousand miles and skirting the boundary of the great nation to the south.

The importance of the subject to Canadians is two-fold: First, to

make possible an interchange of commodities within the country itself, enabling the producers of the East and West to ship quickly and at reasonable rates the commodities they produce, such as coal, iron, lumber, fish, fruit, manufactured goods, etc., to the interior; and to permit the farmer, the wheat grower and the cattle raiser of the interior to deliver his products at the lowest cost at the seaboard and to those centres of population within the country itself which require them, and to do all this through Canadian channels.

Second, to provide the quickest and safest route for the great and increasing traffic in both freight and passengers between Europe and the Orient, an all-British or Imperial route, that is rapidly becoming the most important link in the chain of communication between the different sections of the Empire.

How do we stand with respect to these at the present time? What has been done? What remains to be done? As a matter of fact, while very much has been accomplished, only a beginning has been made in

THE ROMANCE OF TRANSPORTATION IN CANADA

the vast network of communication on land and sea required to take care of the huge commerce that is looming up before us.

Let us rapidly glance over the record of the past:

The first steamer to ply on Canadian waters was on the St. Lawrence in 1809.

The first steamer to cross the Atlantic was the Royal William from Quebec in 1833.

The first canal opened was the Lachine in 1825.

The first railway in Canada was built in 1836 and ran from La Prairie to St. Johns, P.Q.

The first C.P.R. train to cross the continent was in July, 1886.

The first Atlantic cable to Canada was completed in 1868.

The first telegraph line in Canada was built in 1846, connecting Toronto with Niagara.

To-day we have in round numbers 24,000 miles of railway in actual

operation in Canada, with 4,300 miles estimated as under construction. We expect soon to have three transcontinental roads in operation, each running over its own rails from ocean to ocean, which, when viewed by comparison with our neighbors to the south, is little less than amazing.

Their first transcontinental road was opened about 1865, when they had a population of about thirty-five millions; ours in 1886, when we had a population of four and one-half millions. They now have several roads crossing the continent but not one of these has a complete system of its own. Instead, each one is made up of parts of various roads joined together in a series of links requiring several to form a complete chain.

Perhaps if there is one thing more than another that every Canadian at home or abroad feels proud of, it is our own Canadian Pacific Rail-



ENTERING WINNIPEG IN 1876

The landing of the first railway equipment in Manitoba. Connection by rail with the outside world was not made until December 10th, 1878.



TORONTO STATION IN 1859.

A scene depicting life around the platform and tracks half a century ago.

way, easily the greatest and most successful transportation corporation in existence. Owning and controlling over 10,000 miles of railway in Canada and 4,000 in the United States; building its own freight, passenger and even sleeping cars; running its own hotels along the entire system, carrying on its own express and telegraph service, with a large fleet of passenger and freight steamers on both the Atlantic and Pacific, as well as on the Great Lakes, it has done yeoman service for the country as well as proving a bonanza to those who are fortunate enough to hold stock purchased when the road was in its early stages of struggle or before its value was fully understood.

This corporation, through its vigorous management and aggressive methods, has done more to advance Canada abroad than almost all other efforts combined. Those who have visited Great Britain and the continent know how true this is. Nor is its influence at home less potent. One is reminded of the story told of Mike Flanagan out of a job and railing at fortune. He had walked the ties from one railroad

town to another, passing the Canadian Pacific freight sheds, grain elevators and palatial hotels. This big corporation insists upon the twenty-four-hour system of time reckoning; mid-night is twenty-four o'clock, and tea-time seventeen-thirty. Flanagan was held up at the edge of the freight-yards by a fellow-countryman. "Have ye Canadian Pacific Railroad toime on ye?" And Flanagan explodes: "Canadian Pacific Railroad toime, is it? They own the railroads, an' the towns, an' every fut of land, an' all the jobs; if they own the toime of day, by the sowl of blessed Peter it's me for Ould Ireland." But here, as elsewhere, the railways and the newspapers have been the precursors of progress.

While on this topic one can hardly help referring to another great Canadian railway firm, rather than corporation, that of Mackenzie & Mann, who are quietly building, section by section, an entire trans-continental railway system of their own. We look with interest at such work when carried on by great combinations of capital, but when two men, single-handed, undertake

THE ROMANCE OF TRANSPORTATION IN CANADA



RAILWAY SCENE IN TORONTO IN 1909

Giving some idea of the trackage required in a modern yard. The Union Station, now inadequate for its purpose, appears at the rear.

and successfully carry out such a task, we stand aghast and admire their pluck and ability.

This country has produced and is to-day producing, many such men, full of faith in the future and determined to secure their share of it, whose names will go down to posterity as men of clear vision, industry and determination. When, by and by, the history of the past century is written, such names as Allan, Cunard, Donald Smith, Fleming, Van Horne, Mount Stephen, Shaughnessy, Hays, and many others, will be written big among the pioneers in providing means of transportation on land and sea.

In 1809 the United States had a population of six million, (equal to ours of to-day) grouped along the shore of the Atlantic, with not a single mile of canals or a single mile of railway, and no highways worth mentioning—nothing but a vigorous, forceful people, chiefly of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Now, one hundred years later, they number ninety millions, with 217,000 miles of railway and a canal system, being one of the most high-

ly developed and prosperous countries under the sun.

By contrast, Canada in this year of 1909, has the same population it had a hundred years ago scattered, however, throughout our entire area, stretching from sea to sea, with a complete system of waterways and railways equal to the best in the world and being developed and added to rapidly.

Each government in turn since Confederation has recognized the importance of improving the transportation facilities of the country as rapidly and thoroughly as possible, with the result that we stand to-day, as already stated, with 24,000 miles of railway in operation and 4,300 miles under construction—a wonderful record for so young a country.

A better comparison of our position can be given by the following statement: Canada has one mile of railway to each 260 people; the United States to each 400; France to each 1,600; the United Kingdom to each 1,800. Canada stands eighth in the world in actual railway mileage.

With these facts before us, who can justly estimate the changes and possibilities likely during the next twenty-five years? History is being made so rapidly in this country that it would require a man of broad vision to attempt to foretell it.

But why all this rapid growth of facilities, past, present and prospective?

In order to successfully answer the pressing question of the grain grower of the prairie: How cheaply can a bushel of wheat or other grain be carried to tide water and from thence to its destination abroad?

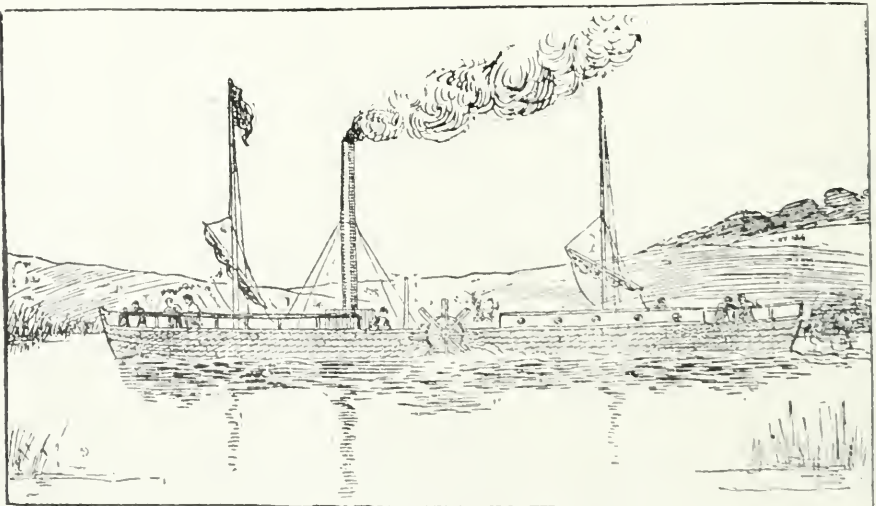
If, as frequently stated, our Great West is destined to become the granary of the Empire, then a satisfactory solution of this question in a way that will result in diverting all this traffic over Canadian territory and through Canadian ports is one of the utmost importance to everyone in this country, whether in the East or West. All other questions are secondary to this.

We all know that the quantities now grown are but a fraction of what will be grown in a few years, if settlers from all over the world continue to flock in upon us as they

are now doing at an average rate of over 300,000 each year, and when larger areas of the vast fertile but unoccupied lands are put under cultivation. We also know that the present facilities have been taxed to their utmost and have at times been unable to cope with the situation.

The past few years have witnessed a marked change in the sentiment of the whole country. The importance from every point of view of securing and retaining within our own borders the entire traffic originating here, has taken a great hold upon the minds of the people. This feeling is reflected in the efforts of the government of the day who are grappling vigorously with it in order to keep pace with the demand and to assist in providing those facilities which are required to prevent the continued diversion of any large portion of Canadian traffic to American channels.

There has been a good deal of discussion concerning the rivalry of the Mississippi route via Galveston and the Gulf of Mexico, for the grain trade of Canada, and the American Government and people have for some years been debating the question of deepening the Mis-



ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF NAVIGATION

The first steamer that sailed the St. Lawrence River in 1709

THE ROMANCE OF TRANSPORTATION IN CANADA

Mississippi and connecting it with Chicago and Lake Erie by canal. In fact, a drainage canal now connects part of the distance named, from Chicago to Joliet.

Just where the basis for this fear rests is somewhat puzzling, as it would seem impossible to maintain a proper depth of water throughout this river, which is subject to many fluctuations and is full of sand-bars for much of its course, with its bottom ever shifting in depth. Even if it were possible to navigate barges of sufficient draft and carrying capacity during the season of open navigation, the time consumed in reaching the sea, with the much longer voyage on the ocean to destination, in addition to the heat to which the wheat cargoes would be subjected, would of itself prove too great a drawback for the trade ever to develop into serious proportions. If this view is correct, we must look in other directions for danger.

This brings us to a consideration of the Erie Canal, opened in 1825 and enlarged in 1862, running from Buffalo to Albany, a distance of 306 miles, with a maximum depth of seven feet and a cargo capacity of 8,000 bushels to each barge.

Contrast this with our own route through the lakes via the Welland Canal, a distance through the canal

of only 64 miles, with a draft of 14 feet and a carrying capacity per barge of 80,000 bushels; or ten times the capacity, with a much shorter and quicker route, and with the time of open navigation practically the same.

The American Government is now at work improving the Erie Canal at an estimated cost of \$110,000,000, increasing its depth to 12 feet to take 1,000-ton barges, four times the present size. It is calculated that it will take at least twenty years to complete this work.

In the meantime, the Canadian Government is planning to increase the depth of the Welland from 14 to 20 feet, thus placing it so far ahead of any competition as to secure the major portion of the Canadian traffic, and it is hoped a share of the American as well. As naturally as water runs down hill, so trade finds its own level and business develops along the line of least resistance. In this case, the St. Lawrence River, piercing its way into the heart of the continent and connecting with the Great Lakes through such an admirable canal system, affords an outlet that has no equal. This is now being fully recognized, even by our neighbors to the south, who are seriously discussing what can be done to prevent



ST. LAWRENCE NAVIGATION, 1909

The new White Star-Dominion triple-screw steamer Laurentic, 565 ft. long, 15,000 tons.



THE DAYS BEFORE THE RAILWAY

Remains of old Fort Garry, Winnipeg, the dog train showing how the place was then reached

the diversion of a large part of the freight originating in their own West, through Canadian channels.

If, as now seems sure, the export trade via the St. Lawrence continues to grow, it is felt that the increased facilities outlined will not be sufficient, and another canal, the Georgian Bay, with a minimum depth of 21 feet, commencing in the bay of that name and connecting with the Ottawa River, has been projected and is being pushed by those who believe it will be required to handle the increased tonnage which in a few years will seek an outlet from the Great West to the sea.

The advocates of this waterway claim many advantages for this route, among others, that it is distant from the American border, hence safer in the event of friction between the two countries. The cost is estimated at over one hundred millions and while opinions differ as to its feasibility, there seems to be a growing sentiment in favor of it as providing the surest means of placing the country in an impregnable position to handle the business without fear of successful rivalry.

Other projects have been put for-

ward, all looking towards increasing the outlets from the prairies, the latest being a canal from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, which, however, is not looked upon very seriously.

Already a section of railway connecting with Hudson Bay has been opened, but the possibilities even of this route are looked upon with doubt, owing to the extremely short as well as uncertain time of open navigation in that inland northern sea.

Another alternative route that is sometimes mentioned is via British Columbia ports and the Panama Canal when completed. It is yet early to discuss this intelligently, but lines of steamers are now running from Vancouver to the United Kingdom, transshipping their cargoes at Puerto on the Pacific side of the Mexican Isthmus, and reloading on ships at Salina Cruz on the Gulf side. The rates of freight on goods to the United Kingdom and return via this route have been made much less than it is possible to make by rail across the continent, and thence across the Atlantic.

The length of time given for this route is 42 days, and whether it will ever be a factor, even when the Panama Canal is completed, time

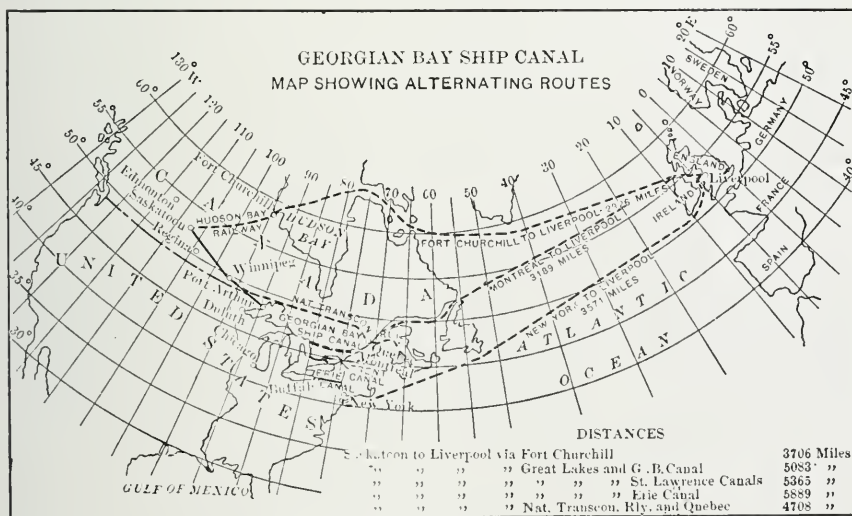
THE ROMANCE OF TRANSPORTATION IN CANADA

alone will tell; but the facts are worth recording as showing the efforts being made in various directions to capture and divert to other routes the growing traffic originating in the Great West.

Dr. J. W. Robertson, well known as one of our foremost Canadians, in a recent address to manufacturers in Montreal, stated that the products of Canadian farms in 1908 amounted to 432 millions, all having to be transported greater or less distances. He estimated the value of live stock in Canada at 530 millions. Add to this the enormous quantities of coal, lumber, fish, iron, manufactured goods, etc., produced in the country, as well as the millions of dollars' worth of imported goods, in addition to the through goods to and from China, Japan and Europe; and the total gives a more complete idea of the immensity of the present traffic and that which will follow in the near future.

Addressing the manufacturers at Quebec on May 19th, 1906, Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessey, speaking about the importance to the country of improving the St. Lawrence route, said: "I shall be much disappointed if it be not quickly demon-

strated that the possibilities of the St. Lawrence route are infinitely greater than anybody was inclined to believe; but if we are to accomplish all that is anticipated, there are many things to be done. We must have the waterway from the ocean so lighted and buoyed and so free from obstruction as to practically remove the last element of danger. We must have wharves and facilities that will enable the traffic to and from ships to be handled with economy and despatch. We have done much to improve the St. Lawrence route, but much remains to be done. The United States Government spends many millions in deepening the harbors of New York, Boston, Portland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, etc., and millions more on its harbors on the Great Lakes. If we are not to be rendered dependent on American ports, we must do our utmost, regardless of expense, I might also say, to improve the St. Lawrence route. The well-being of the whole Canadian people is involved. It is the political future of the country. It is by all odds the most important question of the day. Unless we complete a thorough system of improve-



INLAND NAVIGATION

This map shows the alternative routes between Western Canada and Europe.

ments based on scientific principles, we cannot hope to retain the rapidly growing traffic of the Northwest within Canadian channels. Much of it now finds its way to American ports; much more will go that way unless we bestir ourselves."

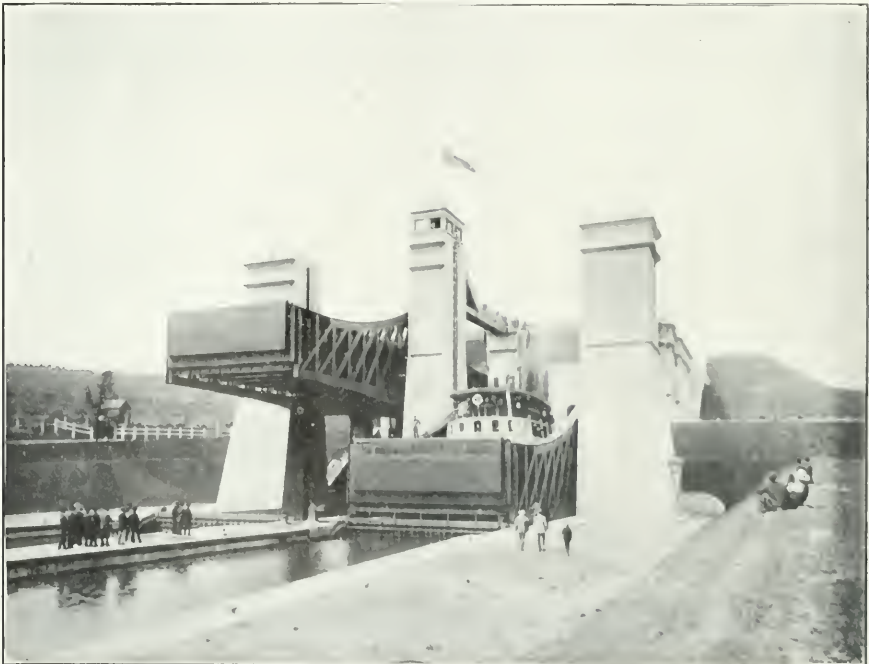
That was three years ago. Since then the work of improving the St. Lawrence River and in providing terminal facilities at Montreal have been pushed rapidly forward, and it seems safe to assume that this effort will not slacken until this greatest of waterways and our great national summer port will be equipped and ready to meet any possible increase in the traffic for many years to come.

The Lower Provinces as factors in the welfare and development of Canada are becoming more fully appreciated. Their position geographically is unique. Like a great wharf projecting into the sea stands Nova Scotia, a province rich in such natural resources as coal, iron, lumber, orchards and farm land, and waters teeming with fish.

Back of it on the edge of the mainland, lies New Brunswick, also with a great coast line; rich in the wealth of the sea, with undeveloped mineral resources and great forests of hard and soft wood, the value of which is becoming more fully realized each season.

Then Prince Edward Island, well called the Garden of the Gulf, one of the most fertile sections of this whole Dominion; all peopled by a race whose physical and mental qualities are not surpassed anywhere and who have made their mark wherever they have gone.

The Maritime Provinces possess the only Canadian ports on the Atlantic seaboard that are open all the year round. Therefore the position of the Lower Provinces is strategic and they practically hold the key of the situation, in having the only open doorways during the winter season over Canadian soil through which to carry on the rapidly expanding commerce of the whole Dominion.



THE PETERBOROUGH LIFT LOCK

This is the larger of the two hydraulic lift locks on the Trent Canal System, the second one being at Kirkfield, Ont.



MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By
R. P. CHESTER.

Most people have noticed how cumbersome an ordinary umbrella or sunshade is when one's hands are used for other occupations, such as bicycling, carrying parcels, a stick, an angling-rod, or a whip, or working with any tool in the open air. One often wishes to have three or four hands on such occasions. If a strong wind is blowing the unpleasantness is felt still more and sometimes persons prefer to get wet instead of forcing their way through the storm with open umbrella. These disadvantages have induced intelligent people to design umbrellas which could be fastened to the body, leaving the hands free. Trials were made in Germany and Austria some years ago, but owing to failures these appliances did not find acceptance by the public. It is only recently such remarkable improvements have been made that these useful articles will be manufactured in quantities. The accompanying illustrations give some idea of the various applications. The shades are carried by the shoulders to which they are fastened by straps and rubber bands. The skeleton consists of thirteen steel tubes which are connected by twenty-two hinges, springs and diagonal struts. Stretched over it is a square piece of cloth, which is kept tight and forms a saddle roof. When

not in use all steel rods lie parallel and the cloth is loose so that the apparatus does not take up more room than an ordinary sunshade. The



A NOVEL UMBRELLA

How one may read with comfort under
this friendly sunshade

weight is only nine to eleven ounces. The three-longest sticks form the ridge and edges of the roof and four the support. Experiments have shown that it is well adapted to protect any

person from the excessive heat of the sun as well as rain. The fact that it is open in the front and in the rear r n-



ANOTHER USE OF THE UMBRELLA

Showing how a topographical surveyor may pleasantly pursue his work.

ders it strong enough to withstand wind. The arms of the wearer are left perfectly free to move around and the small weight on the shoulders is scarcely felt. The numerous struts distribute the weight and wind pressure if the latter comes from one side to the upper part of the body. There are several sizes and styles, to satisfy the taste of everybody. These saddle-umbrellas as they are called will undoubtedly be welcomed by all those who have to be at all times in the open air, like surveying engineers, mail men, messengers on bicycles, as well as tourists, sportsmen, landscape painters, gardeners, farmers and others.

The second National Peace Congress met recently in Chicago. It was a gathering of remarkable power and significance. Its program included the names of some of the most prominent educators, statesmen, diplomatic clergymen and social workers

of the country. The total number of delegates was very large. The prevailing note of the convention was that of optimism. The approach of the day of peace was definitely prophesied by every speaker, but by none more powerfully than by President Schurman, of Cornell. W. R. Buchanan, who has had no small experience in arbitration, gave sensible advice relative to jingo talk and favored the larger use of The Hague Conference and the abolition of Joint Commissions. He further expressed disbelief in compulsory arbitration. In this, however, the Congress did not altogether agree, for compulsory arbitration was favored by some of the speakers. A number of other theories were suggested, including a suggestion by President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, that instead of building Dreadnoughts, there should be insurance against injury that the Dreadnought might do. Mr. Edward Ginn proposed an International School of Peace. Mr. H. N. Higginbotham, president of the Columbian



JOHN R. LINDGREN

Who has donated \$25,000 to the North Western University to provide lectures and essays on international peace

Exposition, believed that the cause of peace could be furthered by the refusal of future world's expositions

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

to accept displays of the implements of war. General F. D. Grant, however, believed that great military preparations are necessary for peace. The session closed with a great banquet of a thousand people given under the auspices of the Chicago Association of Commerce, at which were present a large number of diplomats and prominent members of the Peace Conference. It was at this dinner that a gift of \$25,000 to the Northwestern University was announced, for the purpose of founding a permanent series of lectures, and to secure the annual payment of prizes for essays upon questions of international peace and interdenominational religious harmony. The giver was John R. Lindgren, Swedish consul to Chicago and cashier of the State Bank of Chicago.

A high honor has just been paid Dr. George Sterling Ryerson by the federal government. He has been appointed official representative for Canada at the International Congress of Medicine, which meets this year in Buda Pesth, Austro-Hungary. Dr. Ryerson, who is one of the cleverest and most brilliant of Canadian medical men, will leave Toronto on July 10th and will be abroad some three months. He has been a teacher of medicine since 1881, and comes of a stock that has played an important part in the military and educational life of the Dominion. A nephew of Rev. Egerton Ryerson, founder of the Ontario school system, his father was in several battles of 1812 and was severely wounded before Fort Erie. The Ryerson family is of good United Empire Loyalist associations and the doctor's grandmother, Mehetabel (Stickney) Ryerson is believed to have been the first white subject of English origin born in Canada after the cession of the country by the French. She was known for many years as the "Mother of Nova Scotia." George Sterling Ryerson was a full fledged M.D. many months before he was

twenty-one years old. He spent five years abroad. His first military appointment was as surgeon of the Royal Grenadiers in 1881. He saw service in the rebellion of 1885 in the Northwest, receiving, in recognition of his services in this campaign, the promotion to surgeon-major, the imperial war medal, and the Third Class Decoration of the Order of St. John. In 1895 he was made deputy surgeon-general. Through his efforts the ambulance corps of the Grenadiers



DR. G. S. RYERSON

Appointed representative of Canadian Government
at the International Congress of Medicine,
Buda Pesth.

was organized in 1884, and he was also instrumental in forming the Association of Medical Officers of the Militia, of which he was president. He was a founder and president of the Toronto Clinical Society and an original member of the Ophthalmological Society of Great Britain. Dr. Ryerson is an honorary member of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States. He has been a presiding officer and guest at many international gatherings. One of his most memorable tasks was in founding the Canadian Red Cross Society



RE-OPENING OF THE WHITE CITY

Lord Strathcona, the central figure on the right, is asking the Duke of Argyll (standing next to him) to formally open the Exhibition.

thirteen years ago. He has been chairman of the executive committee from its foundation. Col. Ryerson, who is now on the Reserve list, was senior officer of the Army Medical Corps. He was the Canadian Red Cross Commissioner with Lord Roberts' headquarters during the South African war and was mentioned in despatches. He organized the St. John's Ambulance Association in 1895 in Canada and is the general secretary for the Dominion. For six years he was member for East Toronto in the Ontario Legislature.

The re-opening of the White City at Shepherd's Bush this season

bids fair, according to the London Tatler, to rival last year's success. At the formal opening a few days ago a representative number of people were present. Lord Strathcona, the venerable Canadian High Commissioner, is seen in the

illustration asking the Duke of Argyll to formally open the exhibition. It is interesting to recall that the Duke of Argyll (then the Marquess of Lorne) was Governor-General of Canada from 1878 to 1883. He proved to be a highly esteemed and much beloved viceroy. Over a quarter of a century has elapsed since he left the Dominion and those who remember him in



THE KING WINS THE DERBY

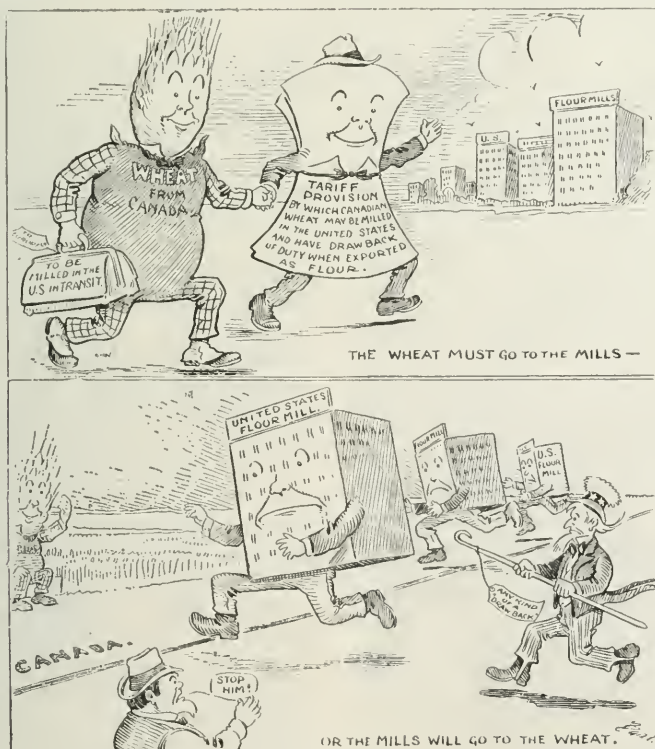
Royal scene at Epsom Downs on the day of the famous race.

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

the early eighties, will scarcely recognize him in the picture taken on this festive occasion. Years have wrought considerable change in His Grace, who is now sixty-four. In 1871, he married H.R.H. Princess Louise, fourth daughter of the late Queen Victoria. The duke is much stouter in build and appearance than when Canadians knew him so well, while the progress of time has silvered his hair and furrowed his countenance. He still takes a deep interest in Canada and all things pertaining to the welfare and development of the Dominion.

The most popular victory ever recorded at Epsom Downs was when King Edward's brown colt Minoru galloped home a winner in the recent Derby contest. The enthusiasm aroused was the greatest known on

the historic race course, and only a Briton can fully appreciate the pride of the achievement. This is the first time a horse of a reigning monarch has captured the Derby stakes of 6,500 guineas, although King Edward, when Prince of Wales, won the great race, in 1896 with Persimmon and in 1900 with Diamond Jubilee, both animals being bred at his own farm. In the illustration is seen Mr. Richard Marsh, the King's trainer, on the left of his Majesty. On the King's immediate right is his racing adviser, Lord Marcus Beresford; looking over Lord Marcus's shoulder, and evidently delighted at the unparalleled enthusiasm, is the Prince of Connaught. Then comes the Prince of Wales, who did some useful shouldering work in keeping his Majesty's loyal and devoted subjects from hustling their King, and finally there is seen Prince Alexander of Teck.



THE TREND OF THE TIMES

It is up to the United States Congress to say which it will be.

—Journal (Minneapolis).

The Indiscretion of the Best Man

By ANNE ALDEN.

From Harper's Monthly.

IF the best man had been discreet he never would have taken the maid of honor out to lunch on the very day of the Carr-Ilerkemer wedding. But the best man was not discreet; the maid of honor was charming; the lunch was elaborate and protracted. It was two o'clock when he bowed his temporary adieus to her on the maid of honor's door-step; he then had to call at the jeweler's for the ring—left there to be engraved—send a few telegrams, buy white ribbons and gloves, go home, change his clothes, call for the rector of All Angels, and appear with him at the bride's home by three.

Mortal man could not accomplish all this. The carriage came for the best man while he was still fumbling with buttons and studs. After a rapid calculation of his remaining time, he sent word to the driver to call at Ardville Court for the Reverend John Honeyman and then return for him. He knew that he took a risk in adopting this course, for the rector was notoriously absent-minded, and had been known to forget engagements even after he had started out to keep them. But the best man reasoned that his family would be on the lookout for the carriage, and would put Doctor Honeyman into it; then, by the time the coachman had come back, he himself would be ready and his reputation saved.

The rector's daughter was on the lookout for the carriage. Seeing one drive up, she ran to tell her father, assisted him into the proper overcoat

and hat, saw that he had his handkerchief and his gloves, his surplice and his prayer-book, and escorted him to the door.

Ardville Court was one of those pretentious apartment houses so plentifully dotting the city of Washington. Beneath that spacious roof which sheltered the rector of All Angels lived also the Hon. Samuel Nixon, member of Congress from Texas, whose wife was entertaining a visiting cousin with a round of official gayeties. They had planned to devote that afternoon to calling, but Mrs. Nixon had a headache and it was decided that Jeannette must go alone. A carriage was ordered, and Nixon, Jr. flattened his nose against the window to watch for it while his cousin made herself ready for the fray.

"Here's the carriage, Jeannette! It's at the door now! It's stopped!"

"All right, Bobby. Run and give the driver his list and tell him I'll be right down," replied his cousin, busy with hat and veil. Bobby hastened to hand the calling-list to the coachman and to deliver his message. The man took the list and hoped the party would hurry. His horses didn't like to stand. Bobby ran back to tell his cousin.

At this moment the Reverend Honeyman emerged from Ardville Court, advanced to the carriage, and climbed in, waving his hand to his smiling daughter on the porch. The driver looked puzzled.

"Ain't the lady going, sir?"

THE INDISCRETION OF THE BEST MAN.

"The lady?" repeated Doctor Honeyman. Then, thinking the man meant his daughter: "No; she is coming later. It is all right. Drive on, my man."

And the rector of All Angels was borne away into the unknown.

Miss Honeyman, on her way into Ardville Court again, passed Jeannette coming out. They chatted a moment, and the rector's daughter wished the other a pleasant afternoon.

There was no carriage waiting when Jeannette reached the street, but one drove up just as she appeared. The coachman had a white flower in his buttonhole. It looked rather wedding-y, she thought; but, of course, if he wanted a boutonniere, she didn't object. She tripped down to the curb, saying, "Is this the carriage from Browney's?" Being assured that it was, she entered it and closed the door. The carriage did not move.

"Go on, driver. No one else is going," she said.

"Beg pardon, miss, but I thought I was to take the rector," answered the man.

"The rector?"

"Doctor Honeyman, miss."

"Why no; you were to take me," said Jeannette. "I ordered this carriage."

Here the elevator-boy chimed in, with the information that Doctor Honeyman had gone to a wedding.

"He isn't going with me," declared the young lady. "You have the addresses, haven't you? You know where to go? Drive on."

The coachman drove on.

Jeannette occupied her time in sorting her cards, her cousin's cards, and her cousin's husband's cards into little piles ready for delivery. She regretted that she had not made a duplicate calling-list, so that she would know how many cards to leave at each place. "It would have been better to keep the list myself," she thought. "I could have told him where to go each time just as well." She decided to ask her Jehu for the list at her first stopping-place.

This place was reached in due course. Jeannette, gathering up card-case and muff, was preparing to get out, when a young man burst open the door, called out "Go ahead," and entered without ceremony.

It would be hard to tell which was the more surprised—Jeannette, at his intrusion, or our best man on beholding instead of the portly doctor a vision in gray and pink. The vision congealed perceptibly in spite of its fox furs, and awaited an explanation.

"Beg pardon," blurted out the intruder. "But where's Doctor Honeyman?"

This was the second time that the rector had been insisted upon, so to speak, as a travelling companion for Jeannette. Wondering, with wrath, why people should suppose she went about with that old man, she replied that she did not know anything about Doctor Honeyman; that she had hired that carriage and was going calling. The best man pushed open the slide and communicated with the driver. That worthy's answer seemed to reassure him. He sat down and explained to his *vis-a-vis* the reasons for his presence in that carriage.

They were good reasons, Jeannette had to admit. She decided that she liked this young man, and gave her own explanation. The two explanations did not, however, explain the main point—how they both happened to be in the same vehicle. Suddenly the girl gasped: "The list! Ask him if he has my calling-list!"

No, the driver had no list. The two young people looked at each other. Jeannette laughed hysterically.

"It's my mistake. I'm in the wrong carriage. The rector must have taken mine and gone off in it. And I didn't have but one list. What shall I do?" "But think of me!" her companion reproached her. "You are all right. You can call up your cousin and get another list. But there's only one Doctor Honeyman, and I've lost him."

He looked so worried that Jeannette tried to console him. "I dare say we are both nervous about noth-

ing," she said. "As soon as Doctor Honeyman finds out the mistake, he'll tell the coachman to drive to the right place. He may be there before you are. Then I'll get into my own coach and go on. Don't let us worry before we have to."

The best man echoed her hopes, but his conscience troubled him, and premonitions of evil would not down. And with good reason, for when they reached the bridal mansion the rector had not arrived. The best man parleyed with some other young men at the front door, then came back to Jeannette with furrows on his brow.

"No luck. They have been phoning around, and he left Ardville Court some time ago. Ought to have been here long before this."

"Mercy! What do you suppose has happened?"

"Oh, I know what's happened," gloomily responded the best man. "He's forgotten all about this wedding, and your man's driving him about the city. Do you suppose you could remember your calling-list?"

"I'll try. I do remember the first place. Perhaps we can find him," she said, breathlessly.

"Here, Walter, catch this," called the best man to a youth at the gate. "This" was a little white box containing the wedding-ring. "Tell them not to worry. I'll find the dominie, if he's above ground. If I don't return. Walter, you might look for me in the river."

He sprang into the carriage and they were off. The search for the Reverend John Honeyman had begun.

Upon leaving his home, Doctor Honeyman leaned back comfortably and resumed the interrupted thread of scathing discourse which he was to hurl at his congregation next Sunday. The halting of his conveyance recalled him to mundane things. He looked around absently, noticed his surplice bag and prayer-book, and remembered that he was to officiate at something. His daughter having left the book-mark at the marriage service, he recollected that it was a wedding.

Gathering together his possessions, he dismounted and approached the house.

A sudden bereavement had cancelled the first reception on Jeannette's list. After a talk with the lackey at the door, the Reverend Doctor returned to the carriage and remarked that the driver had made a mistake.

The next house wore a festive air. Awnings were stretched from curb to door; people were coming and going. Doctor Honeyman entered with several others, was relieved of bag and book, and found himself shaking hands with an elegantly gowned dame before he realized what was happening to him. He did not know his hostess, nor she him, but she murmured the name he had given to the butler and passed him down her receiving-line.

The rector of All Angels eschewed all purely social functions; he was amazed and confounded on finding himself at a tea. He declined refreshments, repossessed himself of satchel and book, and went out to remonstrate with his coachman.

Jehu waxed indignant. He grumbled out that he could read, and he'd been told to go to these places, and if the gentleman'd tell him where he did want to go he'd take him there. He handed Jeannette's list to his passenger.

The rector was appalled at its length. He could not understand why he should be expected to go to all these places. He did not recognize a single name, until, at the bottom of the slip, he spied Mrs. William Bell's. She was one of his parishioners—she had a daughter—yes, he recollected something about her being engaged—that must be the place. If not, he would have to telephone to his daughter and admit his predicament. He gave the driver Mrs. Bell's address, and again they went their way.

Before Mrs. Bell's home more carriages, more automobiles, more guests in fine attire, but Doctor Honeyman had learned caution. He inquired if Mrs. Bell was expecting him. The colored man on duty at the door, know-

THE INDISCRETION OF THE BEST MAN.

ing him by sight, grinned an affirmative answer; whereupon the doctor asked to be taken to a dressing-room. The man, surprised, spoke to another servant, who led the rector up-stairs to a dressing-room, and lingered until he saw that gentleman begin to don his robes of office.

The servant descended to the parlor and informed his mistress that Doctor Honeyman was up-stairs getting ready to preach. The lady turned pale, thinking he had gone insane—at her house—at a reception, of all things! "Go and stay with him, James," she said, "and tell them to send Mrs. Brown to me. She is in the dining-room."

Mrs. Brown was another parishioner. She left her coffee-urn, and heard her friend's whispered story with alarm. "Oh dear! Do you suppose his mind has turned? We must try to get him away quietly. To not have a scene here. I'll go and think of his ending like this!"

Mrs. Brown, going up-stairs, met the rector coming down. He did not look insane, and greeted her so cordially that she felt sure there was a mistake somewhere. A few questions straightened the matter out. Mrs. Brown laughed till the tears came.

"The Carr-Herkemer wedding!" she exclaimed. "Mercy! it was to take place at three. I am going to the reception myself at five."

"My good lady," replied the relieved Doctor Honeyman, "I require two things of you—Mrs. Herkemer's address and the promise that you will let me finish the ceremony before you arrive for the reception."

The amused Mrs. Brown granted both requests, and again the rector went his way. He reached Mrs. Herkemer's three-quarters of an hour late, but the marriage vows had been spoken by the time the first guests arrived to congratulate the happy pair. The bride's brother supported the groom through the ordeal. The best man was not present.

Meanwhile Jeannette, rolling away from Mrs. Herkemer's door in quest

of the rector, scribbled down all the names she could remember. There were nine. "I had fourteen names, but these will do for a starter," she said. "If we don't find him, I'll telephone to Mary for the rest. I don't know any of these people very well, but they came to my tea last week."

"So you are going over the free-lunch route," remarked her companion, glancing over the list. "All the newcomers do it, but it gets to be an awful bore after a while. We'll have to look up these addresses in the directory."

They looked up the names and hastened away to their first stop. Jeannette had remembered which one that was. At the door they were met with the news of the cancelled entertainment, and that Doctor Honeyman had called.

"You see, I was right. We will chase him all the afternoon," said the best man, with bitterness of soul.

"All right, then, we will," declared the young lady. She had become thoroughly interested in the adventure and determined to see it to a finish.

Alas! Jeannette had not remembered the order of her goings. The rector was not at the next house, nor yet the next. The best man called up the bride's home, but Doctor Honeyman had not come, and the remarks made by the person at the other end of the line filled him with indignation.

"I'm doing my best to find him. I don't know what else I can do," he said, discouraged. "Do you think we could be quicker about it, Miss—Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Jeannette Mills. Would you mind telling me yours?"

"Howard Carr. Pardon me for not introducing myself sooner," apologized the best man. "I'm the groom's cousin. It's a good thing, I am, too. He can't cut my acquaintance, no matter what happens."

"Never mind, Mr. Carr. You are doing the best you can. We'll find him," said Miss Mills, trying to comfort the unhappy youth.

They planned their attacks upon the various "at homes" with the idea of saving time. At each house Jeanette would leave her cards and go down the receiving-line, glancing about meanwhile for the rector. She would then rejoin her escort, who had been interviewing the servant at the door, and they would dash off for their next stop.

At last they came to Mrs. Bell's and met Mrs. Brown coming out. She heard them ask for the rector, and had her second good laugh that day.

"He came here and I sent him away long ago. The ceremony is over by this time. Come back to the reception with me, you naughty Mr. Carr. You, too, Miss Mills. Our best man will need all the protection we can give him when that crowd gets hold of him. Come on, both of you."

Mrs. Brown was right. A troop of

joyous young people swirled out to meet the best man, escorted him into the house, and presented him to the bride and groom. They laughed, they guyed him, they compelled him to make a speech; he attracted more attention than the principals. The bride said she did not believe she would speak to him again; the maid of honor wouldn't.

"You are the only friend I have in the world," the harassed young fellow declared to Jeannette as she prepared to continue her journeyings. "I'm not going to stay here one minute after you leave. I'm going with you to pay the rest of your calls, and then I'm going to see you home. You might just as well let me, Miss Mills, I'm going, anyhow."

Confronted with such determination, what woman could have said him nay?

Your Heating Plant

YOUR fires are at last out. Your heating plant is at rest after a long period of service. Do you know it will deteriorate more rapidly when out of use than when fired up? Your cellar is probably damp, and the ashes left in the heater with the sooty carbon in the flues, if allowed to remain and hold dampness will corrode and pit the iron surfaces, causing rapid decay. The entire plant ought to be looked over by an expert and put in proper condition to leave for the summer.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION (at Point Grey, B.C.)

This is one of the most complete and admirably appointed stations in the world. The tree on the right was 265 feet high and in its branches a family of eagles had built their nest. About sixty feet had to be cut off the top of the tree before it could be used as a mast to sustain the aerial wires.

The Wireless in Canada

By.

G. W. BROCK

DO modern pursuits and pleasures engender new types of disease or are these merely the creation of cartoonists, the whim of professional humorists or a sensation in the medical world? We hear of the bicycle face, golf hump, automobile neurosis, and with the expansion and spread of wireless telegraphy comes the report of an eminent French naval surgeon on various affections caused by the action of the Hertzian waves. The commonest malady among wireless op-

erators is known by the longest name—conjunctivitis—which is an optical disorder necessitating the wearing of yellow glasses, while other effects are said to be eczema, painful palpitation of the heart and extreme nervousness among those who sail the deep.

It is not generally known that Canada to-day is in the forefront of the nations of the world in the matter of the development of practical wireless telegraphy. When we read in the daily press of how wireless

messages prevent ocean tragedies and loss of life as the intelligence of a storm, a wreck or a collision at sea is flashed through the air, it is interesting to recall that in the Dominion there are twenty well-equipped, modern wireless stations. Five are located in the west and the remaining fifteen in the east. They are operated as aids to navigation and are under the control of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. During the past year over sixty-five thousand messages of all kinds were

across the briny deep from Canada to England was made, the first station on this side of the Atlantic being at Glace Bay, N.S. Two years ago a regular trans-Atlantic service was inaugurated, the cost of transmitting a message being fifteen cents a word instead of twenty-five, the figure charged by the old established sub-marine cable companies.

To-day a very large number of the vessels engaged in trans-oceanic coasting or internal waterway service are equipped with wireless telegraph outfits and operators. The efficacy of the apparatus was first brought into world-wide prominence a few weeks ago when five great liners, summoned by this mysterious aerial force, rushed to the rescue of the White Star liner Republic.

Of the score of stations in Canada all are the property of the Government with the exception of two which belong to the Marconi Company. Fifteen are high-power stations, which means that their radius of activity is between 200 and 300 miles. The remainder are low-power, with a radius of some 90 miles. It is expected that two new stations will be erected this summer, one at Three Rivers and the other at Montreal, which will complete a line of wireless communication all the way from the Straits of Belle Isle off the north coast of Newfoundland to the metropolitan city of Canada—a distance of about 900 miles.

Through the marvellous medium of the wireless, steamships coming to Canada by the northern route, are forewarned of fog or ice floes in the Straits. If these dangers are imminent no time is lost and the approaching steamer, being duly warned, veers to the south and takes the route via Cape Race and the Northumberland Straits. Much liability to danger and delay is thus averted. The approach of every vessel is noted and reports are promptly sent to the different trans-



CECIL DOUTRE

Who superintends the twenty wireless telegraph stations in Canada

sent and received from these stations and the cost of their maintenance was \$58,232. These figures convey some idea of how important a part wireless telegraphy is playing in our national and commercial life.

It was in 1896 that Guglielmo Marconi first spread the Hertz waves through trackless space conveying intelligible messages a distance of 200 feet. Six years later a successful demonstration of sending and receiving wireless despatches

THE WIRELESS IN CANADA.



THE INTERIOR OF A HIGH POWER STATION

Showing the operator and apparatus by means of which messages are despatched through trackless space.

portation companies as well as to the various newspaper offices, thus allaying anxiety in the case of storm-bound or overdue ships. The stations are also used by the meteorological department to forward weather reports. Mariners are supplied with forecasts of the weather all the way up the river to Montreal.

A high power station with its equipment costs about \$10,000 while a low-power one represents an outlay of some \$5,000. The Government has expended in the erection of stations about a quarter of a million dollars. The apparatus of a high-power station is operated directly from an alternating current generator and of a low-power station by means of storage batteries. A high-power station equipment consists of a gasoline engine connected with an alternating current

dynamo generating current at 110 volts and 125 cycles. The current is taken from the generator and stepped up through a high tension transformer to approximately 20,000 volts, which in turn is largely increased by what is known as a Tesla coil, advancing the voltage to 150,000. A condenser is usually connected across this coil in order to afford the maximum discharge of current.

The five western stations, which are located principally on the Pacific Coast and have a radius of activity of about 250 miles, are equipped with what is known as the Shoemaker system. The benefit of these stations for rescue and relief work, in the event of storm or shipwreck, has already been demonstrated in many cases. They are considered to be the most complete and up-to-date of any so far

constructed, being provided with hot and cold water, baths and all modern conveniences.

In connection with each station a mast is required to sustain the aerial wire from which signals are despatched. This is generally about 180 feet in height, made of three long straight sticks. At Point Grey station, seven miles from Vancouver, it was not necessary to erect a mast, as there was at hand a gigantic fir tree, thirty-six feet in circumference at the base, rearing its

eagles. It was about six feet in diameter and weighed nearly two tons.

All the stations, with the exception of those in British Columbia, are operated by the Marconi Company under contract with the federal authorities. The business done consists of signal service messages, marine intelligence, private telegrams between steamers, and commercial communications. The stations have three operators each. Those on the west coast are in charge of men, who have been successful land wire operators and on account of their experience and speed, are best qualified for the posts that they hold. Preference is given by the Government to married men.

The Public Works Department has a station at Grosse Isle, where the quarantine quarters are located, and another at Quebec City, to furnish communication, commercial and otherwise, between these points.

All ocean liners plying between Montreal, Halifax and Liverpool are equipped with wireless apparatus. The outfit costs about \$1,000 to instal. The Canadian Government boats are similarly fitted, including the fishery protection cruiser, Canada, the Lady Laurier, Stanley, Minto, Montcalm and Earl Grey, as well as the new boat being built at the Government dock yards at Sorel. The ice-breakers, which do such effective service between Pictou, N.S., and Georgetown, P.E.I., have wireless outfits while the Quadra, a supply ship on the Pacific Coast, is likewise equipped. Before the present season of navigation ends nearly all the big transportation companies, whose vessels sail inland lakes, will be in touch with land by wireless, each ship having its own outfit and operator. The sense of safety afforded by such appliances in the matter of life and property, is sure to attract business to the craft possessing this modern means of protection against peril.



AN ISLAND STATION

A modest frame wireless depot on Partridge S. Island, New Brunswick

topmost limbs 265 feet from the ground. Before it could be used for wireless work about sixty-feet had to be lopped off. In the branches a family of eagles had built a nest and the birds had to be dislodged with Winchester rifles before any one could ascend to sever the required length. Iron steps were attached to the side of the tree for the necessary ascension and, when the upper portion of the state-fir fell, down came the nest of the

THE WIRELESS IN CANADA.

Another advantage of wireless waves is evidenced in connection with the work of repairing submarine cables. The Anglo Cable Company and the French Cable Company have a cable ship, the *Numa*, which, when anything goes wrong with their lines, puts out from shore. The trouble may be located hundreds of miles away. After repairs are made, the cable ship does not have to wend its way back to the coast to ascertain if everything is working satisfactorily. By means of her wireless apparatus she can instantly learn the news. Thus, even the old line cable concerns acknowledge, in some particulars at least, the usefulness and economy of a rival force.

The wireless stations of the Canadian Government are all under the superintendency of Mr. Cecil Doutré, a capable electrical engineer of the Marine Department, who, although a young man, is one of the most efficient officers in the service. He personally supervised the construction of the five new stations on the Pacific Coast which in point of convenience, service and equipment, are not surpassed by

any in the world. The twenty stations, over which he has control, are at the following points:

Father Point, River St. Lawrence.
Clarke City, River St. Lawrence.
Fame Point, River St. Lawrence.
Heath Point, Anticosti.

Cape Bear, Prince Edward Island.
Pictou, Nova Scotia.

Cape Race, Newfoundland.

Whittle Rocks, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Point Armour, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Belle Isle, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Point Rich, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Cape Ray, Newfoundland.

Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Cape Sable, Nova Scotia.

Partridge Island, New Brunswick.

Point Grey, British Columbia.

Victoria, British Columbia.

Pachena, British Columbia.

Estavan Point, British Columbia.

Cape Lazo, British Columbia.

A recent news despatch from the West conveys the latest intelligence of the progress of the wireless system in Canada and says the wireless telegraphic apparatus for establishing communication between Prince Rupert, Port Essington and Vancouver,



A TYPICAL FISHING FLEET

In the Straits of Belle Isle, off the North Coast of Newfoundland. Many of the vessels are equipped with wireless apparatus

is on its way to the Coast. Mr. J. T. Phelan, superintendent of government telegraphs, and Mr. D. Minard, electrical engineer in the public works department at Ottawa, are in Prince Rupert to select suitable sites for the stations at the two northern ports. The expense of the installations will be \$8,000, and it is intended to show that the cost of wireless communication with the north is cheaper than the present system. The mountainous conditions at Prince Rupert are not favorable to a location near the har-

bor. Vessels fitted with wireless in the harbor cannot communicate easily with Vancouver, though the Rupert City, which has wireless equipment, successfully sent messages from Port Essington harbor to the station at Point Grey, a distance of 550 miles. The station will require to be on the mountain in order that the aerials may work freely. The northern telegraphic service is now subject to frequent interruption through wires being down, but excellent results are anticipated under the wireless system.

From a Philosopher's Note Book

Harper's Weekly

A GREEN Christmas maketh a slim coal-yard.

A frog in the pond is worth two in your throat.

A breach-of-promise suit is a poor substitute for a wedding coat.

There is nothing that will burn a hole in your pocket so quickly as a cool million.

The man who said, "Talk is cheap," never had to pay his wife's telephone charges.

If, as some poet has said, all life is music, the tramp must have been set to rag time.

What a comfort it would be if the wolf at the door could be trained to chew up a few duns as they arrive!

There was a time when a hundred thousand dollars seemed like a good deal of money, and, come to think of it, it seems so yet.

It is not so much the love of money, but the inordinate desire of its possessors to get rid of it, that is at the root of many latter-day evils.

Lost in the Post

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

From The Strand Magazine.

IT was not the knowledge that the letter was addressed to his wife which first pulled Ainslie up. It was the sudden familiarity of his own name, jumping in upon thousands of others he had seen that night. At first, indeed, his brain, fogged by the long, mechanical hours of sorting, failed to help him. He stood, staring idly and vaguely, balancing the envelope in his hand.

Round him the big sorting office, with its hundred electric lights, blazed like a vast, illuminated temple of speed. Above the hoarse cries of the superintendents, above the creak and whistle and groan of trollies, above the incessant tramp and tread of postmen laden with khaki bags, the heavy thud—thud of date-stamps hammered the King's head. The whole building shook; the noise thrilled along the iron girders of the roof; the glass skylights caught and flung it back to the floor. And the air reeked with the fumes of boiling wax.

To Ainslie, standing midway down a row of sorters at the long, three-decked table in the centre of the room, the full significance of what he saw did not come for a whole minute. Then, as the truth glimpsed on to him and grew to certainty, his heart stopped dead, to leap forward again at express speed. And for a moment his eyes saw red—nothing but red. A furious, insane jealousy had overmastered him.

He turned the letter over and over in his fingers. It bore an Australian stamp. The postmark was Melbourne. The address was written in a round,

upright hand. And Ainslie knew that the sender was Dicky Soames, his wife's cousin, whom he hated and feared more than any man in the world. Six months back, coming down to find the postman at his door, he had been given just such another letter, That he had thrown savagely into the fire, then and there, stamping it down with his heel.

No man ever had less real cause for jealousy than Ainslie. His wife was as frank as the day, a splendid housekeeper, a magnificent mother to the children. But Ainslie, hard-working, efficient, zealous, and anxious to succeed, had a positive kink. He was almost a monomaniac. He could not bring himself to believe that, though he had been the successful suitor for Adela Morton's hand, she had not, in her heart of hearts, a strong, unquenched affection for the ne'er-do-weel cousin who had courted her so long. The fact that Dicky Soames had, years back, gone out to join his—and Adela's—uncle at the Melbourne store made no difference to his belief. Suspicion slumbered in him always, growing alive and quick whenever the other's name was mentioned or some chance speech struck a too readily responsive chord in his jealous brain. It was his fixed belief that some day his rival would return and take Adela from him. And, though he loved her passionately, not all the arguments of doctor and saint would have coaxed him into trust.

As he stood at the sorting-table, one thought alone took full shape and domination over the thousand others

that flashed past him. He must have the letter—must have it at all costs. And since, in the morning, when the postman came to his house, he would be back at the office again, he must have it now.

Instinctively the hand that held the letter went towards the right-hand pocket of his coat. Then it stopped midway. Ainslie, caught by a sudden fear, had glanced quickly round. It was well for him that he did so, for behind him stood one of the superintendents, watching and alert. His eyes, full of sudden suspicion, met Ainslie's, Ainslie, his sense of self-preservation overcoming for the moment his jealousy, swung round, put the letter on its appointed heap, and began to sort for dear life.

Once or twice, during lulls in the work, more often when pressure was at its height, he glanced furtively behind him to see whether he was still being watched. The superintendent stayed—and stared. If, now and then, he moved away, it was only to go behind a pillar or to the corner of a sorting table, to some spot from which he could watch unseen. It was evident that he had seen Ainslie's gesture and believed the worst.

Quite soon Ainslie's chance was gone. The heaps of sorted stuff before him grew higher; the sub-sorters came to clear them away—to take some to the dispatching boards, some over to the postmen's tables at the far end of the room. These last, and with them the letter for Ainslie's wife, would lie there till morning, when they—and it—would be taken out for delivery a few minutes before Ainslie came back to work again. At ten o'clock the office would close; the doors would be locked; and to come at what Dicky Soames had written would be sheer impossibility. Unless—

Unless? The thought came to him as an inspiration. Could he get into the office after it was closed? Was it possible without the key? Then, smiling as he worked, he remembered. Once a colleague, having left some valuables in his working coat,

had got in through the skylights of the long, low roof. What had been done once could be done again. He would be able to get the letter after all. And then? Why, he would confront his wife with the clear evidence of the disloyalty of which he had so long suspected her!

He did not mind about the superintendent now. He had something better to think of. He worked feverishly at the tables, doing two men's work, anxious only to kill time. At length the last letter was sorted. The boards were cleaned. With a dozen others Ainslie went over to help the dispatching clerks tie up, to pull the chock-a-block bags across to the zinc-covered tables where the porters stood, seals in hand, before the pots of boiling wax. Then, after he had gone down into the retiring-room and changed his coat, he signed the big attendance book and went out into the street—to watch.

Hidden in an entry's sheltering darkness, Ainslie waited. He heard the Town Hall clock boom out ten times, he watched the sorters leave in groups of threes and fours, he saw the blaze of the electric lights die down into darkness. He heard, too, the rattle of the keys as the superintendent made fast the doors. After that he waited still. It was half-past ten before he ventured to leave his hiding-place.

He hurried to the back of the building. The gates of the big yard were easy to climb and he was soon over them; but, as he knew must be the case, the swing doors of the sorting-office were locked from within. The skylight was the only possible entrance.

Close by the doors of the sorting-office a tall telegraph pole ran up, overtopping the glass roof that was Ainslie's aim. All the wires in the office were hitched to this; it had, every eighteen inches, branching metal footholds screwed into it for the electricians to ascend. Ainslie found a portable dustbin, put it before the pole, jumped up, caught at

the lowest foothold, pulled himself up, and began to climb. Soon he was level with the roof. He stepped from the pole on to the wooden catwalks in a dip between the skylights, walked along a little way, and then drew his body across the glass surface. He raised a skylight that was only ajar, fixed it wide, put his feet through, and swung by one hand, feeling for a perpendicular girder with the other. He found it, caught it, set his feet on a horizontal one beneath, lowered himself, and stood on the top deck of a sorting-table. Thence he jumped to the floor.

He struck a match, and found himself close to the postmen's tables. Knowing exactly on which the letter would be, he hurried across and switched on the light. He took a bundle of letters in his left hand, and slipped each of them deftly into his right, one by one. Quite soon he came on what he sought. And then, for the second time that night, he stood staring at the envelope.

Suddenly, in the far part of the office, something seemed to creak. It was only the echo of his own involuntary movement and cry, but he couldn't know that. There in the full light he stood, staring into the surrounding darkness, his hair stiffening, his breath held, and his whole being a bundle of nerves. He took a step forward. "Who's there?" he whispered, fiercely. The roof and the distance echoed back a blurred answer. Ainslie, beside himself with fear, felt that he must get rid of what he held at any cost. Before him an unextinguished fire smouldered, glowing and red. Into it he flung Dicky Soames's letter. The paper took the flame with slow sureness, crinkled, charred, and became merged in the coals. Ainslie faced the darkness once more. "Who's there?" he called, more loudly, because of his growing fear. Again the roof and the distance echoed back their answer. But this time they echoed clearly, and he knew that his fears had been vain. He began to curse himself for a fool

and for having destroyed the evidence he had risked his career to get. And in a blind rage of disappointment and despair he climbed out of the building on to the roof, over the wooden catwalks, down the telegraph pole, and into the yard again. Then, tip-foot on the slanting beam that supported one of them, and jumped over into the by-street on the other side. But as his feet met the ground he felt a strong arm crook within his own.

Ainslie struggled fiercely, but in vain. The grip was too strong for him. In desperation he drew back to strike with all his force. The single flickering lamp outside the double doors lit up his captor's face. Ainslie went utterly limp.

"Great heavens, it's the postmaster!" he cried. He was right. He had chosen for his folly one of the rare nights on which his chief made a surprise visit to the building.

The other stared at the sound of Ainslie's voice. "Why, it's Ainslie!" he brought out.

"Yes, sir, it's me," said Ainslie, feebly.

"This is very serious, Ainslie," said the postmaster. "What's your explanation?"

If Ainslie had told the whole truth, the chief, who was a humane person, would have understood and forgiven. But shame kept him partly silent.

"I went in for a letter," he stammered.

The postmaster frowned.

"You went in for a letter?" he repeated. "A letter at this time of night?"

"Yes, sir," said Ainslie. "It was an important letter, and I wanted it at once."

The chief looked incredulous. "How did you get in?" he demanded.

Ainslie told him. The other shook his head. "If I were a police officer," he said, "I should take you into custody right away; but, as I'm only a postmaster, I sha'n't do that. I shall suspend you from duty for suspicious

conduct. You won't come back till you hear further. Do you understand?"

Ainslie stood speechless. Should he—could he make a clean breast of it? Almost he screwed up his courage, then failed. It was impossible. His shame was too great.

"Very good, sir," he said; yet, before he turned away, he asked, pleadingly:

"Is there any chance that I shall be taken back, sir?"

The chief faced him, stern and fierce. "I can hold out no hope whatever!" he answered, briefly.

And Ainslie—broken for life—slunk up the by-street, out into the main road, home. If there was no hope then, what would there be when to-morrow the postmaster had heard the superintendent's tale?

Almost before he came into the room where his wife was sitting up for him she knew that something terrible had happened. The prolonged strain showed in his face, his walk was that of an old man, all his vitality seemed gone.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, gravely. "Tell me everything."

He told her—what he had told the postmaster. He mistrusted her still; but, most of all, he was ashamed. She heard him to the end.

"What was the letter you went back for?" she said.

Ainslie sat palsied and irresolute. Then he stammered out the lie that he had thought of on his miserable way home.

"It was about that old tall-boys!" he stammered. "I—I was in a hurry. I had an offer for it, and I wanted to know if Greaves would sell it me, so that I could let the gentleman know."

Mrs. Ainslie, looking at him with her grave grey eyes, saw that he lied. But she said nothing. It was her way.

"There's no hope of your being kept on?" she hazarded.

Ainslie shook his head.

"None whatever," he said. "Can

you wonder? Could anything look more black against a man?" Then, after a long silence, he burst out, "My God! The children! What are we to do?"

His wife got up and came across to him. She loved him. That is why, knowing that, though he was no thief, he had lied to her, she kissed him tenderly.

"There's no need to despair," she said. "It may be a blessing. You've a good trade at your fingers' ends that you learned before ever you thought of the Post Office. And you know more about old furniture than any man in Belboro!"

"You mean?" Ainslie wondered.

His wife balanced herself on the arm of his chair.

"I mean," she said, "that there's no antique business in the town worth calling one. There's work for a cabinet-maker now that there wasn't a dozen years ago. And with Americans in and out of the cathedral, as they are, a shop near the Close might make us a fortune in a few years."

"But," objected Ainslie, taking heart all the same, "but a shop wants capital, and we've none. And where are we going to get the old stuff to stock it with?"

Mrs. Ainslie slipped an arm round his neck, and waved her free hand round the room at her treasures.

"My dear," she said, proudly, "aren't there all the beautiful things we've been clever enough to get together? We've got them for next to nothing—we'll get others, too. We'll make this old house a shop like the antique house at Murcester and live among the things we sell. I'll see to customers and you shall go round the county on a bicycle picking things up. Oh, we'll make it a success! We'll make it a success! And you won't be away from me so much as you've been at your Post Office work! That will help me to do without and to stand up against the struggle at first!"

The magnificence of her courage killed the last spark of jealousy in Ainslie's heart. The shock, hammer-

ing out the kink, had made him into a sane man. For perhaps the first time in his life he took her into his arms feeling that she belonged to him heart and soul.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he cried, really happy at last. "I'll show you what I can do. We'll pull through together, in spite of everything. But, first of all, I must tell you——" Then, weakening, he broke off and hid his face in his hands. "Oh, I can't. I can't!" he cried.

Once more his wife, who was a thousand times too good for him, kissed him tenderly on the lips.

"Tell me nothing, dear," she said, "except that you love me with all your heart."

And Ainslie, saying so again and again, meant what he said.

There was, as the postmaster had told Ainslie, no hope of his going back to the Post Office. After a month of suspension the long-expected letter of dismissal came. He showed it to his wife in silence. She took the typewritten sheet of foolscap and put it in the fire. "That belongs to the past!" she said. "The present and the future belong to us!"

But for all her grit and Ainslie's grim determination to atone and succeed, the struggle was fierce and keen—the battle often against them. Cottage oak and modest brass afford a ready sale. But their profits are infinitesimal compared with those on the more aristocratic woodwork which Ainslie could not afford to buy. Sometimes, but seldom, he was able to acquire a piece of Sheraton for an old song, to make good its damages, and sell it at a handsome profit. But these were rare chances that seldom came his way. Often at sales, for want of capital, he had to forego the purchase of some rare piece for which neatly restored, he could have got a hundred per cent. on his outlay. At times, for all his wife's encouragement and pluck, his heart failed him. He was just a living—a bare living—and no more. But he plugged on still, and the certainty that his wife

loved him had made him another man. Slowly, very slowly, things improved. Gradually he got together a connection. He began to gain a reputation for fair dealing and good work.

One afternoon, when he came back from a long hunt in the country for a gate-legged table that a client had pressed him to discover, he found his wife giving tea to a plump, round-faced, fair-haired man, who greeted him as an old acquaintance.

"Good Lord, it's Dicky Soames!" cried Ainslie. "How long have you been here?"

"Two hours!" said the other. He shook hands corially, yet he looked at Ainslie as if he despised him.

Ainslie smiled back, with never a trace of jealousy in his heart.

"I hope Adela has kept you well entertained," he said.

Dicky Soames laughed. "Well, if it comes to that," he answered, "it's I who've been doing the talking. You see, I had some business matters to discuss with Adela."

Mrs. Ainslie looked at her husband. "Uncle Tom's dead," she explained, "and Dicky has come into the money. How much is it, Dicky?"

"Thirty thousand pounds!" said Dicky Soames, not without pride.

Ainslie shook his hand warmly. "By Jove! I congratulate you," he exclaimed. "You're in luck. Isn't he, Adela?"

Mrs. Ainslie turned to Dicky.

"Tell Arthur the rest," she said, quietly.

Dicky, for some reason or other, seemed uncomfortable. He cleared his throat several times before he blurted out: "He left Adela five hundred." His restless eyes searched Ainslie's a second, then fell again.

Ainslie glanced at his wife. She nodded.

"How splendid!" he said. "You don't know what it means to us, Dicky!"

But the visitor looked more uncomfortable than ever. Ainslie noticed it at last, and his face mirrored

his surprise. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Well, you see," stammered the other, awkwardly, "the old chap left something over sixty thousand, and he meant Adela to have half. But after he got paralyzed he began to get funny. He was mortally offended because Adela never answered two letters I wrote to her for him. Then he altered his will and left her share to hospitals and other things. I did all I could to persuade him that she'd never got his letters, but he wouldn't have it. Nothing would move the old chap when he'd once got a thing into his head."

He paused, broke off, and looked searchingly at Ainslie. But Ainslie's eyes were on his wife's. His face was as white as paper, his lips chattering and blue. Dicky Soames's suspicions were confirmed. And because he disliked Ainslie for many things, but

most because he believed him to have done Adela out of the money, he could not resist loosing one Parthian shot.

"It's strange about those two letters," he reflected aloud. "I wonder—I've often wondered what became of them!"

Mrs. Ainslie got up and came across to her husband's side.

"Only one thing could have become of them!" she said, and she faced Dicky Soames with the light of battle in her eyes.

Dicky stared. "What was that?" he demanded, amazed at her manner.

"They were lost in the post!" answered Mrs. Ainslie.

And, still facing her visitor, she slipped her fingers into her husband's ice-cold hand. Ainslie knew then that she knew everything. Yet he was, if that were possible, more sure of her still.

"It's Just My Luck"

By K. E. Naptel

HOW often have we heard this expression used by one who has failed in some undertaking?

Let us ask ourselves this question, "what is luck?"

Luck to my mind is,—success. Success is for the man who does things, not half-heartedly, not because it is a duty, but whole-souledly, enthusiastically, persistently and thoroughly.

We see a successful salesman. We say, "there's a lucky chap, he gets the best salary of any of the boys in the house."—How does he get it? And why? Because he puts his whole being into his work. He is enthusiastic,—about his goods, his house and his prospects. He is persistent in his efforts. He simply will not get down-hearted. Like a spring, the more he is bent down the further he will fly up. He never tells his troubles; he tells his pleasant experiences, looks on the bright side of things, and does his work well. That salesman "does things,"—is a success, or, as we generally hear it, "He is lucky."



CANADA'S WAR OFFICE •

In the large building in the foreground are located the offices of the Minister, the Inspector General, the Militia Council and Headquarters Staff.

Military Service in Canada

By

A. S. PARKER.

SHOULD an emergency arise tomorrow requiring the presence of armed troops, Canada aims at placing a force approximating 100,000 trained men in the field within a few days' notice. Although the active militia in the Dominion numbers some 57,000 men only, and the numerical strength of the permanent force is about 3,000, in time of storm or stress, insurrection or invasion, the ranks of the former would at once

be filled with thousands of young and middle-aged men, who have served three years or more in the different units of the various establishments, but have in the course of time retired. These stalwart Canadians have, by no means forgotten how to march past, shoulder arms, or form for attack, the majority being almost as familiar with the various manoeuvres as though they had just left camp. In an emergency they could be instantly

called on, and the units be raised from the skeleton peace establishments to the numbers required for active service. A battalion of infantry would be raised from about four hundred to one thousand of all ranks, a regiment of cavalry from about three hundred and twenty to six hundred all ranks, and so on with the other arms of the service.

The standard of defence, at which Canada has long aimed, has been the power of placing in the field a force of 100,000 men, properly organized and equipped, in first line, and behind it the necessary equipment and machinery for raising an additional force of 100,000 men as second line. It is perhaps not generally known that we have compulsory military service here. All men in Canada between eighteen and sixty years, who are British subjects, and not exempt or disqualified by law, under the provisions of the Militia Act, are liable to service. Unless you are a Privy Councillor, a Judge, a member of the Executive Council of a Province, a deputy minister, a clergyman, a telegraph clerk in actual work, an employe of the revenue department, an officer of a prison or a lunatic asylum, a member of the naval militia, a policeman, a fireman, a college professor, a teacher in religious orders, or a pilot—in case of war or invasion, you are liable to be enlisted and called upon to keep step, carry a rifle, or march to the front. The Militia Act of Canada makes a few other exceptions, as in the case of the only son of a widow who is her sole support, cripples, persons of unsound mind, and those whose religious doctrines are strictly averse to bearing arms. Even if you are over sixty years old and are exempt from service by any of the special provisions, you may be such a loyal and patriotic citizen and so desirous of upholding the honor and integrity of your country that you want to fight. If your blood is roused and you possess a burning desire to do your part in defence of King and native land, the Militia Act of

Canada will not keep you from service, providing you have no physical or mental disabilities.

Another point is that when required to organize a corps, either for annual training or an emergency, if enough men should not volunteer to complete the quota required, the men liable to serve are to be drafted by ballot. If you are drawn you may hire or engage an acceptable substitute to face



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN

Canada's War Minister, who is President of the Militia Council

the enemy in your stead, but it is under certain provisions, and these read "if during any period of service any man, who is serving in the active militia as a substitute for another, becomes liable to service in his own person, he shall be taken from such service and his place as a substitute shall be supplied by the man in whose stead he was serving." It may be noted that the men in Canada liable to service are divided into four classes,

MILITARY SERVICE IN CANADA

the first unmarried male inhabitants and widowers without children, between eighteen and thirty years of age; the second class comprises bachelors or widowers without a family, who are thirty years old or older. All bachelors and widowers with children, between eighteen and forty-five, constitute the third class who would be called to the front. The older men from forty-five to sixty would in all likelihood not be required unless the situation was extremely grave and the struggle of a protracted character.



SIR PERCY H. N. LAKE, K.C.M.G., C.B.
Inspector General and Chief Military Adviser
to the Minister.

These, however, would make up the fourth or final class of those who would, in the event of hostilities, have to join the three other classes who had gone before.

In case you were not an enthusiast military man, had little patriotic fervor, and no strong inclination to smell powder or to be in the thick of the fray, the question that would naturally arise in your mind would be, how long you would have to serve

in the occasion of an emergency. The regulations distinctly state that you shall not be required to serve in the field for a period longer than a year. If, however, you volunteered to go for the war—that is, during the time of its existence—or for a greater period than one year, you could not back down or reverse your decision. You would have to fulfil your engagement in its entirety. It is also possible that, should the strife be long and severe and the conditions urgent, you might be called upon to stay in the field for six months more—a year and a half in all. The Governor-in-Council, should unavoidable necessity warrant it, has the power to enforce such a regulation.

Canada's expenditure on its militia last year was, in round numbers, \$6,750,000, but this year, owing to a falling off in the national revenue, it was, like the other branches of the public service, found both advisable and necessary to reduce the expenditure, and accordingly the estimates, as presented to Parliament during the recent session, called for only \$6,113,000. For the annual drill the amount voted in 1908 was \$1,305,000, but the disbursement exceeded this allowance by \$105,000, making the total outlay \$1,410,000. In this, however, was included a charge of \$230,000 for bringing to Quebec to take part in the Tercentenary celebration about eleven thousand militia men. The sum, therefore, actually disbursed for the annual drill was \$1,180,000. It was felt that, for this year at least, owing to the financial stringency, this large sum must be curtailed and the appropriation set apart was \$860,000. In 1895 there were only 19,000 men trained in the annual camps held during the month of June, and at the headquarters of city corps. In 1898 the number was 25,296; in 1903 32,500, and last year 47,500. This season, with a view to economy and retrenchment, and in order to keep the expenditure within the allowance provided by Parliament, it was decided to try the experiment of training cer-

tain corps of the active militia, not at central camps, but at the local headquarters, particularly the corps which have their headquarters farthest from the camp.

Important reductions were made in infantry regiments, some of which have trained in the annual camps during this month, only half strength. The reductions were based on the average number of men drilled in each unit during the past five years. Of the regiments of infantry in Western Ontario with permanent peace establishments of eight companies, eleven drilled, with only four companies, or a total strength of 207 officers and men. There were other general reductions made in all the units—artillery, cavalry, engineers, stretcher bearer corps, etc. The result was that, instead of 28,000 men trained in camps, as last year, throughout the whole of Canada, the number in camp this year was only 21,926. There are about seventeen thousand additional trained men, including various city corps and the permanent force, which makes the present training strength of the active militia of Canada about 39,000. Many military men have criticized the action of the Government in reducing the establishments. They maintain that it was a serious error to cut down the scope of the drill camps and in consequence the military authorities have come in for considerable fault-finding.

An encouraging feature is that there are in Canada to-day 200 cadet corps, which have a strength, according to last year's figures, of 8,000. The junior cadet corps consists of boys over twelve years of age attending school, and the senior cadet corps of boys over fourteen, and under eighteen years. The Minister of Militia is authorized to attach any senior cadet corps to any portion of the active militia for drill or training, but the cadet corps is not liable to service in the militia in any emergency. However, the drill and training are beneficial to body and mind, and recently Lord Strathcona donated \$250,000 to

encourage and stimulate military practice and discipline among the youth of Canada, so high is his appreciation of the work and its influence. Major C. F. Winter, D.A.A.G., has full charge of the organization in connection with the cadet corps of Canada.

The militia affairs of Canada are administered by a Militia Council, Headquarters Staff, and District Staffs and Commands, all having their respective and responsible duties. Major-General Sir Percy H. N. Lake, K.C.M.G., C.B., Inspector General, is the Chief Officer of the Canadian militia, and the present members of the Militia Council are, Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, who is the president; Colonel E. Fiset, D.S.O., Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, who is vice-president; the first military member, Brigadier-General W. D. Otter, C.B., chief of the general staff; the second military member, Colonel L. F. Lessard, C.B., adjutant general; the third military member, Brigadier-General D. A. Macdonald, C.M.G., quarter-master general; the fourth military member, Colonel R. W. Rutherford, master-general of the ordinance, while the finance member is J. W. Borden, accountant and pay-master. The inspector general and chief military adviser to the Minister of Militia is an ex-officio member of the council, while E. F. Jarvis, assistant deputy, is secretary.

The Headquarters Staff is composed of: Col. W. G. Gwatkin, director of staff duties; Major D. I. V. Eaton, director of training; Major P. E. Thacker, assistant adjutant-general; Major C. F. Winter, deputy assistant adjutant-general; Maj. R. A. Helmer, assistant adjutant-general for musketry; Lt.-Col. G. C. Jones, director-general of medical services; Lt.-Col. R. K. Scott, D.S.O., director of clothing and equipment; Lt.-Col. J. Lyons Biggar, director of transport and supply; Major H. C. Thacker, director of artillery; Major G. S. Maunsell, director of engineer services; Capt. M.

MILITARY SERVICE IN CANADA



COL. F. L. LESSARD, C.B.
Member Militia Council

St. L. Simon, assistant director of engineer services; Capt. G. B. Wright, assistant director of surveys.

The functions of the Militia Council are largely of the nature of an advisory and administrative board summoned together by the Minister to enable him to arrive at decisions in regard to broader questions of military policy. At the same time the whole executive work of the Militia Department is distributed amongst the members of the Council, each member being in charge of a particular branch and responsible to the Minister for its proper discharge. The Militia Council constitutes, what, in an incorporated company or banking institution, would be a board of directors. The services, which the members perform, are, in a military sense, similar to those rendered by an average board in any industrial or commercial undertaking. The Inspector-General performs all the duties formerly discharged by the General Officer Commanding the Militia, with the exception of that of executive command. This now rests with officers commanding military districts, who are responsible to Council for the way in which

they carry out these duties. The Inspector-General is charged with the duty of inspecting the militia forces of the country and seeing that they are properly equipped in accordance with the instructions of the Militia Council.

The duties of the Headquarters Staff comprise those connected with the administration, training, equipment and organization of the troops. Upon the organization, a few years ago, of the Militia Council and the Staff at Headquarters, the system of staff work was changed to commands and districts. The work is performed upon a system almost identical with that pursued in the Imperial Army in its general lines and scope, the only difference being such as is due to the comparative smallness of the Canadian force.

The latest move on the part of Canada is joining in the Imperial General Staff scheme. While the Dominion has accepted the plan laid down, with certain reservations, notably not to give full control of the chief of the local section to the general staff, the outline of the new general defence



BRIG.-GENERAL D. A. MACDONALD,
C.M.G., I.S.O.
Member Militia Council

proposition, which has been submitted to the colonies for consideration by the British Government and is the outcome of a resolution passed at the Imperial Conference in 1907, is briefly:—

The necessity for the maintenance of sea supremacy, which alone can ensure active military co-operation at all; the desirability of a certain broad plan of military organization for the Empire; the division of the armed forces of the Empire into two parts, the first having local defence as its function, the second designed for the service of the Empire as a whole. The formation of a general staff is also urged, the members of which shall have substantially the same education, preferably at the staff college at Camberly, England. The general staff, it is pointed out, must be an entity throughout the Empire and to make it so its members should be uniformly trained in principles and practice in one school under one head. Interchange of staff officers is recommended and periodical general conference,

as well as a uniformity in the regulations and training of all military units in the Army of the Empire

Sir Frederick Borden has pointed out, that, while the Canadian Government could give a general adherence to the plan of Imperial defence, and while local officers might keep in close communication with the Chief of the General Staff, they could not receive orders from him; that while local officers may advise the Imperial Government, yet when their advice is not accepted, it will be their duty to carry out what their respective Governments may order. The Canadian members of the Imperial General Staff will in all likelihood be: Brig. Gen. W. D. Otter, chief of the general staff; Brev.-Col. W. G. Gwatkin, director of operations and staff duties; Major D. I. V. Eaton, R.C.A., director of training; Brev.-Col. E. T. Taylor, commandant Royal Military College, Kingston, and Major A. H. Macdonell, D.S.O., D.A.Q.M.G., Halifax.

Wasted Energy

REMEMBER that "the mill will never grind with the water that has passed." You start out in life with a certain amount of energy; you can use it for farming, teaching, practising law or medicine, or selling goods. If, however, you allow a multitude of little leaks in your reservoir to drain off your supply, you will be surprised at the small amount of water which runs over the wheel to turn life's machinery,—to actually do life's work.

Veregin, Tamer of Doukhobors

By GEORGE H. BRAGDON.

From the New York Post Magazine.

“PETER VEREGIN: AN APPRECIATION.” This is not the title of a book recently published by the Government of Canada, but it might have been. It is a recent publication of the Dominion Interior Department, which apparently tries to hide the true identity of the work by labeling it simply as an “annual report.”

The report is devoted to a consideration of the Doukhobors, the peculiar sect of Russian Quakers who, to the number of nearly 10,000, sought an asylum in northwest Canada about ten years ago. There the odd ways and the fanatical practices of some of their number made them the target of hostile criticism, and the impression has gotten abroad that “government” is devising ways and means of getting rid of the Doukhobor strangers within Canada’s gates.

That this impression is without foundation is made clear in the Interior Department’s report. Far from regarding the “Douks” as a thorn in Canada’s side, the Interior Department, after a careful investigation, comes out strongly in their defence. They are classed among the best farmers of the Canadian Northwest, and it is asserted that none of their neighbors, including the big American contingent, surpasses them in industry, frugality, thrift, and general desirability as settlers.

After thus putting an official approval on the Doukhobors in general, the Interior Department officials single out one member of the sect as being particularly responsible for the

prosperity and good order that prevails in “The Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood,” as the Doukhobors call themselves—one Nastasia Vereguine, known to his own people as “Father” Vereguine, and to the English-speaking residents of Canada as Peter Veregin. In 1898, when the vanguard of the Doukhobor exodus reached Canada, Vereguine was serving a life sentence in the mines of Siberia. As the leader of a sect that absolutely refused to do military duty, he had fallen under the ban of the Czar’s government, and his exile to Siberia followed. Four years after the Doukhobors arrived in Canada, the English and American philanthropists, who, with the help of Count Tolstoy, were instrumental in bringing about the removal of the Doukhobors from Russia, were able to secure a pardon for Vereguine on condition that he would leave Russia forever, and, early in 1902, he joined his people in Canada.

At the time of his arrival, the Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood, deprived of its real leader, had fallen under the evil influences of a small coterie of fanatics. The great body of the community members had given up practically all idea of trying to attain material well-being in this life and were mainly concerned in securing a part in the distribution of favors in the life to come. They neglected to till their fields, and the stock that had been provided for them when they entered Canada was turned loose to run at large over the country. As for themselves, they

threw off their clothes, men and women alike, and went forth to meet the Messiah, through the biting cold of winter and the terrific heat of summer.

At one time practically the entire force of the Northwest mounted police was on duty on the Doukhobor "reservation" to keep the members from wandering too far afield in their religious frenzy and perishing. Aside from the efforts that Canada was forced to make to keep the stranger-people in order, it was costing her no inconsiderable sum to keep them from starving or freezing to death. The British Government was appealed to in an effort to bring about the return of the undesirable fanatics to Russia.

Vereguine arrived from Siberia just at this time, and the effect was immediate. With the prestige of his old leadership behind him, he swept the fanatical element out of power. The total acreage that the community sowed to wheat and flax that spring was fully 100 per cent. greater than in any previous year.

As indicated by the name, the Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood, the Doukhobors comprise a communistic organization. Of course, Father Vereguine found the community plan in full operation when he joined his brethren in Western Canada. He at once saw, however, that the community was handicapped in its commercial relations with outsiders by the lack of machinery for doing business, and he formed the Doukhobor Trading Company, which is incorporated under the Dominion laws. It is through this company that the Doukhobor community carries on all its outside business, marketing what it raises of grain and other produce, buying supplies and stock, and other things for consumption, and arranging for the employment of its surplus labor. As head of this company, Father Vereguine represents his brethren in all business transactions, which involve considerably more than \$1,000,000 every year.

In addition to enjoying the confi-

dence of his co-religionists, Father Vereguine stands well with the authorities, as is made very clear in the report of the Interior Department. The Department officials give him full credit for the remarkable progress of his people. Officialdom has named the largest Doukhobor centre of population "Veregin" after him.

A college professor from one of the Western State universities spent a summer among the Doukhobors a few years ago, and on his return to the United States pronounced Father Vereguine the best example of the benevolent despot in the world to-day, ter than slaves. The only trouble is, they do not know it. They have voluntarily put a tremendous power in the hands of that quiet-spoken leader of theirs, and he wields it like a despot. Yet I defy any man to show a single instance where he has abused the trust imposed on him.

"Father Vereguine has simply to say to this man, Do this, and he does it, and to that man, Go there, and he goes forthwith. Barring the direct power of life or death, the Doukhobor leader has every power that was ever put in the hand of a despot.

"By virtue of his marked intellectual superiority over his brethren, Father Vereguine holds this despotic sway over 10,000 souls. But his leadership is moral and spiritual, rather than physical. He rules them because his mind is superior to any other mind in the community. The average Doukhobor is a dull, stolid fellow, with just intelligence enough to recognize the superior mental equipment with which his leader has been endowed. Vereguine is looked up to as a superior being, and his very will is law."

Father Vereguine is a born leader of men, but he does not look the part. Soft-spoken and rather diffident in the presence of strangers, he has the air of a man whose aim in life is to minister to the spiritual needs of his fellow-men. He is the head elder in the Universal Brotherhood, has the management of its worldly affairs, and is the authority of the

brethern in all spiritual matters. The Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood, is a communistic undertaking, in the strictest sense of the word, in which everything outside of personal belongings is held in common. The community members are all on an equal footing, and universal suffrage prevails among men and women alike. The earnings of all go into the common treasury, and this common fund is drawn on to purchase supplies of food and clothing and the other commodities that the brotherhood needs. Horses, cattle, sheep, and farming implements are all purchased out of this common fund.

The direction of all community affairs is vested in a sort of committee, made up of two men and a woman from each of the forty-eight villages or population centres. As chairman of this committee, Father Vereguine leads the way, and the other members do little else than give official sanction to the proposals that he makes.

Agents of the Doukhobor Trading Company visit Winnipeg every spring and fall to do the buying for the community, at wholesale and for cash, saving fully 25 per cent. On some of these shopping expeditions the Doukhobor buyers have been known to spend from \$100,000 to \$150,000.

The telephone system, by the way, came within an ace of wrecking the community incontinently. But Father Vereguine, by his prestige and his quick wit, managed to avert the calamity, and at the same time to make a beginning at installing a complete telephone system.

For several years he had it in mind to connect the forty-eight villages of the Doukhobor community by both wire and rail. He anticipated a certain amount of opposition to his pet projects. The average Doukhobor will do almost anything before he will set himself up in opposition to Father Vereguine, but the idea of holding a conversation with a person miles away through a wire strung across the prairies had a suggestion of necromancy in it that simply frightened the stolid Doukhobor out of his normal

self, and Father Vereguine had a rebellion on his hands.

It was the first serious show of resistance that the community had ever made to his authority. Followed by a crowd of the malcontents, he sauntered slowly down the street to where one of the "devil talking boxes" had been installed and got into communication with the Winnipeg office of one of the big Canadian railroad companies. Inside of five minutes he had arranged to take a big contract for grading on one of the new railroad lines then in progress of construction. Negotiations for this contract had been in progress all winter, and the railroad officials had practically awarded the contract to the brotherhood, but the brethern did not know anything about that. Father Vereguine gave them visible and audible demonstration of the uses of the "devil talking box" in getting work for the community. Up to that time the prospect for work for the coming season had been very poor, and in their joy over landing this contract the Doukhobors forgot about their being in a state of rebellion and Father Vereguine, being wise in his own generation, pretended to do likewise.

Father Vereguine has planned the construction of a narrow-gauge railroad to connect all the villages, and work on the new line has already begun.

A community brick and tile plant installed at the beginning of the Vereguine regime has proved a constant source of income for the community in general. The plant has also made possible the erection of substantial homes for the individual members. Furthermore, an elevator system has been put into operation and granaries have been erected, with a total capacity sufficient to hold every bushel of wheat and flax the community can raise. One of the secrets of Doukhobor prosperity is that the community has learned to "hold" its grain in these days of better than "dollar wheat," and all through Father Vereguine.

The Scenery of the Train

From The Spectator.

STEVENSON knew the fascination of watching country scenery from the train. He has written of it in "A Child's Garden of Verses," "The train stands still; the country rushes past:—

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a
battle,
All through the meadows the horses
and cattle :

All of the sights of the hill and the
plain
Fly as thick as driving rain ;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

The child's face is against the glass :
Other children scramble and play in the
fields below him :—

Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load ;
And here is a mill and there is a river :
Each a glimpse and gone for ever !

The child, perhaps, may stand by the carriage-door. Other, older people, to enjoy watching the scenery properly, need first a corner-seat. It should be a seat with other advantages. It should be as comfortable as possible; it should be on the sunny side of the carriage in winter, and the shaded side in summer, and it is best facing the engine; then you can see what is coming, rather than what is going. But it must be a corner-seat first and foremost; and having secured it, he who knows how to travel well is filled with an idle content. The level train glides on; the miles unfold themselves; fields and woods and mountains spread themselves in the sunlight and are gone.

You cannot get at the best of all scenery from the railway. The cities and villages deny themselves. No charming country village sets itself about a railway station; no great city was built to be seen by railway travelers. With the road it is different. Architects plan buildings to be looked at from the road; even those who lay out the quietest gardens may think how the road should be joined by the carriage-drive. The gates may be as handsome as the house itself beyond. But nobody ever plans scenery for the railway traveler; nobody ever gives the railway a picture. Look at the different approaches, by railway and by road, to such a place as Oxford. Almost from any direction by road the buildings group themselves with a purpose; but choose to come into the High Street over Magdalen Bridge, with the sparkle of the Cherwell under the pollards below, and the slender grace of the tower above the bridge; the domes and spires and noble spaces move one by one into the picture; you see it all best from the road. Then travel to Oxford by train. The station merges its bricks and its noise into narrow streets and rows of insignificant houses; beyond, in the distance, the spires and towers set themselves along the skyline, but it is the unlovely foreground which insists. Of the city itself, and the graces of its gray stone, its ordered age and its noble trees, you will see nothing whatever.

But the country, and especially the deepest country of all, shows itself to the traveler by train without reserve. You may even come to that pleasant-

est sense of enjoying scenery, the sense of being shown wide and shining visions from privileged places, of being allowed to share in a secret, of seeing without being seen. Perhaps that sense comes clearest on the longest journeys; it is the longest journeys which lead through the wildest country, and only in the level, uninterrupted traveling that runs through day and night that you may see so silent and gradual a thing as the dawn lighting successive miles of moor and hill. That is one of the finest realizations of distance and change of scene that a traveler can experience, to wake and watch the dawn break over new country; as he may watch it, for instance, on one of the great railways running north from London. The warm, well-lighted train moves slowly out from the London platform away into the English night; the lucky voyager sleeps, and wakes to hear the smoke-grits rattling like hail upon the carriage-roof, and the engine settled down to a steady snore pushing mile after mile into the dark. There is a colder intake of the air at the opened window; the North breathes a wind that has touched ice. But it is a morning wind; there is a sense of light about the contours of the nearer uplands against the sky. You are running through the kindly, gentle slopes of the Scottish Lowlands; the skyline undulates across the carriage window; the shapes of dusky, rounded hills rise and fall. The light grows and spreads, Lowlands change to Highlands, the sun shines out over brown and purple plough and Eastern seawater, and then, entering the great gray-granite city of the North, you may realize again how little a town will let the railway see of her. Beyond the town, perhaps, the railway runs through deep country again; possibly by the banks of a salmon-river, through pine-woods stretching down to the water, by level green fields and under the broken scarp of a hill. A fisherman scans every yard of that water—here, where it races rippling

over stones; there, where a dark pool swells and eddies; there, again, where a jutting rock catches and turns the current, and he may imagine the gray, ghostlike forms of noble fish lying aslant to the drive of the water. There, over that ripple, his Gordon should fall, and there, to that easy, level slide of glassy black the current should take it, and there, in the tail of the slide and the edge of the ripple, the line should tighten, the rod-top should dip, the bending wood should tug again.

A train journey shows flowers as the walker on country roads cannot see them; and there is a new introduction, too, for most people to the life of many birds and beasts too shy of approaching man but fearless of the rush and roar of the railway. Rabbits on the slope of a railway cutting will let an express train thunder past their tails a yard or two away without a twitch of the ear; a man a hundred yards down the line would have sent the white scutts flickering to cover. Partridges care nothing for the shaking and shrieking of a heavy train putting on brakes on an embankment; and the writer once saw a Soemmering's pheasant, which you would suppose could have had little time to accustom itself to English railroads, pecking unconcernedly in a primrose copse close under the rails of a branch line in Surrey. Nothing more brilliant than the glowing scarlet of the bird's neck and shoulder against the pale flowers could be seen in an English wood. There are even birds which seem to prefer railway banks to other places. Swallows and martins, of course, love to flock about telegraph wires in the autumn, but they are scared to sudden chatterings and flightings by an oncoming train. But there is a bird—the red-backed shrike—which regards railway-lines and telegraph wires as erected for his peculiar benefit. He nests in scrubby thorn under the telegraph poles, and on the wires he sits and surveys a weaker, gentler world of nestlings and edible beetles.

A Dog in the Pulpit

By COULSON KERNAHAN

From Chambers's Journal

THOUGH we choose our own politics we cannot always choose the company which our politics make it necessary for us to keep. I had promised to address a meeting in a certain village, and was informed by the organiser that, as there was no possibility of my getting back to town that night, Mr. and Mrs. H., prominent local supporters of the cause, would be pleased to afford me hospitality. Much public speaking about the the country has long since convinced me that it is wiser to face the known discomforts of an inferior hotel than the unknown possibilities which may await one even in a princely private house. At the hotel a tired public speaker or lecturer is at least at liberty to please himself. In a private house he has to please and to consider his host and hostess, and is sometimes expected in spite of tingling nerves and flagging energies, to talk brilliantly, and to entertain a large company when all his longings are set upon quiet and a pipe.

Hence I wrote to the local secretary, telling him according to the formula I have adopted for such occasions, that circumstances so often render it necessary that I catch an early train in the morning after addressing a meeting, that I make it a rule to stay at hotels rather than at private houses, where an early breakfast and departure might inconvenience my hostess.

He replied hoping that I would see my way to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H.; and as, reading between the lines of his letter, I gathered that

these worthy people are so good as to suppose that the chief speaker at a meeting is a person of importance—some measure of which is reflected upon his entertainers—and might take offence were I to refuse, I made no further to-do about the matter, but wrote accepting their invitation.

The result was not a success. Though the dinner, the wines, the flowers, and the silver were sumptuous, my host was offensively familiar, and the conversation of my hostess stilted and artificial. The talk consisted chiefly of scandal, which I abhor, if for no other reason than that one knows that the folk who scandalise their neighbors when in your own company will inevitably spread slanders abroad about yourself as soon as your back is turned. Bored and weary, I leaned back in my chair and let a listless hand drop to my side, when suddenly from somewhere under the table a wet nose snuggled itself affectionately against my fist, and the next moment a warm, hairy wedge butted itself between my closed fingers.

It was the Irish terrier of the establishment. He had slipped into the room unseen; and after the flushed, assertive face of my host, the hard mouth, the gimlet eyes, lined and glittering, of my hostess, a look into the honest hazel dog-eyes that met mine so trustfully and truthfully seemed to straighten out my world for me, and I felt as one might feel who after groping his way among sliding quicksands finds firm ground under his feet again. Small wonder that a cynic

A DOG IN THE PULPIT.

once said that the more he saw of men and women the more he loved dogs and horses. As I thumped my dumb friend's shaggy sounding sides, scratched at the ear that was cocked and inclined invitingly towards my hand, and nibbled as it were with my finger-tips at the close hair upon his pleased and insistent crown, the honesty of his undisguised happiness in thus being caressed, and the hard-drawn breathing which betokens a dog's enjoyment and gratitude just as surely as purring betokens a cat's, were—after the shams, scandalisings, and insincerities to which I had been listening—as refreshing as a breath of pure air in the fetid atmosphere. A dog—a dumb animal—had renewed faith and hope within me, and had made sweet and endurable a world of which had it been peopled entirely by such folk as those in whose company I found myself, I was disposed to be sickened and despairing.

George Eliot says somewhere that many men are kinder to the very dumb animals of their household than they are to the women who love them; and adds cruelly, "Is it because the animals are dumb?" Fear of my own womankind, to say nothing of Suffragettes, prevents me from attempting to answer that question; but in regard to my dog I am by no means sure that he and I would get on any better could he answer back. When he and I fall out, when he misbehaves in some way and I have cause to punish him—and myself in doing so—and he turns a reproachful eye upon me, my anger passes. Sometimes even I am rebuked. Perhaps had he flung a reproachful word at me the feud between us might have been fed by a new fuel, and his and my wrath blazed anew. But that dumb, appealing look I cannot resist. It seems to say, "What I have done amiss I do not know. If I did, I would try to mend it, for I love you, and have no wish but to please you. Perhaps sometimes you unintentionally displease your Master, God; but He is an easier Master

than you, for He always knows His own mind, besides which He forgives you a great many worse sins and a great many more times than you ever forgive me. If you are sorry, you can say so in so many words, but I can't and since neither to dog nor to master has been given the power to make known to the other his exact wishes in words, be as patient as you can with a poor little dog who is doing his poor little best."

To me there is something pathetic in the thought of a dog's confidence in and dependence upon the whims and upon the care of a master by nature careless or forgetful. In their wild state, God's creatures can generally shift for themselves; but to prison a bird in a cage, to chain a dog to a kennel, or even to shut him in a room, and perhaps in the enjoyment of our own freedom, the pursuit of our own pleasure, or the following of our own convenience, to forget that the faithful fretting and pining of the dog for his master are making every moment that passes a tiny martyrdom, and that the bird is suffering the pangs of hunger or the tortures of thirst, is to be guilty of a cruelty not easily to be forgiven.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that I can never see a dog gnawing at a bone without some sense of pity. There is a certain rugged and noble independence in the fearless fending for themselves of wild beasts and birds in the open; and to see them devouring prey of their own hunting arouses in me no sense of pity other than for the quarry. Even the sight of innocent and harmless sheep or cattle browsing peacefully in a meadow—idyllic as is the picture they make, and destined as I may know them to be for the slaughter-house—does not appeal in so near and so intimate a way to me as does the sight of my dog, his whole length prone upon the ground, his outstretched forepaws clasped upon the bone as eagerly as a miser clutches his gold, and the very dog-soul of him as intent upon his task as if life itself depended upon his finding some

shred of gristle, some morsel of meat, upon a knuckle-end that his teeth have already scraped and planed to the whiteness and cleanliness of polished ivory. Perhaps it is that seeing him thus—his jaws distended to the point of dislocation in an impotent effort to compass the circumference of a huge shin-bone, or else making of the same jaws a pair of nut-crackers to scrunch wickedly at some marrow-end hard enough, one would think, to splinter every tooth in his head, reminds me of the way in which we human beings strain every nerve, break our hearts almost, to compass some trivial end, some twopenny triumph as barren of any ultimate result to ourselves or to others as the dog's gnawing and worrying of the meatless bone.

When my dog looks full at me, eagerly alive and alert to read by the signs of my face whether I am contemplating a walk or a romp, I am not conscious of this pathos of which I have spoken. But when, while he is busy with a bone, or while lying with head upon his paws by the fire, he turns upon me, upward or sideways, and slowly, the white edge of a watchful eye, I am strangely reminded of the melancholy which one sees, or fancies one sees, in some Oriental face. The sadness of the East is there, either in reality or in my imagination. By ancestry he may be Scotch, and consequently he is by creed, I suppose, a Presbyterian; but I suspect sometimes that the breed came originally from Persia, for by conviction he is unquestionably a fire-worshipper. To say that he is a fire-fearing dog in the sense in which we speak of a God-fearing man sounds like profanity; but it is a fact that fire seems to inspire him not only with fear but with something like awe. The fear—he will stop dead-short, even as his jaws are in the act of closing upon a *bonne bouche*, to turn a sideway suspicious eye upon the fire—is easily explainable. But his awe comes perhaps of the fact that, looking at the fire, he may realize the existence of

some power outside himself, and outside his comprehension, about which he wonders as we mortals wonder about God, asking himself what manner of power this can be which now invites him to creep nearer that he may comfort and cheer himself in its kindly warmth, and now strikes suddenly at him to blister and burn with falling coal or darting spark. If even to us men and women that ethereal, elusive, unsubstantial element which we call fire, and which so few of us, for all our science, really understand, is the acknowledged symbol of what is spiritual, and is constantly so used in the Scriptures, surely to a dog's intelligence fire must be even more awful and incomprehensible. Other live things—a bluebottle on a window-pane, a rat running along the road, an elephant in a circus, or a man sitting in a chair—have some relation to the dog's self. He can snap his jaws at the bluebottle, hunt down and kill the rat, bark at or run away from the elephant, and obey the man. But fire is something different from all these; it is life without body, and hence comes his fear and his awe. As he sits by the fender, his eye held by the fire as the eye of a fascinated bird is held by a serpent, I ask myself of what it is he thinks. Into most of his self-communings I can follow him, but here I lose touch. As a child may flick a toy balloon, first to the right and then to the left, by the touch of a fingertip, and then suddenly find the obedient slave and plaything elude the grasping finger like a live thing and be whirled aloft by the wind and out of sight, so, as my dog sits before the fire, his soul seems to slip the cable which bound him to me, and to lose itself in depths and distances whither I cannot track him. Perhaps, as he looks into that fire, the spirit of wonder, which is at the root of all religion and all worship, is awakening within him. Perhaps he is thinking such thoughts as arose in the soul of Moses when he gazed upon the burning bush and knew it for the manifestation of God. Perhaps even his

dog-soul dimly apprehends that I—who seem to be the arbiter and end of his being, and to whom is entrusted the power of life and of death—am after all only his master, not his maker; am only an animal, and mortal like himself, and so somewhere in his dog-soul awakens some dim idea of a God.

This is, of course, the idle and possibly foolish fancy of a dreamer; but of one thing I am at least certain, and that is if my dog knows, or at all events acknowledges, no higher power than I, I am in a sense God's deputy in regard to him. If, therefore, I do anything to soil or to destroy my dog's beautiful and sacred confidence in me, I am in act an atheist, a destroyer of trust, and am loosening the golden chain of love that it is God's

will should bind and shall one day bind the whole creation—God to His creature man, man to his dumb friends and fellow-sharers of this wonderful gift of life—in the beautiful bonds of mutual confidence and love.

For that reason, in all my dealings with my dog I try to be honest and to be just. I make him no promise that I do not fulfil, and if I have reason to be angry with him or to punish him, I am wary and alert lest Temper snatch the whip out of the hand of Justice, and I fall under the reproach of good old Sir Thomas Browne who said that he would give nothing for the Christianity of the man or woman whose very cat and dog were not the better for it.

Never Stop Trying

THE lesson for the young man is this: As long as you have the health, and have the power to do, go ahead; if you fail at one thing try another, and a third—a dozen even. Look at the spider; nineteen times it tried to throw out its web to its place of attachment, and on the twentieth succeeded. The young man who has the gift of continuance is the one whose foot will be able to breast the angry waters of human discouragement. —*Graphic*.

Emigrants Americanizing Europe

By EDWARD A. STEINER

From Review of Reviews

IT has often been the voluntary and interesting task of the writer to follow the westward stream of emigration across the sea and along the different channels which reach our economic, social, and political life. Everywhere he has found that the fear of this unknown mass has given place to a more or less intelligent interest in it, and the emphasis to-day is not so much upon our problem as upon our opportunity. The less developed and the more uncultured this mass of immigrants, moreover, the greater is our opportunity, the less difficult is our problem.

The immigrant of the last fifteen or twenty years, it may truly be said, has not influenced our social life to any marked degree. The cosmopolitan character of our cities, even, is due, not so much to the presence of the immigrant as to the effect which European life has had upon that vast number of our countrymen, for whom a journey to the Old World forms part of the annual program. The foreign restaurants and "ratlskellers" on this side the Atlantic, with their effect upon the eating and drinking habits of our people, were not established for the immigrant, but for the American people, who are certainly their most numerous and profitable customers.

On the other hand, our influence upon the cruder class of immigrants has been exceedingly marked, and when, in the year 1907, nearly 800,000 of them returned to their native countries, it became an interesting

question to what degree they would influence those lands to which they returned.

Some observers of this rather remarkable phenomenon, which occurred at the time of a great business depression, have been content to record only the sums of money suddenly withdrawn from our markets. The purpose of the writer, however, in followed this stream eastward, was to ascertain how the peasant countries, notably in the east of Europe, have been affected by this sudden influx of numbers of those who for years have been in touch with a life which, in many respects, was the antithesis of that which they had left.

It was this question which lured the writer across the sea, and the first phenomenon which he observed was the fact that there is not a town or village of any size between Naples in Italy and Warsaw in Russia—the field of his observations,—to which a larger or smaller group of emigrants had not returned.

It did not take much investigation to discover this; for invariably there was a visible contrast between those who had migrated and returned home. This was most strikingly illustrated where the cultural development had been at its lowest, and where church and state had done least for the masses. Another remarkable phenomenon, yet one at second thought easily explained, is this: The returned emigrant purposely emphasizes the difference between himself and those who remain at home. He does everything

EMIGRANTS AMERICANIZING EUROPE

and wears everything which will make him like an American, even if, while in the United States, he had scarcely moved out of his group or come in touch with our civilization. The men wear with pride our clothing, including ties and stiff collars, and when one is in doubt as to a man's relation to our life a glance at his feet is sufficient: "for by their,"—shoes,— "ye shall know them."

While one may deplore the loss of the picturesque in the peasant life of Europe, there is an ethical significance in their American garments which is really of vital importance.

The Polish peasant in his native environment is one of the laziest among European laborers. Wrapped in his sheepskin coat, summer and winter, walking barefoot the greater part of the year, and in winter putting his feet into clumsy, heavy boots which impeded his progress, he wore garments that fitted his temper. They were heavy, inexpensive, never changing, and rarely needed renewal. The American clothes he wears after being in this country are a symbol of his changed character. They mean a new standard of living, even as they mean a new standard of effort.

In America the Polish laborer has lost his native laziness. The journey in itself has shaken him out of his lethargy, the high gearing of our industrial wheels, the pressure brought to bear upon him by the American foreman, the general atmosphere of our life charged with an invigorating ozone, and the absence of a leisure class, at least from the industrial community, have, in a few years, changed what many observers regarded as a fixed characteristic.

The Slavs and Latins are inclined to lead an easy life, and emigration is destined to have a permanent effect upon them; for the returned emigrant acts contagiously upon his community. Unbiased land-owners and manufacturers have told the writer that we have trained their workmen in industry, that we have quickened their wits, and that while wages have risen near-

ly 60 per cent. in almost all departments of labor, the efficiency of the laborers has been correspondingly increased, most noticeably where the largest number of returned emigrants has entered the home field.

The Slavic peasants, both in Hungary and in Poland, were gradually losing their allotted land, and were socially and physically deteriorating prior to the movement to America. Indolence added to intemperance drove them into the hands of usurers, and they dropped into the landless class; thus becoming dependent upon casual labor.

The returned emigrant began to buy land which the large land-owners were often forced to sell; because wages had risen abnormally and laborers were often not to be had at any price. In the four years between 1899 and 1905, the land owned by peasants increased in some districts as much as 418 per cent., and taking the immigrant districts in Austro-Hungary and Russian-Poland together, the increase in four years reached the almost incredible figures of 173 per cent.

In three districts of Russian-Poland the peasants bought in those four years 14,694 acres of farm land. This, of course, means not only that money brought back from America, but that the peasant at home has become more industrious, if not always more temperate and frugal.

The little village of Kochanowcze, in the district of Trenczin, in Hungary, out of which but few had emigrated to America, and to which only a few families had returned, has under this new economic impulse, bought the land on which the villagers' forefathers were serfs and on which they had worked during the harvest for 20 cents a day.

The villagers bought the whole baronial estate, including the castle, giving a mortgage for the largest part of the purchase sum; but they are now the owners of one of the finest estates in Hungary, and the mortgage drives them to work as they have never

worked before. This same impulse has truck the district of Nyitra, in which the land had almost gone out of the hands of the peasants; lost by the same causes, intemperance and indolence.

In the last five years the change has been so great as to seem incredible. Usurers have been driven out of business and the peasant's house has ceased to be a mud hut with a straw-thatched roof. In fact, that type of building has been condemned by law, at the initiative of returned emigrants.

The shop-keepers throughout the whole emigrant territory rejoice. Their stock is increased by many varieties of goods. The peasant now wants the best there is in the market, often useless luxuries, to be sure; but while he may spend money "for that which is not bread," he wants to spend, and that means effort. As a race the Slavs need nothing more than this for their social and political salvation.

Their advance is strikingly illustrated by the following examples: The B—— Brothers are manufacturers of neckties, in Vienna. On a recent visit to their establishment I met some buyers from Hungary, one of whom, when the salesman showed him the class of goods which he had been in the habit of buying, highly colored, stiff bows of cheap cotton, said: "We have no use for such stuff. This is the tie we use"; and he pulled out an American tie of rather fine quality and the latest pattern. The writer had to promise the head of the firm of B—— Brothers to put him in touch with an American haberdasher's journal, so that he may keep himself informed as to our styles.

Still within the sphere of the economic, and yet having large ethical value, is the fact that the returned emigrant brings gold, not only in his pocket, but in his teeth. I certainly never realized the far-reaching social and ethical value of the dentist until I saw the contrast between the returned emigrant, especially between

his wife and daughter and the women who had remained at home.

The emigrant woman has discovered that gold in the teeth keeps one young, that it preserves one's charms, and is apt to keep lovers and husbands more loyal. Housekeepers in America know readily these foreign servants sacrifice their wages upon the altar of the dentist.

Not only does dentistry keep the women young and their lovers faithful, it also keeps the men in good health and adds to their self-respect, while into regions hitherto untouched by their beneficent ministry, it has introduced toothbrushes and dentifrices.

If the returned emigrant can be easily recognized by his shoes and by the gold in his teeth, his residence can be quickly discovered by the fact that day and night his house is blessed by fresh air; and perhaps more significant to the world's well-being than the American economic doctrine of the "Open Door," is the American physiological doctrine of the open window.

Pastor Holubek, of Bosacz, in Hungary, when I asked him what effect the returned emigrant had upon his parish, said: "A good effect. The returned emigrant is a new man. He carries himself differently, he treats his wife better, and he keeps the windows of his house open." The last two facts are exceedingly important, and my observations bear out his testimony. Wherever I discovered an open window, in the evening, I could with perfect assurance open the door and say: "How do you do?" And I was sure to be greeted by a still more emphatic and cordial. "How do you do?"

For some inexplicable reason, Europeans of all classes are averse to air in sleeping rooms, especially at night. Night air is supposed to hold all sorts of evils, and even the medical profession, progressive as it is, has not yet freed itself from this superstition.

Frequently I have discovered in the returned emigrant a quickening of the moral sense, especially among the men who had come in contact with the

better class of American mechanics, and the discovery was as welcome as it was unexpected. It was on a Sunday's journey among the villages of the valley of the Waag. Picturesque groups were moving along the highway to and from the church and into the village and out of it. The appearance of my companions and myself always created a great sensation, and never a greater one than on Sunday, when the peasants were at leisure. They took it as a special privilege to see "genuine Americans," and those who had been over here were quickly on the scene to air their English and to show their familiarity with our kind. It was a reciprocal pleasure; for it seemed like a breath from home to hear men talk intelligently of Hazleton, Pittsburg, Scranton, and Wilkes-Barre; moreover, it gave us a splendid opportunity to test the influence of our civilization upon them.

In one village a man and wife and two children came out of their home, and we could almost imagine ourselves in America; for the whole family looked as if it had just come from a grand bargain sale at one of our department stores. What seemed most delightful to us was the way in which the man spoke of his wife, and no American husband could have been more careful of her than was he; all this in striking contrast to the peas-

ants with whom the woman is still an inferior being.

In conversation with them I took the returned emigrant as my text, and told them something of our own social order as shown in the relation of husband and wife in America; upon which one of the peasants told a very ugly and realistic story to illustrate what he thought of women. Then it was that the unexpected happened. My emigrant friend blushed,—yes, blushed,—and said: "Don't mind him. He has a dirty mouth. He may, after all, have a clean heart." The man who blushed had been five years in—Pittsburg.

So far as my observation goes, I feel certain that emigration has been of inestimable value, economical and ethical, to the three great monarchies chiefly concerned, namely: Italy, Austro-Hungary, and Russia. It has withdrawn efficient labor, and has returned some of it capable of more and better work. It has lifted the status of the peasantry to a degree which could not have been achieved even by a revolution. It has educated its neglected masses, has lifted them to a higher standard of living, and has implanted new and vital ideals. So far as the emigrant himself as a person is concerned, I have not seen one who, if he escaped the dangers of our industrial activity, has not been bettered by his contact with us.

Three Things Necessary

HERE are in business three things necessary—knowledge, temper and time. Unless a man knows what he is going about, he is liable to go astray, or to lose much time in finding out the right course. If he wants temper, he will be sure not to want trouble. It must be left to judgment to discern when the season is proper. —*Felthdm.*

The Relaxations of Business Man

By A. BARTON HEPBURN

From The Century Magazine

DOES the pursuit of wealth cut the American man of business off from the old-fashioned relish of books and society? In other words, is he paying too big or disproportionate a price in time and strength for wealth and commercial prominence? My answer would be: Yes, beyond question.

America possesses comparatively few old families whose established fortunes permit the choice of vocation and a judicious division of energies, devoting perhaps the major portion to business pursuits, but reserving sufficient time and strength for the development of the higher ideals of life. Family history in America has been pithily described as "from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations." The fortune that results from the frugality, sobriety, and intelligent application of the father may be preserved, possibly added to, by the son, but the next generation enjoys,—recklessly, perhaps,—and the next squanders, so that the third generation is forced again into the ranks of bread earners.

This may result largely from our newness as a nation and from the ease with which fortunes are made. Age may modify somewhat, but in the absence of right of primogeniture and a law of entail, abnormal accumulations of wealth are bound to find general distribution in a limited period of time. Pinched with poverty at the inception of one's career, habits of thrift and economy become ingrained,—a second nature,—and are a controlling influence through life. Oth-

ers, to whom a reasonable start in life is given, find it difficult to retire from business even when ample fortune crowns their efforts. Retiring is difficult largely because there is no inviting field for them to enter. We have no leisure class devoted to the general purposes of life, whose ranks open invitingly and furnish a proper goal to the business man's ambition. With us leisure is called loafing, and a man out of business is not only out of his element, but he is out of countenance with current events. He not only ceases to be a factor in business, but suffers depreciation in popular estimation, unless he occupies his time in some form of public service.

Commerce rules the world. Nations no longer fight for territory, but contend for markets. The virile force in the governments of the great nations is recruited largely from the ranks of commerce: its growing power tends to hold men longer in its leash. The heads of our large financial institutions and transportation and industrial corporations possess a real power in the community—power to do things, in comparison with which the power possessed by our public officials, with few exceptions, is trivial. The president of a large bank goes abroad: he is the recipient of marked attention on the part of his correspondents in the principal cities, and this contributes very largely to his pleasure and advantage. To some extent personal ties are formed that would survive, but largely attentions would cease were he to retire from business.

THE RELAXATIONS OF BUSINESS MAN

There are many forms of entertainment open to a man of leisure in New York, but how about smaller, interior places? Travel is open to all, and is a great educator as well as a means of diversion, but the man who depends in large degree upon travel soon feels himself a nomad. Five years ago a man whom I well knew, middle-aged, of strong physique, good address, fairly educated, and seemingly well-equipped for self-entertainment, retired from business at the crest of the wave of prosperity, with a fortune of \$800,000. He went around the world, bought some pictures while abroad, more upon his return, made a study of art, and study made him dissatisfied with his earlier purchases. Being able to go where he pleased and to what he pleased, leisure became irksome; it lost the charm which contrast, with strenuous demand had formerly given to vacations. Seemingly he longed for something that he must do and uneasiness induced speculation. His purchases were what are known as "high-class rail;" but the break in the market in March, 1907, compelled the mortgaging of his home to protect his creditors. As soon as the market recovery enabled his creditors to realize their claims, they did so, the result being a broken fortune, a broken-down man, a disappointed life. Had we a serious leisure class to offer such a man a reasonable and satisfying object in life, it might have kept him out of mischief, and protected him from self.

An active business life, in the strong competition which obtains, calls into requisition one's greatest mental energy in order to achieve success; take away such business, with its mental stimulus, and a man with highly trained energies is apt to take to speculation, or to involve himself in unwise undertakings. Had we, however, a distinct class of such men, with similar conditions and kindred ambitions, they might entertain one another. Books and philosophy are accessible to all, but it is difficult to go

from an active to a sedentary life. Of course all these retired business men read, and the volume of current literature and new books that are published is phenomenal; but few of the books survive the transitory period of their production. This outpouring of ephemeral literature diverts attention from the books that have stood the test of time and criticism—the books that not only entertain, but also instruct and tend to fit one for a broader, better life.

I know of one conspicuous example of what may be done by men of inherited fortune. A young man of ample means who did not wish to engage in any business pursuit thoroughly educated himself here and abroad at the universities. He then made himself master of a technical pursuit by the study of forestry abroad. After a year or two of professional work, he relinquished it to accept a responsible position in the Government, where he is now rendering great and highly appreciated service in working out the best policy for conserving our forests and other natural resources.

Not long ago, at the time in autumn when active business men return to duty, I was asked by one of our leading captains of finance and industry, "Have you had a good vacation?" I answered with satisfaction: "Yes; ten weeks in Europe." "Now tell me, please, he said, "just what you did from the time of your landing on the other side." In brief, this was my synopsis of a business-man's vacation: "Passed through Ireland to Scotland; motored over the country of Burns and Scott, also over that region whence come my forebears; spent a week in Edinburgh; refreshed my knowledge of Scottish history, gazed at Edinburgh Castle, and recalled the stirring scenes of bloodshed, of treachery, of courage, of patriotism, of diplomacy, and of statesmanship that characterized the crucial events of history in which this stronghold formed a central figure; visited the points made famous by the former autocrats

of literature; also points made almost sacred by those rugged exponents of popular education and popular rights: renewed my acquaintance with English friends by passing calls, and experience repeated on the Continent; settled down at an agreeable watering-place (free from Coney Island attractions), and for five weeks paid reasonable attention to the dietic directions of my physician; took baths, rode and motored as the spirit moved, and with gold-headed cane, silk hat, and frock-coat gave myself up to the languor and relaxation of afternoon teas; rested, took on flesh, grew away from New York strenuosity; visited the art galleries and museums that came within my circuit, the treasures of which always greet me as old friends, the satisfaction of revisiting them being very much like meeting a most interesting and valuable acquaintance."

After a thoughtful pause my fellow-business man said in comment: "I couldn't do that. I have stiffened the cords of my neck in all the galleries over there and they no longer interest me. I have studied the people and their ways, and their ambitions seem to me unworthy of the highest aspirations of men. A competency for life generally satisfies them, and they show insufficient concern for the protection of their families and children. In very few instances do their lives measure up to the maximum capacity of a man. In short, the only thing I really love and can understand is the game afforded by the strenuous life right here. The stake is what you are able to make it; your rivals are foemen worthy of your steel, and the measure of your success is the measure of your ability. This 'money-making game,' if you choose to characterize it thus, puts me to my resources, strains my endeavors, and when success ensues, the exhilaration is large in proportion."

With him it did not seem to be a question of money nearly so much as the game; but too often, I think, in such contests, long-continued success requires a growing stake to insure

continuing zest. Commodore Vanderbilt, an inveterate whist player, always played for two shillings a game. The stake was trifling, but the game must possess the aroma of money to make it interesting; and that, I believe, is rather typical of business men generally. Nor is this characteristic peculiar to sex. Many good dames find an added pleasure in "bridge" through knowing that the result of the sitting will find expression in the coin of the realm. The old cardinal principle, the only safe foundation upon which to build society and the state, that a man should render an equivalent for what he gets, is made more difficult to inculcate when money hazards are permitted in the family circle. It is also harder to wean men from the money craze when women, albeit in milder form, are possessed of a kindred spirit.

In many instances the large fortunes that have been accumulated and left to those who have had little or no part in the making become a menace to the community; for large fortunes, unwisely administered, are a source of danger to the public, as well as to their possessors. Many recent exemplifications of the truth of this statement will readily present themselves. If the fathers of the spoiled children of luxury had practised a dignified, sensible leisure at the right time of life, the example might have descended with their money. Badness, however, is by no means the rule. Large fortunes generally are administered fairly within the lines of public approval. The compensatory influence attending upon great wealth is the general disposition to devote a large portion to the public interest, as witness the private endowments of schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals, and eleemosynary institutions generally.

The chief reason, probably, why most American men continue in business until physical incapacity compels abatement may be found in the fact that men like power and consequence, and, specially in this country, hesitate to relinquish the prominence which

THE RELAXATIONS OF BUSINESS MAN

comes from a hold upon commerce. I think this influence is generally stronger than the desire to accumulate money. Aristocracy contemns labor for hire. Patriotism, public service, beneficence, fame, but not fortune, may command the efforts of gentlemen. Even so late as Byron's time, to write for money was discountenanced. Prior to enfranchisement, a tendency to look down upon all who labored was prevalent in the slave States, and necessarily this feeling found varying expression in other States. Under such influences, the ambition for social advancement, which is universal, prompted retirement from business at the earliest practicable moment; the social recognition of marked success in business which now obtains has lessened such inducement. Man is sociable and gregarious, and hesitates to leave the great majority of busy men to join the ranks of the comparatively few people of leisure. No one appreciates better than business men the danger of leaving too large fortunes to their families. It tends to idleness on the part of their sons, with all the mischief that is found for idle hands to do; it exposes their daughters to the wiles of the fortune hunter—perhaps, if the estate is large enough, some moral and financial bankrupt with a title of nobility. The game, the hazard of business, gives them a mental stimulus which long experience has made almost indispensable. Success in daily recurring transactions yields a sense of victory which appeals to self-complacency.

Public life should, and measurably does offer an inviting sphere of usefulness—even a patriotic field—for successful men who have achieved fortune, and are thus enabled to relieve themselves of business cares. Such men have been of great service in important diplomatic positions, more in consonance with the dignity of the nation and more to its advantage than would have been possible had they been limited to the meager compensation which the Government provides. The well-to-do man of leisure

should successfully rival the man who seeks office for the compensation which follows.

However, there is another side to the shield. The moment such a man seeks office he becomes, in public estimation, a "politician," and rests under the anathema that is hurled against all who seek to engage in public affairs. The continual exposure of maladministration in municipal affairs, supplemented by frequent laches on the part of persons in higher office; the fact that the onus of political campaign seems to be reciprocal denunciation (a condition in which the yellow press revels), will account for the wholesale criticism pronounced against legislatures and Congress. Intelligent criticism which locates responsibility is ever helpful, but indiscriminating and indiscriminate criticism never effects reforms, and if it has any influence, serves only to lower the general standing. Most of our public servants are competent, honest, hard-working officials, and without doubt intelligent, broadside criticism or denunciation serves to discourage men of leisure from seeking to enter public life.

All I have said simply explains existing conditions; I do not seek to justify. Our business men ought to break away from trade exactions long before they do—ought to do so as a matter of volition and ethical judgment, rather than of physical necessity. They ought to get and give more enjoyment in life; they ought to do less for self and more for others; they ought to live more in books and more in the open and less at their desks, and realize better health and longer lives as a result. More and more culture in all its forms is exercising a growing influence, which must manifest itself in lessened effort along the lines of money-getting, and the devotion of more time on the part of our business men to the pursuits which naturally accompany fortified leisure. Aristotle said "the end of labor is to gain leisure," and Aristotle was a wise man.



A GLIMPSE OF HALL'S HARBOR, NOVA SCOTIA

In this picturesque little fishing village Ransford D. Bucknam was born in 1868.

A Canadian Pasha

BY ARTHUR CONRAD

From The Post Magazine

NOVA SCOTIA'S sons and daughters have left and are leaving their impress on the world in many pursuits and in many lands. In science, in art, and in literature, no less than in trade and commerce the names of Nova Scotians stand in the forefront.

Over in Turkey, the man who is constructing a great Turkish navy and putting it in fighting shape,—Bucknam Pasha, favorite of the deposed Sultan and naval adviser of the new,—is proud to own his Nova Scotian birth and ancestry.

The story of Bucknam's life reads like a concoction of the imagination. He has been through all kinds of adventure in all corners of the globe.

In Turkey he has held a position as anomalous as it was distinctive; while few people who are intimately acquainted with Turkish affairs credit all that has been written about him or believe that he really has been, as represented, prominent among the Sultan's private advisers, there is no doubt that he acquired considerable influence with Abdul Hamid, and figured conspicuously on several occasions when the life of the Sultan was attempted.

Bucknam's adventures began young. He was born in the village of Hall's Harbor, in King's County, Nova Scotia, in 1868, the son of a sailor. His paternal grandfather, John Bucknam, also a native of the place was

A CANADIAN PASHA.

engaged in the shipbuilding business there. His father was lost at sea, while the future admiral was still quite young, and not long after his grandfather removed to Duluth on Lake Superior, taking Ransford and an older brother with him.

When he was offered the choice between farming and sailing, the boy chose the latter and at the age of fourteen he became a cabin-boy on a lake schooner, of which the captain was also the owner. The captain's wife took a fancy to the youngster and ultimately they adopted him. To-day the schooner's captain is a wealthy ship-owner in one of the lake-towns and the lonely cabin-boy is a Turkish noble of the highest rank. Bucknam has never forgotten the couple who befriended him and whenever he has an opportunity in the midst of his roving career he visits them. For their part, they are proud of the way the waterside wastrel has turned out.

When he was sixteen years old, Bucknam sailed from New York as quartermaster of a schooner bound for the Pacific. At Manila the captain and mates died of cholera, and Bucknam went before a special board to be examined for a master's certificate, he being the only man on board the vessel who had studied navigation. He passed the test without difficulty and was made a captain at seventeen. To prove his efficiency, he brought his ship home.

Early in the nineties, he was in command of a steamship that sailed from Tampico for New York, laden with hemp and silver. Twenty-four hours out of Tampico, he struck a sunken wreck and smashed his propeller to flinders. Bucknam called for volunteers to return to the Mexican port in the long boat and cable New York for a tug. The mate and three men started on the errand and performed it without incident. But in the meantime, the unmanageable steamship had been drifting about at the will of the winds and waves, and it required a search of twenty days

on the part of the rescuing tug to find her.

In the tow of the tug, the steamship made Key West. It was assumed, of course, that she would have to be dry-docked before she would be fit for sea again. But Bucknam balked at the idea of paying out money for what he thought wasn't necessary. So he shifted all his cargo into the for-



RANSFORD D. BUCKNAM

In the uniform of a Turkish Admiral

ward compartments, which had the effect of settling her by the head and elevating the stern. Finding that the stern was not sufficiently high in the air to enable him to get at the propeller shaft, he bought a small schooner, loaded with stone balast, and hitched her to the stem of his ship.

This had the desired effect, and Bucknam calmly went ahead attaching the new propeller he had ordered to



ADMIRAL BUCKNAM'S ARRIVAL IN TURKEY

When, as a Cramp Company skipper, he handed over the cruiser Abdul Medjidia to the Turkish Government.

the end of the shaft. An admiral of the United States navy, who happened to be at Key West at the time, witnessed the operation, and characterized it as one of the cleverest of its kind he had ever heard of. Indeed, it is said that Bucknam was the first man to put a propeller on a ship without docking her. After he had finished the fitting of the propeller and re-shifted his cargo, he started for New York.

By an irony of circumstances, though, the shaft had been twisted at some point in the middle of the shaft-pit, and it pounded so that most of the bolts in the hull were loose when the vessel arrived in New York. As a result, she had to be docked, after all. The insurance agents and others were indignant at Bucknam because he had not docked here in the first place, and extended litigation between the owners and the disgruntled parties followed. But the feat on the whole, was regarded as a feather in Bucknam's cap.

Shortly before the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, Bucknam went to

that city and built the whale-back Columbus, of which he was captain while she was on exhibition at the Fair. Later he went to the Pacific Coast and built the whale-back Sidney. In 1895, he became a mate in the Pacific Steamship Company's service, and two years later was made captain of the Island of Naos at Panama.

While at Panama the future pasha invented an ingenious instrument, of which for some unknown reason, little has been heard. It consisted of an electrical device by which a compass automatically traced on a chart the route a vessel was taking. Bucknam tested it at Naos a number of times, in the presence of others, and it always worked well. About 1900, he was transferred from Naos and became mate of the City of Peking, then the Pacific Steamship Company's new trans-Pacific liner.

It was not long after his assignment to the steamship that Bucknam received an offer from the Cramps to become their nautical expert. In this position he came into frequent touch with naval officers of the United States

A CANADIAN PASHA.

and other countries, and his knowledge of naval subjects was broadened to an extent that made him an authority. He was commander of the new battleship *Main* on her trial runs, and, when the Turkish cruiser *Medjidia* was finished, he was sent to Turkey under three months' contract to train her Mohammedan crew.

Just how it happened, nobody seems to know, but undeniably the Sultan took a fancy to the sailor. The Turkish fleet, since the day of Navarino, had been a thing to joke about. This state of affairs was not altogether agreeable to patriotic Turks, who could remember the time when their galleys of war were the scourge of Mediterranean Europe, and Abdul Hamid seemed to feel that in Bucknam he might count on a force of regeneration.

At all events, the Sultan sent for Bucknam and asked him if he would take the post of naval adviser to the Porte. Bucknam considered the matter, and finally told Abdul Hamid that

he would. Bucknam was practical, and the salary offered him was nothing short of princely. But he stipulated that he was to have a preliminary leave of absence, in order that he could go home and marry a girl in San Francisco. The Sultan assented, and Bucknam married the young woman, a school-teacher. She went with him to Constantinople.

Bucknam's popularity increased—so far as the Sultan was concerned, at any rate. He was made a pasha and vice-admiral, and the Sultan conferred on him the Order of Osmanli, and a distinguished service medal. Reliable report says that when an attempt was made to assassinate the Sultan several years ago, when he was returning to the Yildiz Kiosk from the Hamidieh Mosque, Bucknam Pasha was first to spring to the aid of the Commander of the Faithful.

A bomb loaded with a tremendously powerful explosive was thrown into the mounted escort that surrounded the royal carriage. Scores of men



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ADMIRAL BUCKNAM

It was in the house on the right that the future Pasha first saw the light.

and horses were killed, the ground was rent and torn and nearby buildings felt the shock; but the Sultan was unhurt, although his carriage was surrounded by the injured. Bucknam Pasha took his post by the carriage step, with sword drawn, and announced that if a hand was laid on the Sultan it would be lopped off. Sword in hand, he walked beside the carriage all the way to the gates of Yildiz.

Abdul Hamid never forgot this act.

Nor did the would-be assassin, apparently, for Bucknam's friends have heard of one or two mysterious assaults on him that can be explained only through political motives. It is not easy to get information about Bucknam's adventures, because they are the last subject he cares to talk about. A letter from him never hints at the unusual experiences he has been having, and it is only by accident that the details leak out.

Have an Avocation as Well as a Vocation

My vocation, first, second and last, is that of a minister of the Gospel. My avocation has been literature. I have always tried to write on subjects of which I knew something, and I have the greatest scorn for what is called literature, where the writer throws himself into the field as a fencing master might do, or any soldier of fortune; where the writer knows how to write and has nothing to write about; where, in short, he has nothing to say. But to say what a man has to say, to tell what he has seen, that is the real province of literature.

"Therefore, I have always maintained as close a connection as a professional man in other lines can maintain with the periodical press. I think that the correspondence with the whole country which these engagements give me, becomes an element of good training.

Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

The Hypocrites

By ELIZABETH TYREE METCALFE

From Munsey's Magazine

WE had been married three weeks. Although I expected to be happy, I never dreamed that there could be such a stretch of uninterrupted bliss. I told Richard so that morning, while we were dressing, and I added that it could not last; something was bound to happen.

He replied that possibly a storm would blow up, for he had planned to have our breakfast served on the lawn, under the large maple. This was only one of the many pleasant surprises he was always arranging. I stepped to the window, and, sure enough, there was the table spread and the white linen gleaming through the green trees.

Nine men out of ten would have replied that one finds trouble when one is looking for it; but Richard is different.

But here we are under the trees. Richard is puzzling over the very wobbly handwriting on a pink envelope.

"Ah, I know!" he exclaims. "It's from Nora. Yes, she's writing to find out when we expect to return."

Nora was the one being who was to make ours the life simple that we both yearned for. Richard had trained her for eight years. She had kept house for him, cooked and served the meals, washed and ironed, and kept his apartment of eight rooms immaculately cleaned. Though our income was a limited affair, we could have afforded another girl; but that was exactly what I didn't want. Two in the kitchen, jabbering instead of doing their work, would annoy me;

two to find fault with me, instead of my finding fault with them would be the real state of affairs.

Furthermore, I wanted to do lots of things myself; I wanted to show Richard that I was not an ornamental, Dresden-china wife, but one of the old-fashioned, practical kind, contented and happy to look after our home; provided, of course, I had such a valuable assistant as I knew Nora must be.

Richard opened the pink envelope. I saw his happy expression become grave.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed. "Is it the dachshund?"

"Worse than that!" he groaned.

"Not robbed, or a fire?"

"No—listen:

"Dear Mr. Armstrong:

"I write to tell you that the place is all in order, and unless I hear different I shall expect you home on the first of the month. I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Armstrong, that since you went away I have become engaged, and I expect to give up work and get married. I won't do it right away. I will stay on until I am sure Mrs. Armstrong is broke in to all your wants.

"Your respectful servant,

"Nora Mulqueen."

"Oh, Richard, how dreadful!" I cried.

"Broke in to all my wants," he repeated. "Don't be hurt, darling; she only means until you get the hang of things."

"Oh, bother that! I mean that she is going away."

"Yes," he answers, "that was the impending cloud before we came down."

"She mustn't do it. She mustn't be allowed to do it!"

"That's the idea," says Richard. "We'll discourage her."

"Yes, but how? She'll see how perfectly happy we are and she'll rush off to be just as happy."

"True," mutters Richard.

"Dick, I have it. Let's pretend not to be."

"Not to be what?"

"Happy."

"Nonsense! We couldn't."

"Oh, yes, we can; leave it to me."

"What will you do?"

"I will act—act as if marriage was a failure; not all the time, of course, but only when Nora is around."

"How can you?"

"Just you wait and see. Oh, I could have had a career, had I chosen!"

"I've no doubt; but Nora is too wise to be fooled."

"Ah, but you must do your part, too, Dick! You must squabble with me while she is serving the meals; you must disagree with everything I say, and I will get angry and pretend to be very unhappy. Then I'll call her some morning, and in a tearful voice caution her about the step she is taking."

"And," said Richard, catching the spirit, "I'll have a little talk with her and shake my head and sigh—so: 'Ah, Nora, matrimony isn't everything in life!'"

"Splendid, Dick! You'll do your part well. I'm sure we'll succeed. It does seem selfish for us to consider only our own comfort, but it may be that we are saving her from a worse fate."

"Yes," says Richard, "she'd only have to work and wear herself out for some selfish man who wouldn't appreciate her as we do."

So it was all settled.

II.

We had been home three days. I was so perfectly happy that I hadn't the heart to put our scheme into op-

eration. Nora seemed happy, too. When I attempted to question her about her engagement, she laughed outright, and turned crimson, but not a word would she say on the subject. We respected her shyness, and I proceeded to get acquainted with her methods of housekeeping.

One morning, as we were about to sit down to breakfast, I said:

"Well, here goes—you are going to catch it, Mr. Caudle; and"—nodding towards the pantry-door—"setback number one for Nora!"

"Ahem!" says Richard, ducking behind his newspaper, as Nora enters with the fruit.

"Dear me," I say vexatiously, "are you always going to gobble your newspaper at breakfast?"

"Why, no, de—ah, Madge," as he grasps the situation.

"Richard, I believe you were going to say 'damn!'"

"No, I assure you, Madge; you know very well what I—"

"No, I don't," I say sharply.

"Yes, you do!" he thunders.

Nora gives a quick look at each of us and leaves the room.

"Splendid, little woman, keep it up!" Richard whispers.

"No, now we must be grouchy, and not say a word."

So we whisper to each other lovingly, until I ring. Then a ponderous silence while Nora places the bacon and eggs. Fortunately, our breakfast is a brief affair, and we go to Richard's study for a little while before he leaves for his office. To-morrow is Nora's day out, and Richard proposes that we vary the monotony of home life by dining out once a week.

"Good," say I, "and at dinner we will squabble over the place to go."

So it happened in this fashion:

"Where would you like to dine this evening, Madge?"

"At Sherry's, of course."

"And why 'of course,' may I ask?"

"Because—"

"Because what?" he demands.

"Because I like to go there."

"Surely not for the bad cuisine?"

THE HYPOCRITES.

"No—not exactly."

"Very well, then; you expect to meet some one there!" This very fiercely.

"And what if I do?" I retort in a tantalizing tone.

"That settles it!" thunders Richard. "We'll dine somewhere else."

"Nonsense. I won't dine anywhere else."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Armstrong," Nora breaks in, "but I can come home and get the dinner. I don't mind at all."

"No, Nora," I say, "I don't wish you to spoil your day out."

"No, of course not," growls Richard.

Nora goes quickly to the kitchen, and it was well she did, for we were both bursting our sides with inward laughter. We finished our breakfast in whispers, making it appear that we were not on speaking terms.

When Richard had left the house, Nora came to me and in a most touching manner asked me if I didn't think I ought to go out in the park for a while, the air was so fine.

"No, Nora, but you must hurry and get out into the open air yourself; you need it more than I."

"Thank you, ma'am. You are certainly very kind, Mrs. Armstrong."

As she was leaving the room, I ventured to ask the name of her beau. She beamed all over, and then very shyly said:

"His name is Patrick, ma'am."

"Well, Nora, I hope he has a nice disposition."

"He seems to, ma'am, but you never can tell about the men."

Then she flew out of the room, as if she had said too much. Our medicine was taking effect already!

The next morning started off pleasantly enough. We had only a mild argument. Nora positively bubbled over, she seemed so relieved. This would never do; so we went to the study after breakfast and decided to have a vigorous onslaught at dinner. Richard suggested that he had thought of giving up cocktails before dinner,

and that I might lecture him about it and ask me to abandon the habit.

"I can do that quite easily, for I had had it in my mind to do so, anyway," I replied.

"Oh, you had, had you? Very well, go ahead," he answered.

We sat down to dinner. As Nora served the hors d'œuvres, Richard remarked:

"This looks tempting, and I have a savage appetite."

"Yes, but it is an artificial one."

"How so?"

"The cocktail."

"Oh, you don't approve of an appetizer?"

"Not regularly: especially cocktails."

"What's the harm?"

"Better ask your doctor."

"Piffle!"

"It won't be piffle when you are informed some bright June day that you have cirrhosis of the liver and your days are numbered."

"Confound it, Madge, you are a cheerful dinner companion!" said Richard, not too good-naturedly.

"Do you think I'll make a nice-looking widow?"

"Take care you don't carry this thing too far!"

I could see that Richard was quite serious, and somehow it made me all the more flippant.

"It was your own suggestion," I retorted.

"You know you can be exasperating, Madge."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do," he snapped.

"I think you are horrid, Dick," and two tears popped instantly into view.

Nora discreetly left the room. Richard was at my side at once.

"Forgive me, dear! You did it so well I forgot you were acting."

"Hush!" I whispered. "Nora is coming back."

Richard went back to his place; and as Nora removed the plates, I made my point.

"And you will give up cocktails for three months?"

He looked at me steadily for a second, and then said:

"Yes, I promise."

III.

Richard suggested that we shouldn't pretend any more quarrels for a day or so; and, after the serious turn the thing had just taken, I agreed that perhaps we were overdoing it. The next morning we breakfasted in non-talkative fashion. Nora, fearing another outburst, went busying herself in the pantry, and singing quietly at first, then louder, so that we could catch the words:

Kind words can never die, never die!

I thought we should, though; and if she could have seen our hypocritical faces while she was singing, she would have left us on the spot. When she burst into "Comrades," and dwelt on the words "bearing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys," we had to fly from the dining-room to Richard's study, where we laughed until we fairly cried.

Richard hurried to his office. I left the laugh-tears standing in my eyes and went to the kitchen to give my orders for the day. Nora looked at me so pityingly that I felt sure, no matter what she thought of our quarrels, I had her sympathy. Finding her in this soft mood, I said:

"Nora, I suppose Patrick won't be willing to wait much longer, and you'll be leaving us pretty soon."

"Well, ma'am, that all depends; at any rate, he can wait, all right!"

"Nora," I said very solemnly, "be sure he is the right man."

"Well, ma'am, I'm not doing anything sudden. And I'll tell you this, Mrs. Armstrong, I'm not going to leave you until I see that you are happy entirely, for a sweeter and kinder and more considerin' little lady I never lay eyes upon. If Mr. Armstrong don't hold that opinion now—well, the day will come when he will!" I was embarrassed by such frankness;

and she must have seen it, for she added apologetically: "Though I haven't a word to say against him."

"No—no—of course not, Nora."

Fearing I might say the wrong thing, I left the kitchen. Her words came back to me—"He can wait," and "I won't do anything sudden." Evidently we were making an impression on her. One more vigorous outbreak might shatter her faith in conjugal happiness; I could see that she was already shaken.

I must say I felt rather mean, and I told Richard so when he came home.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Are you going to weaken and not play the game out?"

"But, my dear Dick, just think how happy we are; and we may be cheating her out of the same thing."

"Impossible, darling. There never has been and there never will be such a happy couple as we, for there never was such a wonderful little woman in the world."

"Very well, then," I said, "you'll find me no longer infirm of purpose; and to-night I'll bring things to a climax."

But at dinner we were busy arranging the menu for the first dinner-party, which was to take place the next evening. It was a serious event to me; and Richard, divining my state of mind, assured me that Nora would pull it off all right. We neglected our wrangling; so I proposed that to-morrow I would behave as if I were bowed down with a secret grief.

When Richard had gone, I pulled a long, pathetic face and went to the kitchen.

"Nora," I began, "I'm sure you are going to have a busy day. What can I do to help you?"

She evidently caught the discouraged tone in my voice, for she looked straight at me for some seconds and then burst out:

"Bless your dear, kind little heart, don't you bother about the dinner! Just you go out and cheer yourself up a bit, so you'll look your prettiest

THE HYPOCRITES.

when your friends come to-night; and that's the best help in the world to Nora."

I felt so ashamed of myself that I did as she told me. The dinner was everything I could have hoped for. It was wonderful to see Nora, clad in her black sateen dress, with her neat white collar and apron, serving each course as if she was quite divorced from the kitchen. What should I do without her? I simply couldn't, and I would not. I told Richard so.

"Very well," he said. "In the morning, at breakfast, without fail."

Now there was something on my mind that I had intended to speak to him about, but I reserved it for the breakfast squabble; and this is how it happened. Richard was not in the best of spirits that morning, and had no appetite to speak of. I inquired the cause in the tenderest voice, but he rather snappishly answered that it was the long course dinner of the previous evening.

"Richard, I am disappointed in you; you broke your promise."

"What promise?"

"You not only took a cocktail last night, you took two. I'm sorry I can't rely upon you to keep your word!"

"Well," he replied quite peevishly, "what's a fellow to do in his own house?"

"You have no moral courage."

"That's the only kind a man can get along without."

"Oh, Richard!" I cried in disgust; and Nora, scenting trouble, left the room.

"Now see here, Madge!"

"Be savage and loud," I directed in a whisper.

"I won't be bullied about what I drink," shouted Richard. "No more temperance-lectures at breakfast!"

He banged his fist on the table and swung out of the room; and I heard him slam the study door. As Nora was just outside the pantry-door, I gave a heart-broken sob. For fear she should come suddenly upon me, I

put my handkerchief to my eyes and sneaked out to Richard.

"Slip out of the house quietly, darling. I think we have done the trick!"

"I hope so," he mutters, as he kisses me tenderly.

An hour later Nora appears at my door.

"Mrs. Armstrong," she inquired, "do you think your husband is in good health?"

"Oh, yes, Nora."

"Excuse my askin', ma'am; but was he at all like this when you were away on your honeymoon?"

"Not all the time;" and then a brilliant idea came to me. "At least, not until he got your letter saying you were going to leave us and get married, Nora!" I cried. "I believe he's worrying about your future."

We were gloomy enough at dinner; and it was not acting. I felt certain we were playing a losing game. Sure enough, as we left the dining-room, Nora stopped us, saying that as soon as she had washed up she had something to say to us.

"It's the last blow," I whispered to Richard. "She's coming to give notice!"

We sat in the study and talked of her good points, as one does of a dearly loved one who has passed away. Richard decided to give her a substantial cheque for a wedding-present. Finally, she appeared in a fresh cap and apron, and an expression that plainly told us what to expect.

"Mr. Armstrong," she began, "I ain't goin' to leave you." She paused. "I ain't goin' to get married."

We both jumped as if we had been sitting in electric chairs and the fatal current had struck us.

"Why, Nora!" we exclaimed.

"No, sir; and I have never been engaged."

"Nora, you told us a deliberate falsehood," said Richard reproachfully.

"Oh, no, sir—it was just a loop-hole in case I shouldn't like Mrs. Armstrong."

Allegiance to Humanity^{*}

By THE RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE

From The Outlook

ABOUT the blessings of peace, about the horrors of war, about the value of arbitration as a means of preventing war, surely everything that can be said has been said. You who meet here to promote arbitration and peace have no enemy in the field. Hawks there may be, but they do not attend this congress of doves. Those who speak to you find themselves in the position of preaching to the converted. It is an easy process, but it is not stimulating to us and not profitable to the unconverted who keep out of range. Our discussions at all peace gatherings are really discussions in the abstract, and we shall not know that we are making real progress until we translate good abstract resolutions into concrete practice. No doubt much progress has been made. The work of the Hague Conference has been extremely valuable. The creation of the Hague Court and the reference to it of such controversies as that which the United States had with Mexico and that relating to the Newfoundland fisheries mark a very great advance. Nevertheless, it is felt that risks of war have not disappeared; and the proof of this is shown in the fact that all the great countries continue to go on increasing their military and naval armaments. There is no certainty that, if some dispute suddenly arose inflaming the passions of two nations,

they would refer it to arbitration. Some disputes are, indeed, expressly excluded by the recent Arbitration Treaties from their scope. We may regret this, but such is the fact, and it shows that governments have not that full confidence in the application of the principle which many of you may desire. Even where the case is one that does fall within the treaty, we cannot be sure that two nations, each perhaps irritated and excited, may not prefer to resort to arms rather than use the machinery for securing peace which they have themselves in their more tranquil moments, provided. All the nations, both of this hemisphere and of the other, have every possible reason for endeavoring to keep the peace. Interest as well as conscience and duty prescribe that course. It is also an encouraging sign that troubles in eastern Europe which would probably, thirty years ago, have caused an European war, have been within the last few months peaceably adjusted. In particular, we have all reason to rejoice that a regime of tyranny in the Turkish Empire has been brought to an end, that the principles of liberty have been proclaimed in that country, and that we may expect the shocking massacres that have recently been perpetrated in Asia Minor—probably a last effort of expiring tyranny—to be severely punished, and that the Christians and Mussulmans are beginning to recognize that they have a common interest in good government and must work together in harmonious co-operation and

^{*}An address delivered before the Fifteenth Annual Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, May 21, 1909.

ALLEGIANCE TO HUMANITY

friendship. These things may well be welcomed as a great step onward and a good augury for the future. Nevertheless, when we remember how often before governments and nations that have every interest to keep the peace allowed themselves to be drawn into war, and how disproportionate its causes were to the real interests involved, we cannot be sure that the same thing may not occur again, and we must ask once more, Why is it that good resolutions are so often forgotten? Why is the practice of nations so much worse than their theory? One of the answers most given is that ill feeling between nations leading up to war is due to the newspapers, which, when a dispute arises between two peoples, are accused of misrepresenting the purposes and the sentiments of the other people, and so leading each people to believe itself wholly in the right and the other wholly in the wrong. It is not my business to defend the newspapers. They are well able to take care of themselves. But, in the interests of truth and justice, it must be asked whether it is really they that are to blame. If foreign countries are attacked, it is because they think the public like it and expect it. In every country the newspapers reflect the wishes of the people and are what the people make them.

Thus we come back to the people—that is, to ourselves, the ordinary citizens who are the ultimate masters both of the Government and of the press. Why do we like to have other nations placed in the worst light and their defects exaggerated? Why is it thought patriotic to defy other nations and unpatriotic to indicate any faults in ourselves, any weak points in our own case?

At this moment all the Governments in all the great military and naval states are (I venture to believe) honestly desirous of peace. Not one of them has any cause for war. Not one of them but would lose by war far more than it could gain. Yet it is apparently possible for those who de-

sire, from whatever motives, to stir up suspicion and enmity to succeed in convincing each nation that the other has designs upon it.

Every nation is conscious of its own rectitude of purpose, and believes that its armaments are for its own safety and will not be used unjustly or aggressively. But each one is told that it must not credit with similar good intentions the other nation which is for the moment the object of its jealousy. The ordinary man is apparently more prone to believe evil than good; and hardly anybody takes up the cause of the other nation. That would be called unpatriotic.

Is not the fault, then, in ourselves, that we are too ignorant about other nations, too neglectful in not trying to understand them and to put ourselves in their place? Is not this one chief cause of the atmosphere of suspicion which characterizes the relations of the Great Powers, and leads them to go on creating the enormous armaments and levying the enormous taxes under which their people stagger? Would not a better knowledge by each nation of the other nations do something to repel these suspicions? Every nation must, of course, be prepared to repel all dangers at all likely to threaten it. But it should also try to ascertain whether the dangers it is told to provide against are real or illusory, and it should try to enter into the position of other nations and ask whether it may not be exciting in their minds a mistaken impression of its purposes. Suspicion breeds suspicion; and nations have sometimes come to fear and dislike one another only because each was incessantly told that it was disliked by the other.

Thirty or forty years ago there was a good deal of this suspicion between Britain and the United States. Better knowledge by each nation of the other has extinguished that feeling and substituted for it a genuine friendship, which will, we may feel sure, at once recur to arbitration for the

settlement of any question that may arise. Why should this not be done as regards the other Powers also? Why, when a controversy arises with any other country, should we not, before sharpening our tempers and our swords, try to believe that there are two sides to the controversy, and keep cool till we have considered the other side and made the other people feel that we mean to be reasonable?

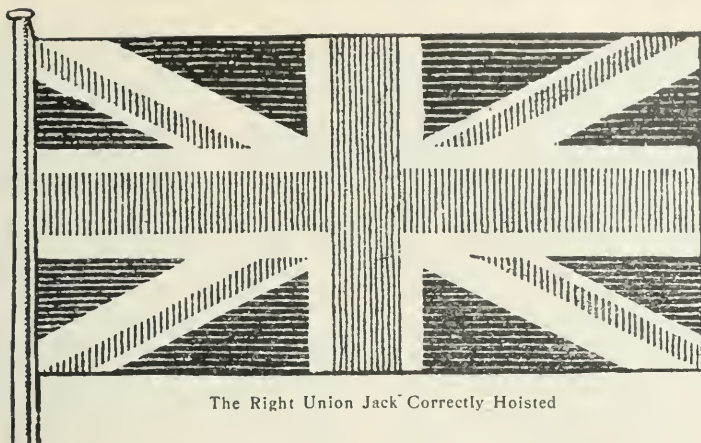
Our country is not the only thing to which we owe our allegiance. It is owed also to justice and to humanity. Patriotism consists not in waving a flag but in striving that our country shall be righteous as well as strong. A state is not the less strong for being resolved to use its strength in a temperate and pacific spirit.

It was well said recently by Mr. Root that there ought to be, and there was gradually coming to be, a public opinion of nations which favored arbi-

tration and would condemn any Government which plunged into war when amicable means of settlement were available. May we not go even further, and desire and work for the creation of a public opinion of the world which has regard to the general interests of the world, raising its view above the special interests of each people? Are we not carrying our national feeling to excess when we think only of the welfare, only of the glory, of our own nation? Is it not the mark of a truly philosophic as well as of a truly religious mind to extend its sympathy and its hopes to all mankind? Would not the diffusion of such a feeling and an appreciation of the truth that every nation gains by the prosperity and happiness of other peoples be a force working for peace and good will among the nations even more powerfully than all our arbitration treaties?

Poverty Has Its Dangers

WEALTH doubtless has its dangers for the young, and deprives them of certain advantageous impulses and compulsions which are the inheritance of the poor. But poverty has its perils, too, as the census of every jail will show. Perhaps it is well that every status should present its peculiar difficulties, for sad, indeed, would be the fate and hopeless the prospect for those whom the accident of birth deprived of any incentive to exertion and of any obstacles to overcome. — *New York Times*.



The Right Union Jack Correctly Hoisted

What Flag Should Canadians Fly?

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

EVERY Canadian may fly the Union Jack. The question is now settled beyond all dispute. His Majesty himself has said so and he is officially confirmed by a pronouncement in the House of Lords by the Colonial Secretary.

Is there a Canadian flag or should the loyal subjects of His Majesty's Dominion raise the Union Jack? On July first, Canada commemorates the forty-second anniversary of her birth. In memory of the historic event under which the scattered provinces were welded into a solid confederacy—a united commonwealth—we call the day, Dominion Day. In honor of the great achievement and in token of our gratitude and pride at the happy union, July first is proclaimed and observed as a national holiday. In many towns and cities elaborate celebrations are held to mark the progress and development of our citizenship and national spirit and to impress upon present and future generations the glory and grandeur of the nativity of our country. Dominion Day is the occasion for more display of flags than possibly any other holiday in

the year. With the exception of Victoria Day—on no other anniversary are so many emblems in evidence. What flag should we as Canadians and loyal subjects of the British Empire, hoist?

It is contended by some that the Canadian marine ensign is the proper one to unfurl, but they are forced to admit that there is no official authority for such an emblem as the flag of Canada. It is true that, according to the Warrant issued by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the merchant marine of Canada and all government ships have the authority and right to fly respectively the Canadian red and blue ensigns bearing the Dominion coat-of-arms in the field, but this official permission, it is asserted, applies to the water only, and there is no justification or precedent for raising the Canadian ensign on land. On the other hand, there is no doubt that every British subject has the right to fly the Union Jack or the British Red Ensign.

The other day I asked an eminent authority on flag lore wherein he based his contention that Canadians

have the right to display the Canadian Red Ensign on shore. He told me that the Cross of St. George, which had been placed in the upper corner of the Commonwealth ensign during the Protectorate days of Oliver Cromwell, had passed into the Ensign Red of Charles the Second and was thereafter borne at the stern of merchantmen and men-of-war. In this paramount ensign of the nation, the single-cross English Jack was carried from 1649 to 1707; and during the reign of Queen Anne its place in the national ensign was taken for the first time by a two-crossed Jack, which was the first real Union Jack. Such then was the origin and evolution of the Ensign Red, the national ensign of the British people, which along with the changes made in the Jack in the reigns of Queen Anne and George the Third, formed the basis of the present Red Ensign of the British Empire. By a proclamation of Queen Anne, the Red Ensign was ordered to be worn by all ships. No other ensign was to be displayed except the Red Ensign with the Union Jack in the upper corner which was to take the place of the separate national Jacks and of the Ensign Red previously used on the merchant ships of the subjects of the sovereign. This royal proclamation also gave authority to raise the British Union Ensign on sea and land. He asserted that the proclamation, so far as displaying the Red Ensign, either on land or water, was concerned, had never been altered or amended and that it mattered not, if the arms of any British colony or possession were in the fly, the right to display this flag on land still existed. Canadians, therefore, were fully justified in raising the Canadian ensign on land. He did not advocate its use at all times and on all buildings but thought that the proper flag to be hoisted on Dominion Day in honor of our local pride and thankfulness for the historic event creating a united Canada, was the Canadian Ensign. On other occasions the Union

Jack or British Red Ensign would be the most appropriate flag to raise, except possibly on our municipal and home buildings as city halls, public libraries, fire stations, etc., from the towers of which the Canadian Ensign should float as evidence of our personal and local rule and lineage. On our parliament and legislative piles, our law courts and our public schools we should elevate the Union Jack as indicating the presence of Government under the British Constitution and of the administration of British law.

"The Canadian Ensign" he added "has in its broad red field the arms of the Dominion of Canada as the sign of our national union and in the upper corner or canton, the Union Jack as the sign of our British Union—the outward and visible evidence of our loyalty, affection and allegiance to the mother country. As the flag of the Englishman is the red cross of St. George, of the Scotchman the white cross of St. Andrew, and of the Irishman the red saltire cross of St. Patrick, or his harp and crown, and as there are to each the emblems of their home country and their lineage, so too is the Canadian Ensign, the emblem of our home country and our growing lineage united from ocean to ocean."

There is abundant authority and warrant for every British subject to fly the Union Jack. In an interesting brochure Mr. Joseph Pope points out that Lord Knollys, private secretary to King Edward, writing to a Church of England clergyman who, shortly before the coronation of His Majesty, in 1902, asked for permission to fly the Royal Standard, said "In response to your letter I am afraid that the Royal Standard, which is the King's personal flag, can only be hoisted on the Coronation. If permission were given in one case, it would be impossible to refuse it in any others. I must remind you that you can always fly the Union Jack."

A message was received from the private secretary of His Majesty some

WHAT FLAG SHOULD CANADIANS FLY?



This flag is wrong because too short and the diagonal crosses are too broad.



Another flag often used in public celebrations as the Union Jack, but quite wrong



The right flag, but wrongly hoisted—a very common mistake. Compare with the large flag.

time ago by Mr. Barlow Cumberland, president of the Ontario Historical Society. It read, "In reply to your letter I beg to inform you that the Union Jack, being the national flag, may be flown by British subjects, private or official, on land." Knollys.

The Secretary of the Colonies in the Imperial Cabinet, in reply to a question in the House recently said that the full Union Jack could be flown by every citizen of the Empire as well as on government offices and public buildings; that the Union Jack should be regarded as the national flag, and undoubtedly might be hoisted on land by all His Majesty's subjects. The Earl of Meath remarked that there had been a certain amount of doubt on the subject and he was glad to have an authoritative announcement.

There have, however, appeared in the press of the Dominion from time to time communications in favor of a distinctive emblem for Canada, urging that in addition to the flag of the Empire—the Union Jack—there should be for special holidays and occasions of ceremony, a loyal or domestic emblem, or in other words, a flag for the Dominion.

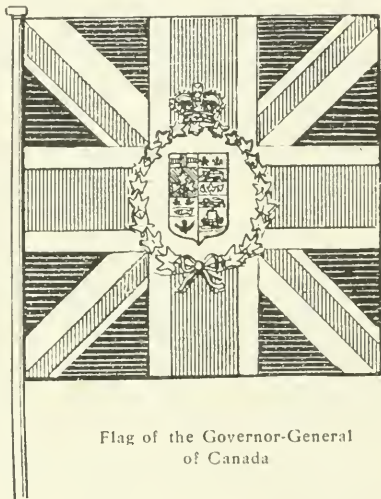
The advocates of a separate Canadian emblem and the use of a Canadian flag have, beyond the contention already pointed out, so far as I can learn, failed to furnish any definite authority or official sanction for their attitude, and I am inclined to agree with Mr. Pope, who asserts that a national flag is the symbol of supreme authority and jurisdiction, and that as Canada forms a portion of the Dominion of the King of England,—

as much so, His Majesty himself has declared, as Surrey or Kent,—how could Canada, consistent with her allegiance, fly any other flag than that which denotes British sovereignty? I fail to see that there is such a flag as the "Canadian Flag" on land.

In 1890, the Department of Marine and Fisheries applied to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, on behalf of vessel owners registered in the Dominion, for permission to fly the Red Ensign with the Canadian coat-of-arms inserted. The government ships were authorized to use the Blue Ensign with the Dominion coat-of-arms as their distinguishing flag. The latter authority was granted under the Colonial Defences Act in 1865. It conferred on colonial governments the power to use the Blue Ensign, with the seal or badge of the colony in the centre of the fly, on vessels of war maintained by local governments. Authority was afterwards extended to the fishery protection cruisers of Canada so that they, and all other ships owned by the Dominion, carry a Blue Ensign with the Canadian coat of arms in the centre of the field. It was contended by the Department at Ottawa that the merchant marine of Canada using the same red ensign as the merchant marine of Great Britain frequently led to confusion in that Canadian ships could not be recognized. An Admiralty Warrant was issued in 1892 permitting the Canadian coat-of-arms to be placed in the ground of the Red Ensign and to be used on board vessels registered in the Dominion.

Anybody who will take the trouble

to read this warrant, will see that the permission applies merely to water, and then only to vessels registered in the Dominion. It has no bearing whatever on land and no authority there. On the other hand, pleaders for a distinctive Canadian flag, proclaim that the new combined Red Ensign, according to the terms of the Admiralty Warrant, can be used by all citizens of Canada. In other words there is no prohibition against the Canadian Ensign—the British Red Ensign having the Union Jack in the upper canton and the arms of Canada in the fly—being used by all residents of the Dominion, either on land



Flag of the Governor-General
of Canada

or water. While the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have not, of course, jurisdiction to make regulations with respect to land, the advocates aver that the hoisting of the Canadian Ensign or flag on shore is not disloyal or inappropriate; that it is a loyal, local flag, and, as already stated, the very fact of the Union Jack being in the upper left hand corner, proclaims and symbolizes our allegiance, devotion and adherence to Great Britain.

A national flag representing as it does, supreme authority and sovereignty, and Canada being a portion of the British domains, the proper flag to be raised on Canadian soil,

so far as I can conceive, is the one denoting these attributes, and that is the Union Jack. Mr. Pope adds that the action of the government in seeking and obtaining permission from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to fly the flag of the Canadian merchant marine, or the Red Ensign, on all vessels registered in Canada, has, of late been perverted by some to a meaning entirely foreign to that desired by the members of the government who sought this privilege. The great mass of those, who hoist the Canadian flag, do so without any thought whatever. Although all may be loyal and faithful subjects of the King they are laboring under grave misapprehension, with no apparent idea, perhaps, of compromising their allegiance. While they may be under the honest impression that the proper flag for them to raise is the Red Ensign of the Canadian merchant marine, they do not seem to realize that the marine ensign looks absurdly out of place hundreds of miles inland. The Warrant of the Admiralty merely authorized the Red Ensign of Her Majesty's fleet with the Canadian coat-of-arms in the field to be used on vessels registered in the Dominion, such permission having no bearing whatever to its use on land.

Official authority having been granted that the full Union Jack can be flown by every citizen of the Empire on private buildings, as well as on government structures, and that it should be regarded as the national flag and raised on land by all His Majesty's subjects. Mr. Pope pertinently observes "Why should any loyal Canadian wish to fly any other flag? Apart from the inherent fitness involved in the flying on British soil of the flag, which symbolizes British sovereignty, surely every one ought to feel a special gratification in exercising, the birthright of every subject of His Majesty. It represents a glory and a greatness we should all be proud to share."

It is sometimes urged that the Union Jack denotes by its conforma-

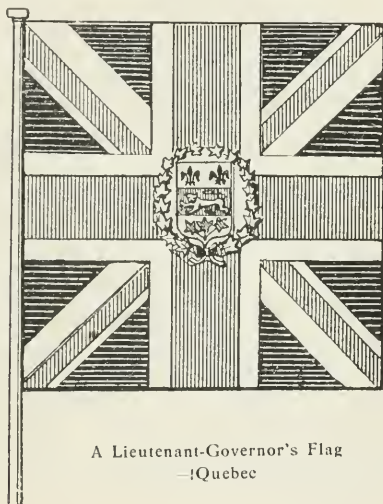
WHAT FLAG SHOULD CANADIANS FLY?

tion the union of England, Scotland and Ireland, and, therefore, its use should be confined to the United Kingdom. "To this pedantic objection," declares Mr. Pope, "I answer that whatever its origin and symbolic history, it is to-day, and has been for a hundred years, and more, the acknowledged emblem of British dominion, the flag of the British Empire, and is recognized as such by friends and foes the world over." I concur with Mr. Pope, that the Union Jack is the only flag that should be flown on land by a citizen of Canada at all times, under all occasions, and on all private and public buildings.

There is in Canada outside of the national emblem, which is the Union Jack, a distinctive flag of the Governor-General and a flag of the Lieut.-Governor of each province. The former is the Union Jack, having on its centre the arms of Canada surrounded by a wreath of maple leaves, the whole being surmounted by a royal crown. The distinctive flag of the Lieut.-Governors is the Union Jack, bearing upon it the arms of their respective provinces, surmounted by a garland of maple leaves; but as they are appointed by the Government of the Dominion, and not by the King, the garland is not surrounded by a crown. The experience of British constitutional authority in Canada is symbolized in the Governor-General's flag with its royal crown, its maple leaf garland, and the Canadian coat of arms, as is also a Lieut.-Governor's flag, backed by the Union Jack.

Another flag seen in Canada on certain occasions is the Royal Standard. It is a beautiful banner bearing the royal arms of England, Scotland and Ireland, and is only raised to indicate the royal presence or the presence of some member of the royal family, or in recognition of some special royal day. It was displayed in many cities and towns in Canada during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Dominion in 1901, and again it was prominent last year at the Quebec Tercentenary celebration, when

the Prince was present and took part in the memorable festivities. The Royal Standard is generally hoisted on parliamentary and legislative buildings on the King's birthday. Being the personal flag of the sovereign it is also raised wherever His Majesty is residing, on certain fortresses and stations, home and foreign, as directed in the royal regulations, but very rarely appears anywhere else in the absence of a member of the royal family. It was, however, put up in Toronto recently on the grounds of the Ontario Jockey Club in celebration of King Edward's success in winning the Derby, the hoisting occurring at the suggestion of His Excellency the Gov-



A Lieutenant-Governor's Flag
—Quebec

ernor-General, who is the representative of His Majesty in Canada, and was present.

According to "The History of the Union Jack," by Mr. Cumberland, our national flag is "The Union," because it represents the flags of England, Scotland and Ireland united in one design. In 1606—three years after the joining of the thrones of England and Scotland, when King James the Sixth of Scotland became James the First of England, a new flag was created, combining the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George. It was called the "additional" Jack of James the First. This Jack was afterwards

known as the "Union Flagge." By royal proclamation this flag was not intended to take the place of the then existing national Jacks, but was directed to be displayed in addition to and at the same time with the Jack of each nation. This "additional" Jack continued to be used for over a century (with the exception of some temporary changes made by Oliver Cromwell) until the first real Union Jack was created in 1707, in the sixth year of the reign of Queen Anne. Immediately after the union of the English and Scotch Parliaments into one Parliament, a royal proclamation was issued creating "Our Jack" to be used in the United Kingdoms of Great Britain. This flag was the first "Union" Jack. Here the official authority of the separate crosses of St. Andrew and St. George as national flags ceased and the reign of the first Union Jack or Flag began in 1707. For ninety-four years the red cross Irish Jack still continued its solitary existence. It was not until 1801, during the forty-first year of the reign of George the Third, that the Irish Parliament was merged with the union Parliaments of England and Scotland, and the red saltire cross of St. Patrick was blended with the other national crosses, thus creating our Union Jack in its present form, St. Patrick's cross being placed alongside the white Scottish cross of St. Andrew.

It was the College of Arms that invented the Union Jack after the parliamentary union of Ireland to Great Britain. A "King of Arms" was called to give advice to a Privy Council, and he submitted the present design. At this time the flag was a combination of the St. George's cross—a red upright cross on white—and the Cross of St. Andrew—a diagonal white cross on blue. The problem was to add the Cross of St. Patrick—a diagonal red cross on white—and do this in a manner that each cross should have equal prominence.

How this was accomplished may be seen in one of the illustrations, which

shows a correct Union Jack, similar to a water color design in the possession of the College of Arms.

It will be noticed that at the top corner next to the pole the white portion is wider above the red than below, while at the opposite corner this arrangement is reversed.

The reason of this is that the "Dexter chief" in heraldry or in simple language, the place of honor is the top of the flag next the pole and the white cross of St. Andrew was made wide at this place to give it due importance, Scotland being the senior kingdom. It was thought that Ireland might be jealous of this favoritism, so in the opposite corner the red arm of St. Patrick's cross is placed above St. Andrew's. In the first and third quarters the white of Scotland is uppermost, while in the second and fourth divisions the red of Ireland has the precedence. Thus, all things were equalized and national jealousies lulled. The narrow white lines on either side of St. George's cross, and on the outer edge of St. Patrick's, have no meaning. They are placed there only to meet a rule of heraldry that color must not touch color, but be separated by a border of one of the metals—in this case silver—which separates the red color of the crosses from the blue color of the field or ground of the flag. So far as heraldry is concerned, it is not necessary that the flag should be of any particular proportions or shape, though the Admiralty lays down definite rules for its official flags.

The private citizen of Canada who desires to show his patriotism on Dominion Day may be quite satisfied if he obtains a Union Jack one and one-half times as long as its width and with the three crosses placed in the position shown in the illustration. In many specimens of the national flag the white border around the English cross is much too wide. In hoisting the Union Jack, the point to remember is that the wide white arm above the red must be placed next to the top of the pole.

The Simple Adventures of 2112

By HULBERT FOOTNER

From Appleton's Magazine

IF ONE supposes that Fate every once in a while becomes intolerably bored with the multitude of commonplace affairs she is called on to attend to, the explanation of those extraordinary happenings which everyone occasionally hears of becomes clear; Fate being a woman requires diversions.

One velvety night in June she chose the Fannings, father and daughter, for her playthings. Returning to Berklym from a roof garden party in town followed by supper, their motor broke down in the middle of the bridge. This in itself was out of the common, for an \$8,000 Gaspar is expected to be superior to such eccentricities—but it was nothing to what followed. The trouble proving to be beyond immediate repair, the travelers were compelled to get aboard one of Mr. Fanning's trolley cars, which they never used if it could be avoided, and Fate caused it to fall out that the first car on the Royce Avenue and Emery Street line should be number 2112 with one Dick Warder driving the motor.

Now Warder was a Yale junior and these do not commonly spend their vacations driving trolley cars. The present situation arose from the fact that young Dick and old Dick, his father, were at temporary variance on a matter of no importance to this narrative, and young Dick had chosen to show his independence of the authority, fame, and fortune of his household by getting such a position as would be most shocking to old Dick

for the period of the long vacation. Thanks to University and other festivities the young man and Ailsa Fanning were not unacquainted, out of which fact arose all that followed.

Dick recognized the Fannings, but he could not be sure whether Ailsa had recognized him; probably not. At any rate she led her father up to the front of the car and sat down not three feet from Dick's conscious back. The front door stood open and by edging a little to one side of his platform he could steal a glance at her over his shoulder now and then. She was a sight to rejoice a young man's eyes. It will probably be remarked that stealing glances over his shoulder is not the safest thing for a motorman at his controller, and the fact is not denied. Adding to this that Dick had been a motorman for nine days only, and the wonder is that nothing worse happened.

Young Warder was naturally entirely ignorant of the intricacies of vast sprawling Berklym, which embraces half a dozen good-sized towns within the sweep of its trolley system, excepting Royce Avenue and Emory Street, his own route—and the latter thoroughfare only as far as the car barns. A suburban line carried the tracks beyond; what happened to them after they dipped over the first hill, it had never occurred to him to inquire. "Rusurban," the Fanning's place, was not far from the barns.

Dick started old 2112 with a jerk which sent the passengers rocking against each other. Mr. Fanning was

very indignant, and audibly requested his daughter to take down the motorman's number, his own eyesight being poor. It was an inauspicious beginning to the ride, and there was worse to come. 2112 was both disreputable and decrepit; her iron front was a mass of rusty dents; her dingy sides bore the scratches and holes of many a brisk engagement with laden trucks; as for her ailments, not only was she a sufferer from the prevailing flat-wheel of her kind, but she had likewise a mysterious internal lesion, which caused her to set up a pitiful screech whenever the current was turned on. It was the very last car that would have been chosen to convey the president of the road.

The stout old gentleman was of a dormouse tendency; nothing irritated him so much as having his naps interrupted. He was in a very bad temper already from the breakdown of his motor, and the uncanny howling of 2112 further exasperated him. He was heard to tell his daughter to remind him to see Coulsen, the superintendent of rolling stock, next day. But the climax of his irritation was reached when Abey Harris, a typically untidy, scorbutic, little specimen of the genus conductor, failing to recognize him, demanded "fehls." Dick, turning, saw the old gentleman, purple in the face, searching vainly in the pockets of his evening clothes for a dime. He quickly put Abey right; and the bell-pull beat a precipitate retreat to the rear platform. Ailsa rewarded Dick with a grateful smile; he was sure now that she recognized him; and old 2112, leaving the bridge, took Royce Avenue "under five notches."

The passengers alighted one by one during their long course up this street, until besides the Fannings there was but one other, a nervous maiden lady with a sallow complexion and a striking hat, tall like a tower and fearfully green. Her destination was Beverwyck Avenue.

"I have to change at the car barns," she had announced more than

once to the passengers at large; also mentioning that she had never been out so late alone in her life. Meanwhile, old Mr. Fanning had disposed himself to resume his nap, and the motorman was casting around in his mind for some expedient whereby he might take advantage of such a rare opportunity. Suddenly Warder heard a soft voice behind him say:

"I suppose it's against the rules to speak to the motorman!"

Dick looked over his shoulder and smiled. "There are no spotters out at two o'clock in the morning," he said, "except your father, and he's asleep!"

"What a strange way for us to meet again!" she murmured.

"I've been hoping it might happen!" Dick confessed.

She steered the conversation into a safer channel and presently they were embarked in a spirited, whispered discussion of the Junior Prom., the latest popular book, and equally important subjects, while old 2112 hobbled past corner after corner, unheeded. It is not the subject of these delightful conversations which counts; that may be trivial to the point of insanity, while all the time the interchange of shining glances and friendly smiles is making the best kind of a poem.

But such a conversation is a dangerous pastime for the man at the controller. They were drawing nearer and nearer to the branching of Emory Street, where 2112 should leave the main line for her own route, and there was none to remind him. The switchman at this point goes off duty at midnight; thereafter the motorman must stop and turn his own switch; as for the little bell pull, who was technically supposed to be in command, wedged between the brake and the controller box on the rear platform, Abey Harris was enjoying a nap in imitation of the president. The street was wholly deserted. When they actually reached the fateful corner, Ailsa happened to be telling Dick how she had watched

him through the Thanksgiving day game; and the gratified young man's mind was lifted far above mundane rails. Old 2112 bumped indifferently over the switch—it was all the same to her—and sped on down Royce Avenue, while the motorman described to his fair passenger how he made his forty-five-yard run in the same historic game.

Some minutes later Warder was brought sharply back to earth, together with everyone else on the car, by a strange rumble, followed by a muffled roar, some distance away in the direction of town. The maiden lady remarked she had a premonition something was going to happen that night. As it turned out she was not wrong. Old Mr. Fanning woke up with a start, and discussed with his daughter what the strange noise might portend. Ailsa advised him to wait for the morning paper. It was while Ailsa was devoting herself to her father that Dick's eyes returned to the track ahead; with a shock he perceived that the street was totally unfamiliar. The great new Atlantic storage warehouse, a landmark for many blocks up and down Emory Street, was nowhere to be seen. Too late he recollected the switch.

Little Abey came hurrying through the car, with his change jingling in his pocket.

"Yeh run by Em'ry Street near a mile back!" he announced to Dick as if he had known it all along.

His triumphant tone was exasperating. "Why in thunder didn't you tell me?" muttered Dick.

"Ge! I t'ought yeh knew w'ere yeh was goin'!" said Abey, calmly. "It's up to you to run her back, all right, all right."

Dick brought his car to a stop and leaned out to look back over the track. Alas! not four blocks behind 2112 a car of the Royce Ave. through line was bearing down on him effectually cutting off his retreat. He put on full power and ran ahead, trusting to find a switch to the returning track. The next time he

looked, the car behind had perceptibly gained on him; doubtless it was in a better state of health than old 2112; and the motorman discovering a car ahead where no car should have been at that hour, was anxious, very likely, to learn what was up.

Old Mr. Fanning having fallen asleep again, Dick told Ailsa what had happened.

"What fun!" she said, and laughed in sheer delight; what girl worth her salt is there who does not rejoice in the prospect of an adventure? "Don't let it overtake us!" she urged with sparkling eyes; "it would be so humiliating to have to explain that we missed our way!"

That "we" was like a strong tonic in Dick's veins; he felt able to overthrow a dozen men for her sake. Unfortunately not all his ardor could extract a single additional mile per hour from 2112; she pounded along at her own gait; not a jot more or less. The most Dick could do to overcome this handicap was to take the curves recklessly and run the down grades at full speed. But the pursuing car overhauled them hand over hand; Ailsa's face fell and Dick was plunged in gloom.

He knew nothing about the draw-bridge over the Flatwick canal, of course; and took the long down grade approaching it at the top notch. At the bottom of the hill old 2112 must have been making a good thirty miles an hour. It happened the gates were just closing preparatory to opening the draw for the passage of a coal barge; a semaphore in the sidewalk showed a red light; but Dick, associating red lights with locomotives, failed to appreciate that they might be used to stop trolley cars also. 2112 with her flat wheel came tearing down the hill like a syncopated cyclone; there was a shout from the bridge tender; a crash as she carried away the first gate; a roar as she leaped across the bridge; another crash as the opposite gate went by to board. She sped on up the hill with scarcely diminished speed.

The maiden lady screamed. Mr. Fanning started up violently; he was not fated to sleep in peace this night. "What was that?" he demanded.

"Perhaps a fuse blew out," suggested Ailsa with instant presence of mind.

"More like a thirteen-inch gun!" snorted the old gentleman.

"I suspect you were dreaming, father dear," said Ailsa, sweetly.

"Aren't we nearly there?" he demanded, striving vainly to peer into the darkness outside the window.

"Oh, not nearly!" said Ailsa with perfect truth.

Since they continued to run along as smoothly as was possible for 2112, he began to think he had been dreaming, and by and by he dropped off again muttering something about an "investigation to-morrow." The maiden lady was in a state of partial collapse.

The pursuing car was held up perforce by the red light and the wreckage they had strewn behind them; and 2112 gained a precious two blocks. On the other hand, their retreat by this street was now effectually cut off; they could scarcely hope to return unchallenged over the bridge they had treated so cavalierly. Indeed his situation looked so entirely hopeless, Dick saw small use in worrying about it further; and became quite light-hearted. "Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he thought, privately determining to make the delightful ride last as long as he could.

Half way up the hill beyond the bridge, Dick made out the figure of a man waiting in the roadway, who signalled him to stop. He sounded his gong and kept on, but this determined passenger, experienced in the ways of motormen, stepped squarely in the centre of the track; and Dick was compelled to slow up to avoid committing homicide. The man swung himself on the front platform.

"Where does this car go to?" he demanded.

"Hanged if I know!" said Dick,

cheerfully. "The never-never land, I guess."

The man stared at him a moment—he was young and he wore a dinner coat and straw hat—then threw back his head and laughed. "That suits me!" he said; "I've been looking for the route!"

By this pause they lost some of the lead they had gained at the bridge, and on the stiff grade the pursuing car walked right up on 2112, who at her age was no hill-climber. At the top of the hill they had scarcely a block to the good; and Dick, despairing of a second lucky accident, thought he saw the end of their gay journey very close ahead. He fancied he could hear over all the noise of the car, the other motorman shouting to him to stop, and he had no doubt that the outraged bridge tender was also on board seeking explanations.

"They haven't got us yet," whispered Ailsa encouragingly.

Topping the hill they plunged down the other side, losing sight of their pursuers for the moment. Royce Avenue bears away to the left on this hill; and there is a curve in the tracks; a side street continues straight and steeply down. Dick was in no humor to slow up for curves; he took this one flying; whereupon Fate again intervened on behalf of the lovers. Old 2112 cleared the rails with scarcely a jolt, and holding a straight course, traveled smoothly down the asphalt of the side street, lights out.

The old man stirred in his sleep and murmured: "Good piece of track here." The maiden lady was plunged in a fresh panic at the darkening of the lights; and the green hat wagged symptomatically of impending hysteria; however, the man in the dinner coat constituted himself her protector.

The pursuing car promptly rose over the hill; and taking the curve more prudently, bore away out of sight down Royce Avenue, the motorman and the angry bridge tender little suspecting that 2112 was con-

cealed in the shadows of the side street. But for all they had shaken their pursuers off, the situation of 2112 without rails or power could scarcely be said to have much improved. "The jig is up now!" thought Dick with an unpleasant mental picture of waking the old man up and telling him where he was—or rather where he was not. However, there was no use stopping until he had to; he allowed 2112 to roll down the centre of the street, under curb of the brake. A belated homecomer turning at his own gate and beholding the dark bulk of the car quietly dropping down his little street, with a shadowy motorman at the box and the dim forms of passengers within, fled into his domicile and slammed the door behind him, as if the whole host of Hades was at his heels.

At the foot of the hill, under an electric light on the corner, Dick suddenly perceived the glint of steel; and his heart rose with a bound. Another line of rails crossed the street obliquely. "If we can only get her on there!" he whispered to Ailsa with a crazy hope.

Calculating his momentum nicely, he struck the rails a glancing blow; and, as he had counted, 2112 slewed around parallel with the line. Swinging the trolley on the wire they had plenty of power again; and with the steel shoe they carried, they worked to get her on the rails.

In the course of their efforts the old man woke up again, but in his present state of exasperation was quite pleased to learn they had jumped the track; and promised himself to take it out of Coulsen. It never occurred to him, of course, that they might be putting her on a different track from that she had jumped; and the information was not volunteered.

2112 took the new rails without much difficulty and presently they were speeding gaily down the line into the unknown. From the character of its construction it was clear this had originally been a steam railroad; they were taken straight into the country,

leaving the streets and houses far behind. With heavier rails and more power the going was easier, and the old man slept so blissfully, Ailsa ventured to stand in the doorway, where she and Dick could talk face to face. On such a line as this 2112 needed but little attention from the motorman. A wasted moon was climbing the eastern sky; the woods and fields were bathed in a pale, misty radiance; and there was a delicious cool earthiness on the breeze. Ailsa and Dick had not so much to say to each other now; it was sufficient to be together on the platform. It was little they were caring where the ride ended, so it did not end too soon.

By and by the first pale streaks of dawn showed in the east; and Dick began to feel the anxieties of responsibility again. As they passed through a suburb, he saw ahead, idly swinging his club under the electric light on the station, a policeman. Feeling that it was due his passengers that he make some inquiries, he stopped his car opposite the officer and said politely:

"Will you please tell me where I am?"

The mouth of the bluecoat dropped open at this unexpected question and his eyes bulged. "Wh-what!" he stammered.

"What place is this?" asked Dick.

The bewildered officer's eyes traveled to the Emory Street sign on Dick's car. "What in thunder are yez doin' out here?" he demanded.

"Oh, never mind that now," said Dick impatiently; "just tell me where I am, please."

"There's something wrong here!" pronounced the guardian of the peace with remarkable perspicacity.

Away down the line Dick heard the toot of an air whistle. Thinking of the cruel disparity between the big-heavily-motored cars that run on suburban lines and his own decrepit 2112, he fairly lost his temper. "Can't you answer a civil question?" he demanded.

"This needs lookin' into," said the

wise policeman; "you better come along with me, young man." He put his foot on the step.

"Sorry, old chap, but I can't stop, really," said Dick, anxious to be polite. He placed a foot squarely against the blue chest below him, and driving out his leg, sent the representative of the law reeling across the platform. As he disappeared over the other side there was a loud and unexpected splash—there had been a great deal of rain.

"Our goose is cooked now!" said Dick ruefully to Ailsa, as 2112 gathered speed again. "He'll telephone down the line. I should have kidnapped him!"

Meanwhile the big car behind was gaining on them. The next toot was appreciably nearer; and looking back they could see the flash of a searchlight over the hills. But Dick took heart in the thought that a stern chase is necessarily a long one; and put his car to the curves and bridges at a rate of speed that caused the maiden lady to utter little screams of fright.

"I'm sure that this is not the way to Beverwyck Avenue," she moaned.

The gallant young man in the dinner coat hastened to reassure her.

The car behind, after a pause to pick up the discomfited policeman, started after them in good earnest, tooting wildly to alarm the countryside. However, they had a long start, and 2112 was going strong. The eyes of the youthful pair on the front platform were shining with excitement. By and by they heard an answering toot from far down the line ahead. Ailsa turned to Dick questioningly.

"Closing in on us from both sides," he said with an attempt at carelessness. "If I can find a place to put you and your father off before they arrest me, it'll be all right."

"I stick by the car," said Ailsa briefly—and Dick glowed.

Rounding a curve he was suddenly dismayed to see a railroad crossing a short distance ahead, with a freight

train lying squarely across the track, the engine taking water at a tank beyond. There they were effectually blocked; while all the time the tooting down the line drew closer and closer! It was maddening! Dick brought his car to a stop and leaping off, ran toward the engine. Ailsa following him, careless now whether her father should wake.

"I say, old man!" cried Dick to the engineer, "for Heaven's sake pull out quick! I'm in the Dickens of a fix!"

"What's the matter, lad?" said the old Scotsman with exasperating unconcern.

"I've lost my way!" Dick blurted out. "I've busted a bridge; I've assaulted a policeman; and I've got the president of the line on board!"

The engineer whistled. "Lost, eh?" he said, reflectively.

Dick groaned in his impatience.

"I'm the president's daughter," added Ailsa in her most winning manner. "He hasn't done anything really wrong. Please help us!"

The old man stared hard at this love apparition shaping itself out of the darkness. He looked from one to the other of the strangely assorted pair, the motorman in his blue uniform, the girl in her evening draperies; finally his eyes began to twinkle. His deliberations did not take five seconds in reality: though to Ailsa and Dick with their pursuers pounding down the line, it seemed more like an hour. Suddenly he said:

"There's an old switch here, from the trolley tracks to our rails. Run your car back a little piece, sonny, and open it for us. I'll back down and we'll hitch your car to the caboose with rope. I'll take you back to town, my dears."

Before he had finished speaking his engine was under way. Running back with renewed hopes they easily found the switch: under a heavy growth of weeds it was still intact. The freight train, which was not a long one, backed down to meet them, and Dick with feverish haste helped

a brakeman lash 2112 to the tail of the caboose. Momentarily they expected to see the searchlight of the suburban car swing around the curve. Fortunately old Mr. Fanning remained dead to the world; Ailsa watched him. As for the maiden lady, goodness knows what she thought was going on, but the man in the dinner coat was a person of great resource.

They had no more than started before the suburban car was upon them. Brakie had barely time to close the switch and run, before the rays of the searchlight fell upon the spot. That very searchlight proved their salvation; dazzled by its rays, the motor-man could see neither to the right nor left of the swath it cut in the darkness; it just missed 2112 and they were safe from discovery.

The suburban car swept past them not twenty yards away; they could see all hands, including the drenched policeman, straining their eyes ahead. They bumped over the crossing and continued up the line; a little beyond, the other car hove in view and the two cars came to a stop abreast of each other. Ailsa and Dick, traveling townwards, laughed to think of the mystified consultation that would be taking place.

"What would I have done if it hadn't been for you!" murmured the maiden lady to the man in the dinner coat.

The good-natured engineer shunted them back to the trolley tracks, through the depot of the Interurban express company on the outskirts of town. The express company utilizes both the steam railroad and the trolley tracks for its cars. Appearing from nowhere, as it were, 2112 rolled through the depot, Abey swung the pole on the wire, Dick turned on the power, and 2112 gathered way down the street, leaving the expressmen rubbing their eyes and wondering, like a good many others that night, if there was a phantom trolley car abroad.

They ran down a gradual incline toward a long, low building which

had somehow a familiar look to Dick. That young man, it may be mentioned, was feeling tolerably anxious as to the final outcome of his adventure. To his great astonishment he suddenly recognized in the low building the Emory Street car barns; but seen from the other side. As he drew up before it, a little knot of employees was standing listening gravely to one reading from a newspaper. This was natural enough; but Dick was surprised to see the black mourning bunting carried out, preparatory to being tacked to the front of the building.

O'Hara, the starter, catching sight of Dick, turned a sickly color and clutched the man nearest. "Look! Look!" he gasped. Every eye was turned that way.

When he saw Dick step off his car like real flesh and blood, O'Hara plucked up a little courage and approached him.

"For the love of Heaven, Warder, how did you get through? is the old man all right?"

"Sound as a rivet!" said Dick.

"How did you get through?" repeated O'Hara. "We thought sure you were caught in the smash!"

"Oh, I found a way out," said Dick warily—wondering greatly what else was in the wind. "What does the paper say?" he asked carelessly.

It was thrust at him; and the headlines conveyed instant information.

"Immense building falls! Unfinished structure of the Atlantic Storage Company collapses in Emory Street! Trolley car 2112 missing, with John Fanning and daughter aboard! Believed to be buried in the ruins!"

"Father! Father!" exclaimed the quick-witted Ailsa, reading this over Dick's shoulder. "The brave motor-man has saved all our lives!"

"Dear! Dear! Bless my soul!" murmured the sleepy old gentleman.

"He's a Yale man," added Ailsa irrelevantly.

"Ask him up," said her father handsomely.

How to Develop Executive Power

By LEE FRANCIS LYBARGER

From The Business Philosopher

WILL POWER and executive ability are so closely connected that neither of them can be considered alone. While executive ability is the broader term, yet will-power is its foundation. Executive ability rests upon two things: Intellect and will. And even one corner of the structure called Will rests upon the Intellect. You cannot increase your executive ability without increasing your will-power. And both depend in their growth upon a keener intellectual grasp and discrimination.

Will-power may be said to consist in two things: Choice and Volition. In other words, Will consists, first, in the power to make a choice, to form a decision, to lay a plan; and, second, in that "persistence of effort" which attains the realization of the choice. The first process forms the conception; the second carries it into execution. The first decides what is to be done; the second does it. The results of the first process of Will is represented by the "plans and specifications" of a building; the results of the second, by the completed structure itself.

Ribot says, "To will is to choose in order to act." And so the first element of will-power is the capacity to choose, to decide, to elect, to pick, make a choice, form a plan, reach a conclusion, come to a decision. And I find that Webster makes this the only function of the Will. He defines it thus: The power of choosing; the faculty or endowment of the soul by which it is capable of choosing; the

faculty or power of the mind by which it decides to do or not to do; the power or faculty of preferring or selecting one of two or more objects."

And to this power of choice I have added, as the second element, that power and "persistence of effort" which continues until the choice, or decision, is attained. And this second element of Will I have designated Volition, notwithstanding the fact that Webster makes Volition and Will practically synonymous. But here are clearly two processes instead of one: (1) I decide to go (2) and I go. And since different things should have different names, I have labeled the one Choice and the other Volition.

The making of a definite choice lies at the foundation of a strong will. There must be something to do before we can do it. To choose means to decide between two or more alternatives. Choice is that power of the mind which enables it to feel and express a preference between two or more persons, plans, or objects. A strong will enables the individual to form a decided preference, even when no decided preference exists in his mind.

And the opposite of the power of choice is Indecision. When the individual is unable to decide, when he is unable to make up his mind as to which course to pursue, when he hesitates, doubts, wavers, oscillates—reaching first one conclusion and then another—we have the first element

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of a weak will. And so the first foe to great will-power is indecision—and a colossal foe it is. Hesitancy, confusion, doubt, indecision, and fear ultimately end in defeat and failure.

Few people have a developed power of choice. The moment the individual takes up the consideration of two or more alternatives, and begins to picture the possibility of each, his mind becomes so confused with conflicting wants, ideas, wishes, possibilities, as to paralyze the Will. And the difficulty may arise from one of four things: First, because he does not know definitely his own mind in the matter. Second, because of his inability to picture vividly to his mind the different results which would follow from the different courses, in order that he might know which result he most preferred. Third, because the contrasts between them are so great that he cannot get a common basis of comparison. And fourth, because of the reverse condition—the resemblance is so close that there is no preference in his mind. And without preference there can be no choice.

The second element of Will is Volition—the power of persistence of effort in the enforcement of a decision. Persistence of effort, dogged determination, indomitable resolution, steadfastness of purpose, untiring perseverance, unwavering persistence, unconquerable zeal in the pursuit of some object, perennial enthusiasm in carrying out some plan of action—these are the supreme tests of a developed, masterful will.

Men of great volition have gone persistently onward in the course which they mapped out. Nothing could stay them. Nothing could stop their onward movement. There was opposition. There was danger. There were obstacles. There were criticisms. There were seemingly insurmountable difficulties. But they marched onward, right on, as steadily and royally as if these things did not exist. The greater the opposition the greater the possibilities for the joys

of resistance. And yet there cannot be persistence of effort without persistence of Will.

The time element is the great element of Volition. There are millions of people who can persist in the enforcement of a decision for a little while—a few minutes, a few hours, a few days, a few weeks. But when it comes to persisting in a given effort, when it comes to keeping at the same thing, for months and years, and even decades, the matter is wholly different. Only men and women of heroic will can do this.

Did conditions remain as they are when the choice is made—when the plan of action is decided upon—it would be easy to carry it into execution. But conditions do not remain the same. They are transient and unstable. Even thoughts and feelings, emotions and sentiments, are continuously changing. In fact, the whole surroundings soon become different. These are the dire facts which crush so many resolutions. And then when the determined plan of action runs through weeks and months and even years—with all their changes in feelings, thoughts, sentiments and conditions—we see why it is that so few men are able to conduct great enterprises. They have not the will-power for such a colossal and continuous task. Their volitional energy is too soon exhausted. They lack both the genius to plan and the persistence of effort to execute.

While we have made Will consist of two processes, Choice and Volition, yet there are innumerable circumstances in life in which but the one element is present. And that is the element of Choice. Nothing more is required than to make a decision. There are no commands to be obeyed, no resolutions to be carried out, no path to be followed, no plans to be executed. All that is required is the making of a choice, the forming of a decision, the reaching of a conclusion.

This first element of Will, and of executive ability, is developed in but

comparatively few people. In most things in life I am convinced that people do not make a choice. They are not "the architects of this own fortune." They are not their own pilots in the voyage of life. They do not elect their career. They do not pick out the path they are to travel. In short, they do not choose; they simply drift. That which they are now doing they did not plan to do. The path they are now traveling was not of their choosing. And the place they now live in was not of their choice. They did not select it. It seems to have selected them.

And I think this holds true in most of the facts of life. There was no choice, no option, no election, no preference, no will in the matter. No alternatives were presented. They had no chance to either choose or refuse. They simply took the only opportunity offered. What else could they do? But that was not choosing. And man becomes an individual and a personality, and the master of his own fate and fortune, just to the extent that he rises out of this condition, just to the extent that he increases the facts and conditions and relations in life which are of his own choice, will, and preference.

There is a second class of things in which, while they had the opportunity to choose, they had not the capacity to make a choice. They could not come to any conclusion. They could not make up their minds to either choose or refuse, accept or reject, go or stay. And while they thus hesitated, wavered, doubted, consulted, delayed, the opportunity to choose went by. And so it was not choice but necessity that put them into the path they now travel. And they entered upon it as if in the confusion and hesitancy of a dream, walking backwards.

It is always possible—and usually painful—to look back over the highway of life and see where the roads forked. And while seeing clearly the one we took, we also realize that it was not of our choosing. We prob-

ably had no choice in the matter. Or if we had, we now realize that while we were debating as to which road we would take, the opportunity to choose went by and blind Necessity pushed us into the road we now travel. In the midst of the mental confusion—caused by indecision, hesitancy and doubt—Fate picked our path for us. And at most of the cross-roads of life, perhaps, this fact holds true.

And then there is a third class of things—or of lines of destiny—in which, while we had a chance to choose—and did choose, yet the choice we made did not represent our actual preference in the matter. The things we took were not the ones we most wanted—perhaps did not want at all. Why, then, did we take them? Why did we make such a choice? That is a question which we will go on asking all through life. And should too many such questions accumulate in the course of a life-time, they will crush the very heart out of us.

I am convinced that so feeble is the power of choice in most people, and so undeveloped in their capacity to make a decision—especially one which actually corresponds to their real feelings—that in many things in life, if not in most things, they did not choose the things they most desired to do, nor pick the course they most desired to follow. But having made the choice, they are bound to abide by it. All through life they will be carrying out contracts, meeting obligations and slaving to complete enterprises which, though of their own choosing, were not of their choice. Their decision did not represent their preference.

It is not so easy to say why this is so. And yet we can find some clue to this strange fact in that Puritanic effort—begun way back in infancy—to crush out of us the little individuality and self-assertion which may have been germinating there. We were taught never to take the largest apple, never to take the biggest piece of cake, never to take the choicest

slice, never to take that which we most desired of anything. That must always be left for somebody else. And so from infancy onward the effort has been made to establish in us the habit of never taking the thing we most desired to take. And the effort has been sadly successful. And yet it is only men of pre-eminent self-assertion, men who see the choicest things and then grab them for themselves, men who prefer self and their own comfort or profit over that of others, who make the great successes in life.

There is yet another reason why one should make a choice which does not represent his actual preference. It arises from a false conception of self-control. Many people, in their enthusiastic attempt to conquer their feelings and emotions and reduce them to absolute subjection, have succeeded even to the point of their extermination. They have controlled their emotions so effectually and so continuously that there is really nothing left to control. Within the wide realm of their being there is not a normal, spontaneous feeling.

It is natural for mankind to go to extremes. And no greater extreme can be conceived than the idea that the satisfaction of every desire is to be checked, that every want is to be denied, every impulse crushed, and every passion strangled. The opposite extreme—though still an extreme—is nearer the truth. All normal, natural desires should be—must be—satisfied, if life is to be perpetuated. Expression, and not repression, is the law of life. If the strong and cultured Will closes some avenues for the outflow of nervous energy, it is simply to open and enlarge more effectual ones. And so self-assertion is indispensable to life and happiness.

II.

Traits of Developed Choice.

Of the two elements constituting Will—choice and that persistence of effort which brings about a realization of the choice—we need to note in reference to a highly developed

power of choosing several important characteristics. First, the capability to actually make a choice—a decisive, fixed, definite choice. And the decision must not be partial, but whole, entire, complete. It must be an actual, positive, decisive choice. And so far as possible, the choice should be consciously made. We should realize that we are rendering a decision—consciously linking our lives in the chain of destiny.

Second, the choice, when made should represent our actual feelings. It should be the expression of our predominant desires. I hold that the Will, in choosing, should be a servant and not a dictator, a slave and not a master.

Third, having chosen one of several alternatives, all the rest should be banished from the mind. The man of developed power of choice may hesitate long; yet having picked one plan from the many, the many will be forgotten. His mind is now as free from their influence as if they never had been. Doubt is over. Hesitancy is over. "The die is cast."

And here we have one of the great psychic elements which distinguishes the man of executive ability from the common man. That foe to all action—regret—does not reach him. He will hesitate, doubt, compare, discriminate, speculate, and reconsider before a choice is made—but not afterwards. But the man of inferior executive ability—though having made a decision, though having picked his course—keeps on comparing, deciding, doubting, and picking. And though having decided over and over many times, he still hesitates in the execution for fear of a mistake in the planning, for fear that he has blundered in the choice.

But the man with a trained will, having decided once, never turns back—never reconsiders. He says to his memory in reference to any other choice he might have made "forget it." Before making the choice he saw many roads that he might take. But after making it he sees but one.

But this one road he intends shall lead to victory. Faith, firmness, concentration, and decisiveness have taken the place of indecision, confusion, and doubt.

Fourth, having made a choice, having decided upon a plan, we must have the courage to stand by it. The man of high executive ability is not terrified, as is the average man, by the fact of a mistake—and the probability of more to follow. He is not frightened to death because of a failure. His teeming activities are not paralyzed because of a blunder. Defeat to him is nothing more than delay. He regards nothing as final but achievement, success—victory.

Does the successful man never make mistakes? He does. Does he never choose the wrong course? Sometimes. Does he never blunder in his decisions? Often. How, then, does he succeed? First, by having a predominance of correct decisions. Second, by enforcing these with unerring precision and celerity of movement. Vigor, confidence, firmness, and promptness of execution are a great aid even to bad judgment. Better a poor plan well executed, than a good plan poorly executed.

Your man of high executive ability, of developed power of choice, of keen capacity in the forming of a plan, knows that he will make many mistakes, many blunders, many errors, many bad decisions. He knows that after the work is all done he will see numerous places where it could have been better. But what of it? Life is as much in the striving as in the gaining, in the effort as in the reward, in the sowing as in the reaping. The old maxim said, "There is more pleasure in pursuit than there is in possession."

The man devoid of a developed will—though tortured with ambition—spends most of his time in vain regrets. The seeing of a better way to have done the work, the discovery of a better plan which might have been taken, or the finding of a better route, fills him beyond endurance with the

pangs of regret. Many people have acquired—or inherited—the habit of regretting absolutely everything they do. The thing they lost is always more important than the thing they gained. They never can fearlessly face the future because of regrets for the past. To them are the words of Whittier most true that

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'it might
have been.'"

Of the wavering, indecisive, irresolute hero in the beautiful poem of Lucile, we are told that "whatever he did he was sure to regret."

"With irresolute finger he knocked
at each one

Of the doorways of life, and abided
in none.

His course, by each star that would
cross it, was set,

And whatever he did he was sure
to regret."

The choice made by a man of executive ability is conclusive. It is final—ultimate. He does not make the decision over and over again. Once is enough. It is then a matter of having the courage to enforce it. Having decided upon a plan, he passes immediately to the means of its execution. He does not waste all his energy in reconsiderations. Having decided he now acts, and acts vigorously.

The successful man knows but little of regrets, care but little for past failures, and broods but little over the blunders he has made. And he could not be successful if he did.

And yet it is not because he never fell down that he is now up, but simply because he would not stay down. It may have been another's fault that he fell. It would have been his own had he lain there. His final success came not because he did not blunder, but because he did not keep his attention constantly on his blunders. He dwelt upon these simply long enough to find the cause, so as not to make the same mistake twice. Once is

enough. One should have variety even in his blunders. And so while the eyes of the one were fixed on failure, those of the other were fixed constantly on success.

A fifth characteristic of the power of a developed choice is definiteness. A plan clearly, vividly, and intensely conceived is already half executed. The choice must not only be decisive but incisive. When the plan lacks the quality of definiteness, when it is uncertain, vague and foggy—indistinct in outline and uncertain as to detail—a swift and vigorous execution is impossible. And so before there can be speed and accuracy of execution, there must be definiteness of planning. And the more definite, distinct, exact, and clear-cut the choice or decision. The easier its execution. A plan of action possessing such qualities will almost execute itself.

A sixth characteristic of a developed power to choose is promptness of decision. While the whole field should be carefully surveyed before the choice is made, while every alternative should be examined and the possibilities of each considered; yet it must be recognized that time is an element in the making of a choice. All things are in motion. Even the planet on which we live, and the sun around which it revolves, is moving. Our time is always limited. Even life is limited. And on many a hard-fought field promptness of decision turned defeat into victory.

I think it holds true that men possessing great promptness and decisiveness of decision were men strongly given to meditation. They had the imaginative power to picture nearly all possible contingencies, and thus to decide beforehand what they would do under each one. Their prompt decisions were the product of premeditation. In their solitary wanderings and musings they were picturing, dreaming, speculating, conjecturing as to the possibilities which might arise. And so to have promptness of decision accompanied by ac-

curacy, there must be forethought and premeditation.

And yet I must recognize the fact that we always have the extremes. Every important law of life is a contradiction—a paradox. It always requires the possession of two conflicting processes. And so it is here. At the one extreme is the man who does not reflect in advance. He seizes upon the first plan which comes into his mind, forms a definite, fixed, unchangeable resolution, and proceeds immediately to action—and to vigorous action at that. His decisions are made quickly, and his action follows instantly. If the choice happens to be right, he "wins big." If it happens to be wrong, he is "down and out." Here we have promptness of decision. But it lacks in accuracy and reliability.

At the other extreme is the man who reflects long and often, who takes everything into consideration, who goes over the whole field—not once but many times; who pictures every possibility, every contingency, and every danger arising from each course. He considers not simply one plan but many plans. But the trouble is that he has taken so many things into consideration, has pictured so many different plans, and sees so many different ways by which it could be done, that he cannot decide upon any. The difference between them is so slight that he has no preference. And without a preference there cannot be a choice. But the great executive character has the will to make a choice when no preference exists. And so he is a combination of the powers and capacities of both—with the defects of neither.

Promptness of decision was one of the great elements in the success of Abraham Lincoln. He displayed but little doubt and hesitation. When the time came to make a decision he decided, and decided promptly, clearly, and conclusively. And so there must usually be promptness and decisiveness in the forming of a plan as well as in its execution.

The seventh, and last, trait of a developed power of choosing to be here mentioned, is that the choice, or plan, when made, must be immovable. The choice must become a permanent part of the nervous system, a fixed structure of the brain. The choice, the plan, the resolution, must be fixed, firm, substantial—immovable.

The decision, when made, must be formed of such firmness of mental fiber that it will not dissolve into fragments and shreds when nervous energy is poured into it. It must be able to withstand the conflicts of contending emotions and weather the storms of passion intact.

Some people's plans, decisions, and resolutions are but little more than "dissolving views." And yet it is only when a determination has solidified and crystallized into a conviction that it can be made the foundation for great achievements.

Few writers in discussing will-power and executive ability, make any reference to the intellectual element. They attribute entirely too much to strength of volition, pure and simple, and too little to the Intellect. And yet there cannot be great executive ability without the possession of a great Intellect. Intellect is at the foundation of choice, and choice is at the foundation of Will.

It is true that many of our greatest executive characters, that many of our greatest military generals and industrial captains were not men of high education—and often had scarcely any education at all. And this is particularly true of our industrial captains. But this is not saying that they were not men of high intelligence, for they were—and are. Intellect is one thing. Education is quite another. There cannot be great executive ability without power of organization. And there cannot be great capacity for organization without a high order of intelligence.

Persistence of purpose, doggedness of determination, unconquerableness of will and resolution—all these are

of little avail if the choice is erroneous, if the decision is a blunder. Writers on successful men will tell you of their will-power, of their self-denial, of their unconquerable purpose, of their untiring persistence. Yet these elements alone never made a successful man, though no man could well make a great success without them. Thousands of men have failed who had all these virtues. These qualities avail but little if the man is following some delusion, some "pipe dream," some phantom of the brain, some unrealizable and impossible enterprise. In fact they are positive disadvantages when guided wrong by the Intellect, because they prevent their stubborn and persistent possessor from seeing things as they are.

Tennyson's famous poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," is a case in point. Their heroic fighting, their stubborn persistence, their undying courage but accomplished their own defeat.

Great men and successful men and leaders of men had something besides will-power and dogged determination. What was it? Intellect. In making the choice they had the wisdom and the mental vision to choose the right thing, take the right plan, to select the right course instead of the wrong. They not only had the power of choosing, but of choosing right. They had the imagination which enabled them to foresee ultimate results. They saw the end from the beginning. And so true was their vision, so sound was their judgment, so exact was their inference, that what they saw only with the eyes of the imagination they afterwards saw with the eyes of the senses.

No combination of Will and pluck can long preserve ice at a temperature above 32 degrees. Will has never yet been able to abolish the laws of nature, nor to rise above them. No persistence of effort has ever been able to achieve the impossible. Only by the toil and persistence of years have men been able to bring forth

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great inventions. But other men have given the same toil and persistence and brought forth practically nothing. Why? Not because they lacked power of Will but power of Invention. Scores of men have given their lives in the vain endeavor to invent "perpetual motion." And so it requires greatness of Intellect as well as of Will for great and lasting achievements.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest and most completely-developed executive character the human race has produced. His power of Will, his unconquerable resolution, his pluck and audacity have become a part of history. But the one thing which made Napoleon possible—and without which he could not have been as history knows him—was Intellect. He had a giant mind as well as a giant Will. He could see beyond the utmost vision of his associates. His imperial power was made possible by a peerless combination of Intellect and Will. His decisions were almost unerring, even though made with lightning-like rapidity amidst the stir and confusion of battle. And so there cannot be greatness of executive ability without greatness of Intellect.

There is also an emotional element that is indispensable in order to form prompt and final decisions—and still keep the mind free from anxiety and regret—and that is the element of Courage. Indecision, confusion, and perplexity may have two general causes: deficient intelligence and deficient courage. I have already spoken of the one and must now briefly allude to the other.

Anxiety rests upon fear. And fear is the opposite of courage. Granted sufficient courage and fear is impossible. That much is axiomatic. And when you have banished fear from the mind—if you only could—you have banished a whole family of foes to success and happiness. It requires courage—heroic, unwavering courage—to stake everything on the casting of a die. It requires daring to chance all—even destiny itself—upon a decision. Nothing short of audacity can make it possible for us to promptly and decisively stake all upon a choice, a choice which may make or mar all that we hold dear in life.

And so one of the foundation stones of great executive ability is courage—daring, pluck, fearlessness, audacity, and a sort of dare-devil indifference as to what the outcome will be. I find in reference to great men that they tend to be careful and anxious in the laying of their plans, but fearlessly and boldly indifferent as to the outcome of their execution.

Every great ruler and leader must be something of a fatalist. Life must have much of abandon and of wreckless indifference to be really worth the living. Fortunate is the man who has the right combination of caution and daring, of fear and fatalism, of prudence and indifference. He who can stake all—and lose all—and still be happy, has perhaps the only thing really worth having. The real joys of life can be gained only by courageously maintaining a state of mind that is exuberant, exultant, triumphant—victorious.

MANY a profit making organization is losing thousands of dollars, if you figure up the difference between what it *is* doing and what it *might* do.

Women's Work for Civic Reform

By MRS. EDWARD W. BIDDLE

From Suburban Life

CARLISLE is located in the middle-southern part of the State of Pennsylvania, in the beautiful Cumberland Valley. In its long life of more than a century and a half, it has not grown beyond a population of 10,000, but those passing years have created for it a picturesque history. Its Indian wars, its revolutionary glory, its civil war record, its one time noted military post, its venerable college, its aristocratic families and refined society, early gave to it a certain prestige that it has never lost. So accustomed were the people who dwelt there to hear the praises of Carlisle sung, that most naturally one of that town's chief characteristics always was a serene self satisfaction. It has also loved to preen its feathers and to proudly call itself conservative, never dreaming that conservative may be translated unprogressive. Indeed, until the Civic Club came into being, eye had not seen nor had it entered into the heart of man to conceive that Carlisle might be improved.

To rudely prick the bubble of this contented apathy required some courage, possibly of a callous nature. The men of the town never would have had the heart to do it. It was, as is often the case in small communities, a woman who took the initiative. Her first venture was the sending of notes of invitation to other women to meet at a fixed time,

in a public hall, for the purpose of discussing the evident need of municipal improvement in Carlisle. Then, with her heart in her throat, she awaited developments. Of the seventy-five women summoned, thirty-four responded, and an organization of these was at once effected with "town improvement" as its slogan, and "the time was there, The Walrus said, to talk of many things."

As a result of this meeting, Carlisle was promptly told that her municipal housekeeping was poor, that her streets were dirty, her public squares neglected, her market house filthy, many of her borough ordinances openly defied, as well as numerous other interesting, wholesome and plain spoken truths. This was eleven years ago, before the present day wave of civic interest had spread so widely through the country. The town in question fairly gasped with indignant astonishment.

We, the initial members of the new organization, were very careful from the first to make no assertions, the self-evident truth of which could be questioned; we lost no time in assuring the municipal authorities that our desire was to aid and in no sense to interfere; we took the editors of the daily papers into our most ingenuous confidence; we tried to be just as polite as possible to all those who considered themselves the aggrieved victims of our over-zeal. We

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gained a certain footing immediately, and it soon became apparent that the new movement had commended itself to many of our people, with the result that names of both men and women were gradually added to the membership list, giving that moral support of numerical strength that an organization for successful municipal improvement must have.

Realizing that if we would act intelligently we must first understand our subject, we gave immediate attention to a study of conditions as we then found them. We were impressed with the fact that the entire community, not excepting the police force, needed to be informed along the line of existing borough ordinance and such State statutes as directly affected everyday public life. In the columns of the local daily papers we published, in simplified form and a few at a time, some of these laws with the penalty attached for their infringement, at the same time protesting against the non-enforcement of certain among them. You know policeman Flynn's opinion of the true inwardness of modern lawmaking. He said "If iver I had th' ma-akin' if th' law, I'd ha-ave first iv all in th' big book, a sintence r-readin' like this: 'Th' la-aws herein contained mane what they mane an' not what they say.'"

Certainly a vital civic work in a careless community is to drive home the fact that if laws are created for a wise purpose they should be respected and obeyed.

We next informed ourselves concerning the powers and duties of all borough officials; then cautiously inquired into the curricula, sanitary conditions and aesthetic and moral atmosphere of our public schools. A general interest in questions of public health naturally followed. By reason of the unfailing courtesy of the newspapermen we were able to reach a large audience through their columns and to continually appeal for the co-operation of the people

in what we were trying to do for the town. The pendulum of public opinion vibrated for a while, but finally swung our way in a manner that left no doubt that community sentiment was with us. Encouraged to a really fine enthusiasm that has never abated, we then systematically began the uphill work of our self-appointed task.

To demonstrate that something is wrong is one thing, to remedy it quite another. To create civic enthusiasm is one thing, to sustain it, quite another. We had no difficulty in convincing people at the beginning that the town was dirty, littered, neglected. It exists to-day almost a model of a well appointed borough, but this attainment was at the end of a long, weary way, the milestones of which marked many a discouraged moment.

Personal and collective appeals were made to municipal authorities, merchants, clerks, janitors of public buildings, housekeepers and children to set individual examples to the public. A large number of "weed letters" were sent out asking that proprietors harvest their weed crops before the seed should be blown into neighboring grounds. As an object lesson, a man was employed to make a weekly cleaning of the two main thoroughfares and to sweep the pavements of the public squares. The interest and co-operation of the students at Dickinson College and of the pupils at the Indian School, a transient population of about fifteen hundred, was solicited. Thirty-five waste receptacles were placed at street corners, and the town council was requested to enact an ordinance protecting both streets and homes from posters, dodgers and waste paper of all kinds, from fruit peels and free samples of patent medicines.

At the same time an earnest request, based upon reasons for health protection, was made for an anti-expectoration ordinance. The first

was willingly passed, but the desire to curtail spitting privileges created so much merriment among the borough fathers that the subject was deemed worthy of local newspaper jokes. The idea of determining by law where a free and independent citizen should spit, and where he should not spit, was regarded then as unprecedented interference with the personal liberty of our townsmen. Three years later the spitting ordinance was passed. If each step had taken so long a time to accomplish, there would not be much to tell to-day of civic advancement in Carlisle. I have always regretted that our town should have been deprived of the honor of being one of the pioneers in the now popular and well established anti-expectoration movement in this state.

A street sprinkler was next bought, and has been successfully operated by our club for the comfort of the people. Everything we could think of saying or writing or doing on the subject of public health and cleanliness, we said and wrote and did. It was natural to give some attention to the condition of the food stores and of the market house, and at our request the then Board of Health made an investigation into the subject of water supply, after which we asked that such extension of water pipes be made into the homes of the poor as would be adequate for their health and comfort. I am glad to say that a broad minded water company responded generously to this appeal. A number of free public lectures on sanitation and health protection have been given by physicians of the town who are delightfully responsive to requests for such addresses, and expert advice is thus freely offered on questions of sanitary science that are not usually understood by the general public.

The assistance of adults is of course desirable, the co-operation of children is vital, for definite con-

tinuous results. Of the truth of that assertion both theory and experience convince me.

The organization of a League of Good Citizenship that included every public school pupil of the town enlisted the aid of the children, and through them the help of their parents, in civic betterment. Children are keenly alive to immediate surroundings. It is easy to interest them in local history; to impress them with a sense of personal responsibility; to cultivate their spirit of patriotism; to stimulate them by an offer of prizes for cleaning or beautifying. The planting of trees, vines or shrubbery for premiums, is attractive to them, while their competitions for the neatest back yards and the prettiest front floral boxes are keen and amusing.

Carlisle has many hundreds of trees planted by school children, and flower boxes grace the humblest of homes in her alleys, as well as the handsomest mansions on her streets. Large quantities of flower seeds have been given these children, and the annual arbor and bird days have been for years observed by the League of Good Citizenship in conjunction with the Civic Club. The refining impress of a growing love for cleanliness, beauty and order; the moral influence of an awakening intelligence along lines of municipal advancement; the developing of ideas and stimulating of ambitions among children in the cause of good citizenship, combine in many cases to make impressions which later become the principles of manhood and womanhood.

The school children of eleven years ago are men and women now and many of them are actively co-operating with us in the work for the common good. Some of them have recently conducted the League of Good Citizenship meetings in the very schoolrooms where their own

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interest was first aroused in and for their home town.

The pictures that we have presented to the public schools—there are over two hundred of them—have ministered to the aesthetic sense, and in some cases have been the instruments of definitely turning youthful minds to art studies, while our public picture exhibits have left a permanent impress upon many of all ages who lack the opportunity to see good pictures elsewhere. These art exhibits, and the flower shows that were conducted annually for four years, gave a distinct uplift to public taste and sentiment. The flower shows were too fine to be dismissed here with a word. Carlisle's professional florists and private owners of fine greenhouses placed the best they had at the disposal of the Civic Club for its shows, which were acknowledged to be, next to those of Philadelphia, the best in the State. The educational and artistic value of these shows is obvious.

Open air concerts were essayed during several summers. Wherever there is good music, there is a throng of listeners, and the donated services of the famous Indian Band cheered and lightened many a one on his way, as he paused on the public square to listen. In small communities one almost invariably finds a dearth of high-grade public entertainments. The often worse than ordinary shows become a menace, against which a counter current should be developed and maintained as a civic safeguard. Realizing this, we have for five years supported a lyceum course composed of the best procurable talent and sold the tickets at a nominal figure. To indicate the character of this work, I need but mention a few of those whose services were obtained: F. Hopkinson Smith, Jacob Riis, Ian Maclaren, Newell Dwight Hillis, Judge Ben. B. Lindsey, Maude Ballington Booth, Ellen Beach Yaw, the Kneisel Quartette—five such each win-

ter, at \$1.50 for the entire course. An interesting fact that we have proven in this connection is that neither billboard posters nor hand dodgers are essential in Carlisle for successful advertising. The newspapers meet every possible requirement in this line.

We have always been concerned to help wherever we found a municipal need. It was in this spirit that we established Carlisle's first savings fund, which after four remarkably successful years was only abandoned when one of the local banks added a savings department to its business and was anxious to secure our list of depositors. Right willingly we handed it over, for other labors awaited us. We equipped a school room for a kindergarten, successfully petitioned the school board to advance local taxation, opened a woman's exchange in our club house, presented to the town a full equipment of artistic street markers made after a special design. The free services of a trained district nurse, whose time is at the disposal of the sick poor, constitutes one of the most valued benefits we have been able to offer to our people.

There is now in the treasury a distinct fund of about seven hundred dollars, as a nucleus toward the purchase of a public fountain; furthermore, we have over one thousand dollars additional, all ready for that which may seem to us the most urgent requirement of Carlisle.

Many an unwary one before has been beguiled into writing a book. The Civic Club of Carlisle had that bee buzzing in its bonnet for some time before it decided to take its chances with the reading public.

"Some said—write it,
Others said—not so,
Some said—it might do good,
Others said—no."

With a confidence that was born of love for the subject, it finally was done, and last December, at an expense of sixteen hundred dollars,

our Club launched its little volume. It bears the proud title "Carlisle Old and New." It enfolds within its covers one hundred and seventy-one half-tones, and presents through word and picture a narrative of tradition, events and local legends. I rejoice to say that the book is gradually serving the purpose for which it was created, in that it has stimulated renewed interest in the past and has developed a splendid enthusiasm for the present.

I know that our Club has been an important factor in the community life; I know that the town is a better place because we organized for the public welfare; I know that our plan can be introduced into any locality, and our success may be emulated by any organization that is consistently interested in a forward movement. Upon each one there certainly rests a duty to aid in the betterment of conditions, and no one is justified in failing to see the need that is never far afield. F. Hopkinson Smith makes delightful old Peter to say, "If you would permit me to advise you, I would give up finding fault and first try to better things, and I would begin right here where you are. . . . Now, as long as you do live here, why not join in and help out the best you can? . . . Contribute something of your own excellence."

The Carlisle plan is susceptible of indefinite expansion, limited only in such places as may have no unattained ambitions, no unsupplied needs. The extent of the results that may be enjoyed is determined solely by the spirit of service and the personal equation that enters into the work.

"Why don't they keep the streets a little cleaner?

You ask with deep annoyance not undue,

Why don't they keep the parks a little greener?

(Did you ever stop to think that they means you?)

How long will they permit this graft and stealing?

Why don't they see the courts are clean and true?

Why will they wink at crooked public dealing?

(Did you ever stop to think that they means you?)

Why don't they stop this miserable child labor?

And wake the S.P.C.A. up a few?

(While thus you gently knock your unknown neighbor,

Did you ever stop to think that they means you?)"

IF people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done, as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not dare to get angry.

Lord Hayling's Infatuation

By TRISTRAM CRUTCHLEY

From the London Magazine

THE unpretensions envelope, addressed in a precise and feminine hand to Colonel the Honorable Ivo Brough, had been waiting on the green baize board of the Staff Club—vulgarly known as the "Gold Lace"—for three days, and the steward ventured to mention the fact.

Colonel Brough screwed an eyeglass under a shaggy eyebrow and glanced at the writing, then grunted. Judging from his expression, it would have made no material difference to his equanimity if the letter had waited three weeks. He began to read it slowly, but had not proceeded far when his interest was suddenly intensified, and before he had finished it the accustomed equanimity had entirely gone.

"My Dear Ivo," it ran, "I am in great trouble. There is a hateful woman here—a widow—whose husband was, I believe, in your regiment, though I only gathered that from a chance observation which escaped her. Her name is Mrs. Laurier; one of those women who wear well with a little assistance. She may be anything from thirty-five upwards, and I suppose you would call her pretty.

"She has set her cap at dear Arthur; and he, I need hardly say, has fallen a victim. It is the talk of the Spa. He refuses to come away, and the woman treats my hostility as a joke. I am most anxious. Arthur is so extremely stubborn—it is the great fault of your family—and as he is twenty-one, what can I do?

Could you come down?—Your affectionate sister, Florence."

Colonel Brough thrust the letter into his pocket, and seized a telegram form.

"Lady Hayling, Brampton Spa, Derbyshire," he wrote. "Letter just received. Coming at once.—Ivo."

Having thus definitely committed himself to a course of action, the lines of his mouth relaxed a little under the white moustache. He dropped into a chair and opened his sister-in-law's letter again, actually chuckling to himself as he did so. Then he spent some time in meditation. At last he rose in a listless fashion and looked carefully round the room.

"You were contemporary with poor old Laurier, weren't you, Barnes?" he said to a man on the other side of the fireplace.

"Of course," was the reply. "He left the regiment when he married."

The Colonel lighted a cigar.

"Who was the lucky girl?" he asked, carelessly. "I forget."

"Nobody in particular; a pretty little fluffy thing. She hooked him for his money, poor chap."

"Why poor chap!"

"They weren't happy, so I've heard. Anyhow, he got his own back."

"How?"

"Left her only three hundred a year. All the rest is in trust for the daughter until she is twenty-five or marries—something like a hundred thousand. I remember distinctly."

"Ah! there was a daughter, was

there? I had forgotten. She must be getting on now, eh?"

The other man laughed.

"Too much so for madame," he said. "I expect she's fishing again, and a daughter of seventeen is not good bait. Moreover, it seems that the girl takes after Laurier. She's big for her age, I hear—looks twenty, according to my kid. They're at the same school down in Devon; that's how I know."

"Umph!" said the Colonel, as though dismissing the subject. "Poor old Laurier!"

A couple of hours later he was on his way north.

If there was one thing in which Colonel Brough took especial pride it was a certain reputation for diplomacy—a knack of "managing" affairs after other people had found them unmanageable. When friends told him their troubles and asked his advice—which they only occasionally followed—he was not bored but flattered, and this unusual attribute made him exceedingly popular.

After this explanation it will be more readily understood that in laying his plans for the redemption of his youthful nephew—ninth Baron Hayling in the Peerage of the United Kingdom—from the toils of a designing widow, he felt, after the first spasm of annoyance, as much pleasure as in playing a salmon.

Consequently, when he arrived at the station, he was in his best and most cheerful mood; and Lord Hayling, who had dutifully motored over to meet him, was somewhat mystified by the fact.

"My dear boy," exclaimed the old soldier, as he wrung his hand, "you're getting more absurdly like your father every day. But—hang it!—you don't look over pleased to see me."

Lord Hayling flushed.

"I'm as pleased as Punch, uncle," he said, with forced enthusiasm. As a matter of fact, he viewed the visit with considerable distrust and displeasure.

A glance at the sullen expression

on his nephew's usually open countenance decided Colonel Brough as to the line he should take.

"So you've been making your mother nervous, have you?" he asked, with a laugh, as they took their seats in the car.

"I don't know how much she's told you," replied Lord Hayling cautiously.

"Nothing, except that you've fallen in love, my dear boy. And, pray, what could be more natural? Didn't we all do the same at your age?"

"This is a serious matter," said the young man hotly. "I may tell you, uncle, I'm not going to be influenced by a lot of platitudes about my youth and—and all that sort of thing."

"Certainly not! I rather admire you for it. After all, you're the head of the family, you know, and you've got to marry and keep the title going in the direct line. And you need not be so touchy about your age, because early marriages are often the happiest."

Such unexpected good nature did little to quell Lord Hayling's suspicions.

"You never tried it yourself, uncle," he said, with a sidelong glance.

"Consequently, by dear boy, I'm unbiassed, and I can view the matter judiciously. If the girl's a nice girl, with a little money, perhaps—"

"Every penny she has goes when she marries," said Hayling defiantly.

"That's a pity! Still, if she's young and—"

"She—she's older than I am."

For the first time the Colonel allowed himself to look concerned.

"How much?" he asked.

"Don't quite know. Suppose she must be somewhere about thirty."

"Somewhere about thirty! That's unfortunate!"

"She doesn't look it—really she doesn't."

"That's something, at all events," pursued his uncle. "Still, I wonder if she'll only look somewhere about

forty when you are thirty-two, Arthur?"

That was an aspect of the case which Arthur had apparently not taken into consideration, and for the moment he was reduced to silence.

"Yet, after all, there must be something original about her, or she would have married before."

Lord Hayling was actually blushing.

"Didn't mother tell you that—that she was a widow?"

Colonel Brough almost jumped out of his seat.

"A widow!" he ejaculated. "The deuce!"

"Still," he continued, with a reminiscent sigh. "I've known some very charming widows. Any children, dear boy?"

"Only one—a little girl. I haven't seen her; she's away in the country at school somewhere. That doesn't seem to me to be any particular obstacle. Of course, the girl's provided for. In fact, I—I'm rather glad about it."

To his obvious relief at that moment the car reached the grounds of the Spa. As they entered the hall, Colonel Brough's swift glance fell upon a little fair woman in an easy-chair.

Arthur squared his shoulders, and advanced.

"May I introduce my uncle? Colonel Brough—Mrs. Laurier."

The woman rose quickly, and held out her hand, not without a trace of anxiety. She was dressed in excellent taste and with consummate care. If there were any sign of age, any incipient line or wrinkle which merited concealment, the soft evening light was kind to her, and did its duty.

Colonel Brough looked at her with undisguised admiration.

"Laurier—Laurier!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "Any relation of Charlie Laurier. I wonder—Charlie Laurier, of the 21st Hussars?"

The woman's lips still smiled, but a pair of grey eyes flashed defiance.

"He was my husband," she said quietly.

"Delighted to meet you, Mrs. Laurier!" exclaimed the Colonel, with unabated warmth. "By and by we must have a chat together about old times. But, first of all, Arthur, if you'll take me to my room, I'll make myself presentable. It must be nearly dinner-time!"

Uncle and nephew did not speak as they mounted the stairs; and Lord Hayling was evidently suffering considerable embarrassment. A servant was unpacking the Colonel's clothes, and the young man loitered in the room till they had it to themselves.

"You knew Laurier, then?" he ventured presently.

"Knew him, my dear boy?" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, we served together! He was the jolliest fellow in the regiment. But that's a long, long time ago."

II.

"Really, Ivo!"

There was tragic denunciation in Lady Hayling's tone.

"Well, my dear Florence?" replied Colonel Brough.

It was late in the evening; and, in spite of repeated efforts, his sister-in-law had only just succeeded in getting him alone.

"Is that all you have to say? Oh, what am I to do? What am I to do?"

Seeing that she was about to break into tears, the Colonel gallantly took her hand and gently patted it. He had been decorated for bravery in the field, but a woman's tears were more than he could stand. The action was beneficial, for Lady Hayling's drooping spirits suddenly revived.

"I sent for you to put an end to this absurd infatuation of Arthur's, and what have you done?" She spoke rather angrily.

"Well, what? A woman never asks a question like that unless she has an answer ready."

"You've done nothing but encourage it. The whole evening you have been humoring her and petting her and making her absurdly flattering speeches."

"What would you have? Except yourself, my dear, Mrs. Laurier is the only fascinating woman in the house. The rest are all as dull as ditch-water."

"But surely you did not come here with the idea of amusing yourself? I consider your attitude most reprehensible."

Lady Hayling's expression was one of outraged propriety.

"You will at least give me credit for preventing a tete-a-tete," said the Colonel lamely.

"You have given Arthur to understand that the woman has your approval. I believe you have even told her so."

"Not in so many words."

"I caught her eye just now. She looked at me triumphantly as much as to say: 'You see, I've won him over.' What will happen after you have gone? What course am I to adopt?"

"Why not come with me?"

"And leave Arthur here? What can you be thinking of, Ivo? Do you think that in his present state he would consent to come away?"

"Perhaps not," said the Colonel.

He tried to look grave, but there was a twinkle in his eye which gave Lady Hayling encouragement.

"I had such faith in your diplomacy," she said.

"And I had great faith in your common sense, Florence. Fancy bringing the boy to a place like this, where there isn't a decent girl for him to make love to, always excepting Mrs. Laurier!"

"We came here for my health."

"Entirely?"

"Well, I thought it was nice and quiet, and he would be kept out of mischief. He's so impressionable."

"And you see the result."

"But what do you think will result from your behavior to-night?"

"Who can say? You might write and tell me. I'm going to-morrow."

"Going to-morrow? And is this all the comfort you have for me?"

"Now, don't unduly worry yourself, my dear Florence. These things

must not be hurried. At present Arthur is a little nonplussed. Firstly, by the absence of apparent opposition on my part. That's disappointing to him, you know, although he may not realize it. And, in addition to that, he begins to have a glimmering idea that Mrs. Laurier and he are not of the same generation. Most of the people she and I have been chatting about to-night are dead. I resuscitated them for the purpose of showing my nephew how exceedingly young he is."

"That was clever, perhaps. But after you have gone?"

"The infatuation will cease, I hope. If it doesn't, you must import some fresh blood. Haven't you any young girls among your friends—pretty girls? I wonder you didn't think of it before."

"I've been too distracted. Besides, Ivo—"

"Well, wire me the day after to-morrow. If necessary, I will come down again. But with ordinary luck everything will go as I predict. Good-night, Florence."

In spite of the apparently unsuccessful result of his intervention, the Colonel slept soundly; and when he announced at breakfast next morning that he must return to town, no one was more sorry than his nephew. Mrs. Laurier looked sorry, too, but, in reality, she was somewhat relieved. In spite of her conquest, she had not slept so well. Solitary reflection, added to that curious twinkle in the Colonel's eye, had bred misgiving.

It was pretty late in the afternoon when the car was brought round to take Colonel Brough to the station. Lord Hayling was not quite ready.

"Nice car!" said the Colonel.

The chauffeur agreed. It was a car which could do anything—under his guidance.

"Ever break down?" inquired the Colonel.

The man looked up quickly. Lord Hayling was suddenly heard whistling as he came through the hall.

"Here's a sovereign," said the Colonel, without more ado. "If the car

breaks down, for three-quarters of an hour on your way back from the station, there'll be another for you when we meet again."

"Very good, sir," said the man, with a grin. "His lordship—"

"Must know nothing about it, of course, till afterwards. Then, if you like, I will tell him, and relieve you of all the blame."

"Ah, here you are, uncle! Then we may as well be off. But we've plenty of time."

"Well?" said the young man, as they whizzed away.

Colonel Brough lighted a cigarette.

"You want me to sum up," he said. "Well, Arthur, she's an extremely fascinating woman. If I had a chance, I don't know that I shouldn't marry her myself. But I shouldn't hurry things. I don't want you to do anything desperate for a week. Is that asking too much?"

Lord Hayling gripped his hand.

"You're a brick, uncle! If that'll satisfy you, I suppose, in the end, it will satisfy the mater. I won't propose to her for a week. That I promise. But, of course, you understand it will be all the same."

"Of course! But it'll give you time to see things a bit more clearly. And if they look the same at the end of your week, why, marry her, and good luck to you!"

And not another word was spoken on the subject.

The nearest station to Brampton Spa is some seven miles distant. It is a quiet little roadside platform, nothing more, and it was erected mainly for the convenience of a certain noble duke whose magnificent castle is the principal feature of the surrounding country. Consequently, the arrival of a passenger is something of an event.

When Lord Hayling's car arrived, the solitary man who filled the treble role of booking-clerk, ticket-collector, and station-master, was dancing eager attendance on a very pretty girl who was standing, a forlorn figure, in the

midst of a circle of substantial-looking luggage.

"But are you sure I can't get a conveyance?" she was asking.

Lord Hayling pricked up his ears. "Hallo! What's this?" he ejaculated.

Colonel Brough seemed quite indifferent.

"Somebody stranded, apparently," he said.

"But—but don't you think I ought perhaps to offer the car?"

The factotum overheard him, and, seeing an issue out of his afflictions, he touched his cap.

"Lady expected to be met, sir," he volunteered.

The girl nodded pathetically. She looked about nineteen, and had large blue eyes and a healthy self-possession.

"My mother wired that she would meet me with a brougham," she announced to the world at large.

"Indeed!" said Lord Hayling, cap in hand. "I hope you will consider my car at your service."

She gave a sigh of relief. There was evidently not the slightest doubt that she would avail herself of the offer.

"But I should be taking you out of your way, I'm afraid," she objected, half-heartedly. "I have to go to Brampton Spa."

"That's where I'm staying," said Lord Hayling.

He glanced rather guiltily at his uncle, but the Colonel was busily lighting a fresh cigarette from the stump of the old one.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the girl, with a fresh look of interest. "Then you probably know my mother, Mrs. Laurier!"

There was a heavy pause.

"Mrs. L-Laurier, your m-mother! Oh, yes, I know her; f-fancy that!"

"She wired me yesterday to come down by this train, and she would meet me. It's most remarkable that she isn't here."

Lord Hayling was gazing at her open-mouthed, almost rudely.

"Let me help with Miss Laurier's luggage," interposed the Colonel quietly. "My train is not due for ten minutes."

Lord Hayling caught his eye. He turned very red, which is usually considered a sign of guilt.

"This is really too kind of you," said the girl, with a glance of unaffected gratitude as Hayling took the seat beside her and tucked the fur rug about them both. "Mother will be so much obliged."

Once more Lord Hayling glanced timidly at his uncle, but he had suddenly, on some pretext or other, turned his back to them.

"Good-bye, uncle "

Colonel Brough turned and took off his hat. Signs of unseemly mirth were discernible on his face. At least, they were visible to his nephew.

"Don't forget," he whispered to the chauffeur.

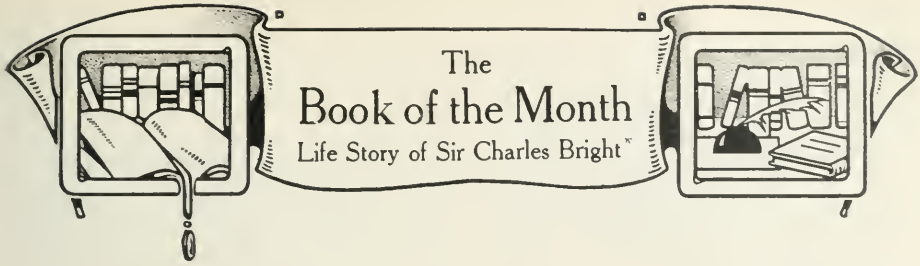
It was a very improper thing for a chauffeur to do on duty, but he actually winked.

The following letter reached Colonel Brough a week later:

"My Dear Ivo,—You sent that wire to the girl, and you didn't tell me! You should have seen Mrs Laurier when Arthur and she arrived! They were ever so late, and it was quite dark. I could see at once how things would go; and so they did. Trust a woman for understanding these things! They are frantically in love with each other. I thought that mother and daughter would disappear, but I was mistaken. She's a weak little thing at heart, Mrs. Laurier—so different from her dear daughter. She came to me this morning and cried, and asked me to forgive her. I think you did her rather an injustice in thinking her so deep. Seeing that the girl will have all her father's money, perhaps, if it comes to anything, some additional settlement could be made on Mrs. Laurier. What do you think?—Your affectionate sister, Florence."

"Why, certainly," said the Colonel to himself, with a smile of extreme complacency; "certainly, if only by way of thanksgiving!"

A LACK of self-control always indicates other lacks and weaknesses which are fatal to the highest attainment. A man who can not hold himself in check, certainly will not be able to control others. A lack of self-control indicates a lack of mental balance. A man who can not keep his balance under all circumstances, who can not control the fire of his temper, who lacks the power to smother the volcano of his passion, can not boast of self-mastery, has not arrived at success.



The Book of the Month

Life Story of Sir Charles Bright

TO THOSE who love to read the accomplishments of men of science in their varied fields of activity, this admirable biography of the engineer, who at the age of twenty-six years laid the first Atlantic cable between Ireland and America, will be indeed a delight.

Like nearly all the great inventors, Bright began his career at an early

night—without causing any disturbance to the traffic. When twenty he became chief engineer to the Magnetic Telegraph Company, extending its lines throughout the United Kingdom. A year later he laid the first cable in deep water, connecting Great Britain and Ireland.

The biography relates in detail the story of the laying of the Atlantic



Landing the First Atlantic Cable on the Irish Coast

age. Born in 1832, he was only seventeen, when he devised his first invention in telegraphy, which is still in active use. At the age of nineteen he carried out important telegraph work, including the laying of a complete system of wires under the streets of Manchester in a single

cable. Bright became a projector of the cable at the age of twenty-three and a year later was appointed engineer-in-chief of the constructing company. After surmounting a series of distressing difficulties, the cable was successfully laid in 1858 and in honor of his achievement, Queen Victoria conferred a knighthood on him the same year.

Afterwards carrying out many im-

* The Life Story of Sir Charles Tilston Bright. By Charles Bright. Revised and abridged edition. London: Archibald Constable & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

portant submarine cable undertakings in the Mediterranean and elsewhere—including the first telegraph to India, and between the West Indian Islands—he also took an active part in politics, and was elected to Parliament at the age of thirty-three. Whilst in the House of Commons he was

practical work and invention in electric lighting as well as telegraphy until his death in 1888.

The story of the laying of the Atlantic cable is intensely interesting and forms the best part of the book. On Monday, August 3rd, 1858, the "Wire Squadron," as it was called,



SIR CHARLES BRIGHT

Knighted in 1858 in recognition of his achievement in laying the first Atlantic Cable.

constantly to the fore in advocating the extension of telegraphic communication with the colonies and dependencies. He also acted as expert adviser and consulting engineer to a large number of projects—for the second and third Atlantic cables and for a variety of subsequent submarine lines. He continued his career of

sailed from its rendezvous at Queens-town, Ireland, for Valentia Bay on the west coast. It was composed of the U. S. screw-steamer Niagara, to lay the half of the cable from Valentia Bay, the U. S. paddle-steamer Susquehanna as consort, H. M. screw-steamer Agamemnon, to lay the half of the cable on the American side, H.

M. paddle-steamer *Leopard* as consort, H. M. *Cyclops*, to go ahead of the steamers and keep the course, H. M. tender *Advice* and the steam-tug *Willing Maid*. Arriving at Valentia, the fleet immediately set to work to land the shore end of the cable. The scene was impressive. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and great throngs of onlookers were present. When the cable was landed by the American sailors, as a well-designed compliment, His Excellency was one of the first to help pull it ashore. A prayer was offered by the vicar of the parish to solemnify the undertaking. A grand ball at the little village of Knightstown followed.

The ships got away at an early hour the next morning, slowly paying out the cable as they proceeded.

The ships proceeded westward and all went well until 3.45 p.m. on the fourth day out when the cable snapped, after 380 miles had been laid, owing to mismanagement on the part of the mechanic at the brakes. This untoward accident was naturally the cause of great sorrow to all connected with the undertaking. The fleet returned to Plymouth, where the cable remaining on board, was unloaded into tanks.

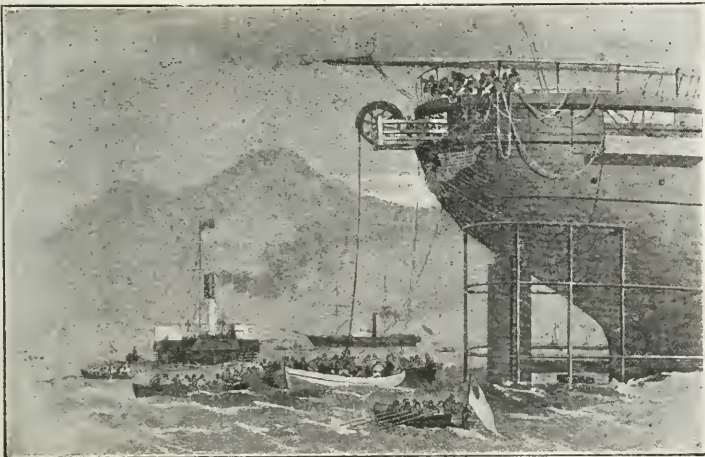
The loss of 335 miles of cable with the postponement of the expedition to another year, was equivalent to a loss of £100,000 and the projectors

found it difficult to secure new capital. In the end, the appeal to the shareholders for more money was responded to and the directors were enabled to give orders for the manufacture of 700 miles of new cable.

In the spring of 1858 some experiments were made, which seemed to prove the advisability of starting the laying of the cable in mid-Atlantic and landing the ends simultaneously at the terminals. Finally, on June 10th, the fleet sailed from Plymouth to meet in mid-Atlantic. They encountered fierce storms, which almost sank the *Agamemnon*. At the rendezvous a splice was made between the *Agamemnon* and the *Niagara* and the vessels steamed apart. When they had each proceeded three miles, the cable parted on the *Niagara* and the work of splicing had to be done over again.

Once more they started out, but disaster again followed them and the cable parted once more. The third time, the ships returned to Queenstown without coming to the rendezvous.

The final attempt to lay the cable was begun on July 17, when the ships sailed westward again. This time all was successful. The *Agamemnon* reached Valentia, the cable was landed and a message sent across the bed of the ocean. Meanwhile the *Niagara* had landed her end on the coast of Newfoundland.



Completing the Cable at the American End

Historic Adolphustown

By

MAUDE BENSON

A DOLPHUSTOWN!

What thoughts come flood-like at the sound of the name of this old Ontario village! Dense forest and struggle and effort! Clumsy batteaux laden with weary exiles, whose eyes search the wooded shores for the place of their allotment! Farther back the mind wanders to the terrible winter at Sorel; to the sailing away from New York into the unknown wilderness and



O'd Quaker Church, Adolphustown.

yet back the mind goes to the breaking of the terms of the peace treaty between England and the States—the direct cause of the exodus of all those who had fought for and desired the “Unity of the Empire.”

The smiling lands of Adolphustown give to-day no hint to the casual passer-by of the struggle that wrested every inch of its soil from the stubborn forest; of the sacrifice and energy—the tragedy, it might be said—of the lives of the noble band of men and women who first set-

tled here; or of the patriotism that led them, our “nation-founders,” to this beautiful spot on the shores of the Bay of Quinte in Lennox County, Ontario.

Like so many jewelled fingers, extend the points and headlands of Adolphustown into the rippling waters of the bay. On a slight elevation of ground, a short distance from the water's edge is situated the U.E. Loyalists burying ground, the most historic “God's Acre,” in Ontario, and the large marble shaft erected here during the centennial celebration in 1884 stands out prominently from its background of trees. The village itself extends some distance along old “Dundas Street,” and corresponds in detail with the ordinary country village. Wandering along its shady roads one finds it difficult to realize that at one time this quiet, little place was the “Centre of Canada”—the centre of influence—and that from its high-ways and by-ways have gone some of Canada's most noted men—men who exerted a strong power in the shaping of our country's destiny. Loyalist's coming, landing and upbuild-

Like a romance is the story of the ing of this place. The world's history has no parallel to offer. From homes of wealth and affluence they come to log-cabins and a life of necessity. Stripped of their worldly possessions, with no chance of redress, and literally “ordered out,” the little band under Major Van Alstine, embarked in seven small ships and accompanied by the British man-of-war, “Hope,” sailed from the port of New York, Sept. 8, 1783. They followed the coast around to the mouth of the St. Lawrence and so on to Quebec, as the

HISTORIC ADOLPHUSTOWN

lands considered fit for settlement in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia had been exhausted. Reaching Sorel after many tedious months, they were confronted by all the rigors of a Canadian winter, and were obliged to pitch their tents and pass the weary months as best they could, provisioned by the British Government. Cold, privation, and scurvy beset them, still, there were bright days, days when William Ruttan cheered them with his spirited violin music, and days when hope led them to look forward to their final settlement; for word reached them here that they were to receive their land grants on the Bay of Quinte.

With the opening of navigation in the spring, they prepared to resume their journey, and on the 21st of May they started up the river in bateaux and reached Adolphustown June 16, 1784. As Major Holland had not as yet completed his survey, they pitched their tents near the spot where the U.E.L. burying-grounds is now situated, and awaited the allotment of their lands. For some weeks they were kept in suspense, and in the meantime a little girl died and was buried near the encampment. A few weeks later, Casper Hoover, who had but barely taken possession of his land, was killed by a falling limb as he was chopping down a tree, and he, too, was buried near the camp-ground—thus was commenced the U.E.L. burying-ground. What sad funerals those must have been! Every soul was needed, and yet although the forest they had come to conquer had scarcely felt the power of their strong right arms they must needs look into the open graves of some of their number, and as Mother Earth received her poor travel-worn children to her bosom, Quinte's rippling flood sang to them, as it does to Adolphustown's dwellers to-day, its sad requiem. No priest was there to perform the last sad rites, no coffin shielded the lifeless bodies, unless green slabs were procured, but whatever else was lacking, we may be sure the sympathy that makes us all akin, abounded, for one large family were they.

With the drawing of lots the people

went to work, building their log homes and clearing away the forest. "With axe and fire and mutual help made war against the wilderness and smote it down," has been written of them. "Not drooping like poor fugitives, they come in exodus to our Canadian wilds, but full of hope, with heads erect, victorious in defeat."

Major Van Alstine continued at the head of the band, and the stores of provisions were placed in his charge. It is said of him that he knew by name every



United Empire Loyalist Monument

man, woman and child in the settlement.

In addition to the 200 acres granted to each of the company there was a town site of 300 acres laid out in lots of one acre each, and one of these was also granted to each member of the party. And now was commenced a town which threatened at one time to rival Kingston toward cityhood.

Logging bees soon grew in popularity, and the young people flocked to them eagerly, for a dance ended the day's work and this was their only recreation. Baby voices soon enlivened the cabin homes, and in the township records of March, 1794, a "Return of the Inhabitants,"

totals up to 402. The first "Town Meeting" was held on March 6, 1793, and the minutes of this meeting are still in existence.

In time Adolphuston came to be the centre of the Midland District, and court was held alternately here and at Kingston. The first court in the township was held in Paul Huff's barn, on the shore of Hay Bay. The next court, coming as it did in the winter, was held in the Methodist Chapel—Canada's First Methodist Church—which same is still standing on the shore of Hay Bay—and then a movement was made toward the erection of a court house, from the building of which dates the real growth of the village.

To Adolphustown came Lossee, the pioneer of Methodism. Owing to an unfortunate love affair, he gave way to his co-worker, Darius Dunham, who had stolen the affections of his lady-love. "Father" Henry Ryan more than once "made his voice roar like thunder," in old Adolphustown. Rev. William Case was another pioneer of Methodism to visit this place, and Rev. Robert McDowali, the Presbyterian missionary, and Rev. John Langhorn, the Anglican, also visited the settlement to perform the rites of marriage as the Methodist preachers were not allowed this privilege for many years. A Quaker settlement found refuge here, and built the old church which still stands, also on the south shore of Hay Bay.

In an old log school, that used to stand on an elm-shaded eminence, Sir John McDonald received the rudiments of his education, and right loyally is the memory of "little bare-footed Jack" treasured among the older inhabitants of the village.

Few of the old buildings remain, and a visit to the U.E.L. burying-ground is most depressing. A part of a pasture field it is and the cattle have trampled over, and broken down the head-stones, so that trace of graves and their markings have been almost obliterated. True, the large monument still stands and the inscription on it reads:

In memory of the U.E. Loyalists who
Through loyalty to British
Institutions
Left the U.S. and landed on these
Shores on the 16th day of
June, A.D., 1784.

A disgrace to Ontario is this neglected but sacred spot. Where are the Daughters of the Empire, the members of the Ontario Historical Society, the descendants of the Loyalists themselves, that they do not make some move toward fencing from desecration, this resting place of our honored dead? No photo would do justice to the miserable surroundings, and yet some of Canada's most prominent and influential men of the past sleep here in unknown graves. Here lies buried Major Peter Van Alstine, the leader of the Loyalists. He was the representative in the first and second Parliaments of Upper Canada for Adolphustown and Prince Edward. Still another is Nicholas Hagerman, on whose farm this burying-ground was located. He was the first regularly authorized practicing lawyer in Upper Canada. He had three sons who were likewise lawyers in their day. Two of these sons were members of the old Upper Canada Parliament and one of them a prominent member of the old "Family Compact Government." Later this son became a chief justice. He was the father-in-law of the late Hon. John Beverly Robinson, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. The Casey plot is enclosed by an iron railing and the head-stones are all standing, in consequence. Willet Casey was a member of the fourth Parliament. He was considered a very wealthy man in his day. His son, Capt. Samuel Casey, is also buried here. He was likewise a member of the early parliaments. A number of the Allison, Roblin and Hoover families slept here. In fact, there are few of the old families who settled in the Bay district but have a representative in this sacred and historic spot.

Gladly one turns to the handsome, memorial church of St. Albans. The corner stone of this church was laid during celebration week by Lieut.-Governor Robinson. A panel at the end of the

HISTORIC ADOLPHUSTOWN

church bears the following: "One hundred years after the landing of a band of United Empire Loyalists on these shores this church of St. Alban the Martyr is built in pious memory of those patriots who became the founders of the Province of Ontario, in honor of their loyalty and in the fear of God, 1884." This church was opened for service in 1890 and is a fitting monument to those whose memory it was designed to perpetuate. Old St. Paul's Church is now used as a church hall in connection with St. Alban's. It is a roughcast building in a fair state of preservation. It was built in 1823 during the incumbency of Rev. Job Deacon, the first Rector of Adolphustown. A Methodist memorial church also graces the village. The corner stone was laid by Mrs. Joseph Allison in 1884, as she was at that time the oldest surviving member of the Methodist U.E.L. families.

Of course no one would spend a day in Adolphustown without visiting the old Methodist Chapel—the first Methodist church built in Canada. This cradle of Canadian Methodism is still in a fairly good state of preservation, and why some movement towards its permanent preservation is not being made by the great body of Methodist people is beyond com-

to store grain and hay; at the present stage of use and abuse, this building,



A Pretty Driveway near the Village

rich in historic association, will soon go the way of the others.

The first itinerant Methodist preacher to visit Adolphustown was Rev. William Lossee, who came to Canada from the States in the year 1790. Playter says of him: "Lossee was a Loyalist and knew some of the settlers in Adolphustown before they left the United States. He desired to see them and preach to them." It was well for Lossee that he was a Loyalist, coming, as he did, from the States, among British subjects who had forfeited all save honor in the cause of the Mother Country, for their feelings against all citizens of the new republic were very bitter.

Prior to the coming of Lossee, a young man named Lyons engaged to teach school in Adolphustown in 1788. He was an exhorter in the Methodist Church and frequently conducted religious services on the Sabbath. In the same year came James McCarty, an Irishman, who also took up the work. His preaching, however, roused the ire of certain staunch Loyalists, who maintained that he was not loyal as he did not adhere to the Church of England, and to oppose the church was to oppose the King. A law had been enacted by the Governor-in-



Main Street of Adolphustown

prehension. The farmer, on whose land the church stands, uses it as a place in which



THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN CANADA

Situated near Adolphustown on the Bay of Quinte. Erected in the Spring and Summer of 1792.
Close by is the old United Empire Loyalist Burying Ground.

Council, that persons wandering about the country might be banished as vagabonds, and accordingly McCarty was arrested and finally banished. To the settlement in 1790 came Lossee, a Methodist, but a Loyalist, and some of his old friends welcomed him gladly. After preaching a few sermons he returned to the States and in February, 1791, he again came, as an appointed minister from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

The doors of the log cabin homes

were open to him, and through the woods came the people to hear him—many coming out of pure curiosity. Immediately Lossee set himself to work to form classes and on the Sabbath of February 20, 1792, in the 3rd concession of Adolphustown, at Paul Huff's house, he established the first regular class-meeting in Canada.

Lossee is described as being a plain and powerful speaker, and the log cabins soon became too small for his increased congregations. Accordingly a subscrip-

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tion was taken up to build a church; the list bears date, February 3, 1792, and is still in existence, as is also the deed of land from Paul Huff and Mary, his wife for the site on which the building was erected. The subscribers agreed to erect a building thirty-six feet by thirty, two stories high, with a gallery in the upper storey and thus it stands to-day.

The twenty-two subscribers gave one hundred and eight pounds. They were: Paul Huff, Peter Frederick, Elizabeth Roblin, William Casey, Daniel Steel, Joseph Allison, William Green, William Ruttan, Solomon Huff, Stophel German, John Green, Peter Ruttan, Joseph Clapp, John Bininger, Conrad VanDusen, Arra Ferguson, Henry Hover, Andrew Embry, Daniel Dafoe, Henry Davis, Casper VanDusen and William Ketcheson.

Peter Frederick was a blacksmith and helped in many ways about the building. Conrad VanDusen gave the largest amount, fifteen pounds. He had been keeping a tavern on the Bay of Quinte shore and was one of the first to open his doors to Lossee. When converted he took an axe and cut down his sign. The second largest contributor was Elizabeth Roblin, who gave twelve pounds. She was the widow of Philip Roblin who was one of the first of the Loyalists to die after reaching Adolphustown. Mrs. Roblin was a brave and grand woman. She is the ancestress of Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, and grandmother of the late John P. Roblin, of Prince Edward, who was for so many years a prominent member of the old Reform party in the Upper Canada Legislature. The two Ruttan brothers were liberal subscribers to the church building fund. Peter gave four and William ten pounds.

William Ruttan lived some six miles from the church and many a dark night he used to take a blazing pine knot in his hand and together with his wife, Margaret Steel, would set out through the woods following a trail, and joined along the way by his neighbors, who, seeing the torch of their class-leader, would fall in behind with their torches lighted and singing as they went, passed through the dense forest to prayer-meeting. If the set-

ters were unbending in their loyalty, they were equally so in their religion, and it was a stern theology that was taught them, with much more of God's wrath than God's love in it. But they lived in hard and trying times and perhaps hard things appealed to them more than any others. As an instance of this the story might be told as illustration, of how William Ruttan, who was an expert violinist, was made to believe it was his duty to destroy the one solace of his life, prior to Mr. Lossee's coming. Mr. Ruttan possessed an exquisite old violin, richly decked with silver, and on more than one occasion had enlivened life for his neighbors, both at Adolphustown and during that dreadful winter spent by the exiles at Sorel. Mr. Lossee, like all Methodists at that time, considered music a snare of the devil, and after much argument he succeeded in getting Mr. Ruttan to take the rich old instrument, and tuck it under the blazing fore-sticks in the great old fire-place where all its beauty of curve and color melted into ashes. In the spring of 1792, work was commenced on the church, and from that time on, the Hay Bay district was a haven of rest for the circuit-riders, and the church, crowded by men and women who had traveled many miles through the woods, often carrying their children in their arms, or on their backs, in order that they, too, might listen to the "word of life."

They were earnest Christians and so also were their children after them. They are all gone now, only their memory and the old church remain. Gone, too, are the circuit-riders—the men who braved the terrors of forest and swollen rivers, who poorly paid, and poorly clothed, often, with all their earthly possessions in the saddle-bags behind them, traveled from settlement to settlement, and from lonely log cabin to log cabin, because they were "called of God."

"Not here? Oh, yes, our hearts their presence feel.

Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells

On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal.

And names which in the days gone by
were spells
Are blent with that soft music. If there
dwells

The spirit here our country's fame to
spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph
swells,
And earth reverberates to our measured
tread,
Banner and wreath will own our rever-
ence for the dead."

With reluctance one leaves Adolphus-
town, the village that has cradled so

many of Canada's "Empire Founders,"
the village that has cradled so many of
Ontario's best families!

True patriotism is the lesson this place
teaches, a patriotism that puts self-
interests in the background; while of the
men who builded and whose brains
planned we cannot but exclaim with
Henry Giles: "Great patriots, therefore,
must be men of great excellence; and it
is this alone that can secure to them last-
ing admiration. It is by this alone that
they become noble to our memories, and
that we feel proud in the privilege of do-
ing reverence to their nobleness."



Memorial Church, Adolphustown, Erected in Honor of the Founders of Ontario



THE WORKING STAFF IN THE CHIEF DEAD LETTER BRANCH

Mysteries of the Dead Letter Office

By S. D. SANGSTER

WHY do letters in Canada go astray? Sometimes the persons supposed to have posted them have not done so. Possibly some forgetful man is carrying letters given him by his wife or daughter in his coat pocket, or mayhap a child has been dispatched to the office with two cents and a letter and the irresponsible offspring has exchanged the coppers for candy and chewing gum instead of a stamp. Or perhaps an incorrect address—or no address at all—has been given.

The causes of miscarriage and non-delivery in His Majesty's mails are as varied as the temperaments and disposition of the millions of people who use the post office. During the last

fiscal year 2,577,909 letters, packets and parcels found their way to the different dead letter offices in Canada. One might as well attempt to analyze the shortcomings, the whims and follies of fickle human nature as to tell exactly how and why so many communications failed to connect consignor and consignee.

Letters from business firms seldom go astray. They do not constitute more than ten per cent. of dead letters. The remaining ninety per cent. are communications of a private or friendly nature, and are lost largely through carelessness, thoughtlessness, haste or ignorance.

"Plum Hollow," "Gooseberry Row," "Devil's Elbow," "Stoney

Lonesome," "Sandy Hill," "The Six Corners," "Rocky Precipice," "Holy Land," "The Berry Patch," "Jumping-off Place," "Dark Town," "Hog's Back," "Purgatory," "Sodom," "The Graveyard," "Spookville," "Ghost's Valley," "Old Joe's Tavern," "Lover's Lane," etc., are names which are frequently written on envelopes as post office addresses when they are only local or "nick-names." Such picturesque titles may be familiar to rural residents in certain localities, but one would search in vain for such sombre sobriquets among the 11,823 offices in the official postal list of the Dominion.

Often the name of a place in the post office guide and in the railway timetable does not correspond. In railway circles the burg may be known as Bismarck, and in mail matters as West Lorne. Careless correspondents in Canada and foreign lands put down anything that comes conveniently to mind, and thus results the endless story of lost letters.

"I would like to work in a dead letter office," exclaims a pert young miss. "Just think the great fun that the girls must have there, reading love letters that go astray, proposals of matrimony, jealous jibes, sentimental sighs, family feuds and gossip of weddings, balls and parties! Indeed, it must be immense."

What a primrose path of pleasure, but, alas! there is a thorn in the way. The rules are as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. No employe is permitted to read aloud a single passage no matter how tempting and ludicrous, or even to show it to another in the office. A clerk must not talk about the contents of a letter, that has found its way there, either within or without the walls. The servant in a bank, who would inform an outsider of the size of the balance standing to the credit of a customer, would lose his post so quickly that his breath would come in gasps—and the interior intelligence of a dead letter office is equally sacred and confidential. Clerks are not even given per-

mission to read anything more than what is necessary to learn the name and address of the writer, so that the missive may be returned to the sender for better or more complete direction. If they do, dismissal is their lot. In certain instances, of course, a letter has to be scanned from superscription to signature, and even then no light on the mystery of its ownership or authorship may be had.

Supposing some effusive and inquisitive young lady or youth in the office did relish the reading of domestic tragedies, love's entanglements and messages that are vibrant with joy or pain, devotion or despair, the appetite would very soon be appeased. Secrets that have to be shared alone, no matter how excruciatingly funny, soon lose their charm if they cannot be communicated to some one else. The keen edge of scandal and curiosity is speedily dulled. A police court reporter, is perhaps moved to compassion or consternation at the sad scenes he witnesses when he first records the proceedings, but in a week it becomes an old story. He attends from a strict sense of duty. His morbidness has all vanished: his sympathies do not work overtime. He proceeds to the daily session because it is his assignment. The child of a confectioner soon ceases to care for chocolates. The jeweler rarely decorates himself with diamonds, nor does a sensible milliner move along the streets displaying some crazy creation of flowers and feathers: yet the milliner and the jeweler could shine in their own adornments if they wished. From that which is in, around and about us we are glad at times to be delivered. It is the same in scanning the contents of misdirected mail matter. The romantic idea quickly vanishes.

In a dead letter office railway folders, guide books, directories, atlases—all conceivable sources of information—are searched in an effort to find some of the colloquial names used in the addressing of envelopes, so that the post office may forward the let-



POST OFFICE BUILDING AT OTTAWA

In the upper floor of this building is located the chief Dead Letter Office of the Dominion.

ters to the person intended. Should these avenues of research fail, the misdirected letter, when sent from villages and small towns, is returned to the postmaster, and a yellow slip or memo accompanies it, asking if he can furnish the name and address of the writer of a letter posted at such a place on such and such a date. The letter is headed _____ and signed _____. The postmaster makes full inquiries and in his reply the memo has also to be returned.

Many misdirected letters from the cities are merely headed, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Halifax or Vancouver, and signed, "Sincerely yours, Jim." "Your loving niece, Annie," "Your old schoolmate, Jennie," or "Your dying, devoted admirer, Percival." Nothing definite is given with reference to the identity of the writer, his or her street address, or house number—all of which is so essential to the prompt and proper delivery of

mail in the congested centres of Canada. How under heaven is a clerk in a dead letter office to know who "Jim," "Annie," "Jennie" or "Percival" are, or in what part of the city they reside, so that the epistle may be returned to them for better direction? Marvel not then that thousands of such letters never reach their destination.

George J. Binks is the superintendent of the head dead letter office, which is located on the fourth floor of the rebuilt city post office in the Capital. He has been five years in that position and a dead letter office official for thirty-four years. "I contend," he declares, "that while letter-writing is taught in our schools, instruction should go farther than it does. Writers should be taught to be as accurate and painstaking in the matter of attaching their full name and address as they are about the style and proper wording of a social note or a letter to some exalted per-

sonage. Letters are frequently posted with no name at all on the envelope, or perhaps the name alone, no post office address being given. There are thousands of these finding their way to the dead letter office every week.

"To illustrate what I mean—a letter is addressed to 'Mrs. Thomas Brown, Plum Hollow, Ont.' It is headed 'St. John,' and signed, 'Your affectionate cousin, Minnie.' In the first instance there is no such post office as Plum Hollow, and the letter is forwarded to the nearest local dead letter office to ascertain the identity of the writer, so that it may be returned to her for fuller or more accurate direction. The clerk glances through the sheets in a forlorn hope of finding out who the sender is or her street address. All that can possibly be learned from the contents is, 'Minnie,' St. John, N.B.' There are perhaps two or three hundred ladies of that Christian name in the city and how is an employe to know which 'Minnie' is referred to. Post office staffs are only human. They are not as some people suppose, gifted with wisdom divine.

"Now, what I contend is, that in all schools instruction should be imparted to write at the head of each letter the street address—I am speaking, of course, with respect to the larger centres of population—and also to sign the name, or in every case give the surname along with the Christian name or initials. If this was carried out, the number of letters in the Dominion that do not reach their destination would be comparatively small. In the instance of which I have spoken, if only a street address, say, 119 King Street, had been given, this misdirected letter would have gone back from the nearest dead letter office to the sender, addressed to 'Minnie,' 119 King Street, St. John, N.B., and, as there would possibly be only one person of that name in the house, she would, in all probability, get back her wrongly addressed letter. Better still, if the full name, say, 'Minnie Kennedy,' 119 King Street, had been

signed, then beyond a doubt the writer would receive the letter.

"To sign a full name and give a street address may, in the case of personal, friendly or family correspondence, seem formal and ceremonious, but, nevertheless, it would guard against thousands of erroneously addressed communications which never reach the addressee. It is for the reason I have referred to, and many others I might mention, that I maintain that in the schools our future letter writers of Canada should be impressed with the importance of always putting their full name and street address in every message sent through the mails. It would prevent misunderstandings and much sorrow, loss, and disappointment.

"Only clerks in a dead letter office know of the carelessness, the thoughtlessness, the inaccuracies—and, yes, I may add, the stupidity of countless Canadian correspondents. It is the same story the world over. Every dead letter office in home or foreign lands has the same trials and difficulties to solve day after day. Mail clerks, letter carriers and postmasters are not infallible, but neither is the public, which is too prone to attach blame where it does not properly belong."

Although the offices are called "Dead Letter," the communications which find their way there are divided into two classes, known as "Special" and "Dead" letters. A dead letter is one unclaimed or refused by the consignee; in other words, it has no owner, except the writer. A special letter is one wholly unpaid, or with incomplete directions. A dead letter is returned to the writer, if his or her name is given, and a statutory charge of two cents demanded. It is not often that correspondents decline to redeem what they have written. Persons frequently refuse to take letters out of a post office if they think accounts are contained therein. They will stoutly deny that the letter is intended for them. Many of these "dunners," as some persist in calling

MYSTERIES OF THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE



GEO. J. BINKS

Superintendent of the Dead Letter Office, Ottawa.

them, find their way to the dead letter office in case the name of a firm does not appear upon the envelope, so that it can be sent back direct. A letter, to which insufficient postage has been attached, is not as often refused by the consignee, as one would suppose.

During the last fiscal year 834,357 ordinary dead letters were received in Canada. The return dead letters, that is, letters sent out from dead letter branches and returned unclaimed, numbered 54,295, while there were 101,971 special letters, that is, those received for better direction. There were 20,617 dead registered letters that came into the offices during the year, of which 18,474 were returned to the writer, and 1,272 remained

awaiting claim. There were 11,313 special registered letters received for postage or better direction. Of these, 11,010 were sent back to the writers or forwarded to the addressees. From these figures one may see how thorough the dead letter offices are in their system of work and how perfect is the plan they pursue. Canada has seven dead letter offices and seven branches, more familiarly known as local dead letter offices. The former are located in Victoria, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and Halifax. The branches are in St. John, Charlottetown, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Kingston, Hamilton and London. The branches deal solely with packets and post cards..

How long does a letter not called for remain in an office before it is sent to a dead letter office? In cities it is fifteen days, and in post offices other than cities it will rest undisturbed for thirty days before being sent to the "graveyard," as a dead letter office is occasionally termed. Parcels containing everything from a pocket knife to a shirt, for which an office is unable to find a consignor or consignee, are kept two years. No one appearing as owner, an auction sale, which is largely attended, is held every three or four years, and occasionally some good bargains are obtained by the bidders, who at times make matters lively. Anything that has not been on the premises fully two years is retained in the hope that the rightful possessor may appear. A cash book is kept, properly indexed, so that the date of the receipt of any letter of value, its disposition, etc., can be looked up in a minute.

Misdirected domestic mail matter is treated at the branch dead letter offices, but all dead foreign mail matter has to be transmitted direct to the head dead letter office, Ottawa, where it is periodically forwarded to the country of its origin. Dead letter offices and their branches have at the end of each week to send all letters, which have not been dispatched to the writers or addressees, to the head office at Ottawa. Each dead letter office has its own division as well as its local branch. At the head office a further effort is made to locate the writer or person to whom the epistle is intended. The various postmasters in large centres in Canada must keep a record of each letter sent to the dead letter offices, the date, and other particulars, so that it may be traced at any subsequent time.

Ordinary unclaimed letters of no apparent value are destroyed at once in a dead letter office if they cannot be returned to the writer. All registered letters, if of value or containing value, are kept five years before being

destroyed, but registered letters of evidently no worth are held only one year. Any money not claimed is placed away in a bank to the credit of the Receiver General of Canada. The amount of cash, for which no claimants appear, aggregates \$1,200 to \$1,400 annually. The total at the present time, to the credit of this fund, which goes on periodically and is reduced more or less as applications are made, is not easy to furnish. The money itself does not remain in the Post Office Department, but is deposited from time to time in the bank.

In the event of any application being made for any letter containing money, which has previous to application been removed, a cheque for the amount is sent to the applicant, who may be either the writer or the addressee.

There are some sixty foreign countries to which Canada transmits mails and from which mails are received. All foreign dead letters, parcels, packets, etc., are dispatched once a week to the United States, England and France. To other foreign lands a monthly return is made. Various other methods of the dead letter offices of Canada are too intricate to be of popular interest.

Canadians are certainly a letter-writing people. 396,000,000 letters, or about 60 per head, passing through the mails during the last fiscal year, as well as 40,000,000 post cards, 80,000,000 newspapers, books and parcels, and last—and certainly most important of all, if you get one—0.078,000 registered letters. There were 446 new post offices opened last year, and the postage issue was \$8,685,370. Canada was the first colony to inaugurate penny postage, and the first rural mail delivery was begun in the Dominion several months ago. As can readily be observed, the postal system of Canada is one of progress and development, reflecting great credit upon the administration of the Post Office Department.



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The Iron Duke as a Speaker. M. Van Buren—Harper's Magazine.
Edward Everett Hale. Thomas Wentworth Hig-ginson—Outlook (June 19.)

Life Stories and Character Sketches

George Meredith. Emily James Putnam—Put-nam's.
Elihu Root as Secretary of State. Gaillard Hunt—Putnam's.
A Forgotten Botanist of the Seventeenth Cen-tury. Canon John Vaughan—Cornhill Ma-gazine.
The German Emperor—Metropolitan Magazine.
Two Personal Glimpses of Meredith. Chalmers Roberts—World's Work.
James Wilson. Perpetual Cabinet Officer—Mun-sey's Magazine.
F. Marion Crawford and His Home Life at Sor-rento. Horace Thompson Carpenter—Mun-sey's Magazine.
Dr. John Scudder, First American Medical Mis-sionary. Bella M. Brain—Missionary Review Of The World.
Sir A. Conan Doyle. Maurice Carbery—English Illustrated (June.)
Burton, the Systematic Statesman. Sloane Gordon—Pearson's Am.
Samuel Champlain. Victor Hugo Paltsits—Travel Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

Confessions of a Stenographer. Anne O'Hagan—Smith's.
Two Phases of the Country Living Problem—Country Life in America.
Is the Country More Moral Than the City? Merton H. Forrester—Munsey's.
The Making of an Aeroplane. Dr. Sydney Wil-kinson—Young Man.
The Art of Choosing a Wife. Tom Gallon—Young Man.
The Chautauqua Idea. Elbert Hubbard—Hamp-ton's.
The True Story of the Great Vanderbilt For-tune—Hampton's Magazine.
The Elimination of Danger at Sea. John Ro-binson Binn—Cosmopolitan.
Outrages of the Telephone. Mina Thomas An-trim—Lippincott's.
The Girl With Only One Talent. W. E. Norris—Cornhill.
Leaves From the Diary of a Tramp—Cornhill Magazine.
An Englishman's Solution of the Negro Ques-tion. W. Archer—McClure's.
The Story of a Reformer's Wife. Mrs. Tremont Older—McClure's.
The Truth About the Immigrants. Robert Watchorn—Metropolitan.
The Vacation Disease. Sewell Ford—Metropo-litan.
A Century of English Music. J. A. Fuller Maitland—Living Age (June 9.)

Municipal and Local Government.

Cities That Pay Dividends. Franklin Clarkin—Success.
Good Business Methods for a City—World's Work.
Good Roads the Way to Progress. Logan Wal-ler Page—World's Work.
A New Force for City Efficiency—World's Work.
Village Improvement Societies at Work. Charles Harley Smith—Country Life in America.

Nature and Outdoor Life.

With the Eucalyptus Trees From the Nursery to the Plantation. Theodore R. Cooper—Overland Monthly (June.)

Political and Commercial.

The New World of Trade. Samuel Hopkins Adams—Collier's (June 19.)
Opening up the North West. Elliott Flower—Putnam's.
Characteristics of French Trades Unionism—North Am. Review.
Personal Liberty in the Socialist State. John Spargo—North Am. Review.
Owners of America. Charles P. Norcross—Cesmo-politan.

Abdul the Dethroned. Nicholas C. Adossides—Cosmopolitan.
 Origin and Plan of the Conservation Movement. Chautauquan (June.)
 The North American Conservation Conference—Chautauquan (June.)
 The Revolution in Turkey—Current Literature (June.)
 The Revolt of the Functionaries in France—Current Literature (June.)
 China's Future. Dr. John Darroch—Young Men (June.)
 British Finances and the Budget—Fortnightly Review (June.)
 Growth of Judicial Power—Political Science Quarterly.
 French Labor Unions v. the State—Contemporary Review.
 The Russian Crisis. Dr. E. J. Dillon—Contemporary Review.
 The Policy of the House. James H. Collins—Saturday Evening Post (June 19.)
 London Clubs. Robert Barr—Saturday Evening Post (June 19.)

Railroad and Transportation.

Some Remarkable Locomotives of 1908. J. F. Cairns—Cassier's.
 Railways and Legislation—Cassier's Magazine (June.)
 The Railways of Europe: The German System—Moody's (June.)
 Keeping Railway Locomotives in Working Order—Canadian Courier (June 12.)

Religion.

The American Church on Trial. Hugh C. Weir—Putnam's.
 Modernism and the Coming Catholicism. Prof. C. A. Briggs—North American Review.
 The Gospel in the French Congo.—Missionary Review.
 The Marks of a Missionary Pastor—Missionary Review.
 Pre-Animistic Stages in Religion. Edward Clodd—Fortnightly Review.
 Canadian Presbyterianism. Dr. Quill—Canadian Courier (June 5.)
 A Christian Who is One. Norman Duncan—Harper's Magazine.

Science and Invention.

The Wireless Future. John S. Lopez—Van Norden's.
 An Attempt to Explode the Theory of Evolution—Current Literature (June.)
 Volcanic Eruption as the Source of Life on the Earth—Current Literature (June.)
 Modern Methods of Temperature Measurements. Joseph H. Hart—Cassier's.
 Swedish Hydro-Electric Power Plants. J. G. Leigh—Cassier's.

The Suction Gas Producer. T. W. Burt—Cassier's.

Sports and Pastimes.

A Paradise For Anglers. Lottie MacNiven—Rod and Gun.
 The Basset Hound For Sport. Richard Clapham—Rod and Gun.
 Camping on the East Shore, Lake Michigan—Country Life in America.
 Teaching Oneself to Swim—Country Life in America.
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 Diving a Robust Sport. George W. Kehr—Suburban Life.
 Laying Out a Private Golf Course. Charles Quiney Turner—Suburban Life.
 Deer Hunting in Texas. D. R. Johnson—National Sportsman (June.)
 Archery. Edward B. Weston—World To-Day.
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 The By-Products of Parson Fishing. A. W. Dimmock—Van Norden's.
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The Stage.

The Passing of Charles Warren Stoddard. Barnett Franklin—Overland Monthly.
 The London Stage. Oscar Parker—English Illustrated (June.)
 Long Speeches in the Play. Playgoer—English Illustrated.
 People and Things Theatrical—Pearson's (Am.)
 Chapters of American Opera. George P. Upton—The Dial (June 16.)
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 Growth and Beauty of Our American Cities—
 The Craftsman.
 The New West From a Postman's Cart. Robert
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 The Glacier Park. Helen Fitzgerald Sanders—
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 In the Sierra Morena. Camilla L. Kenyon—
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Picturesque California—Overland Monthly (June.)
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 nest C. Peixotto—Scribner's Magazine.
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 Chubb—Harper's Bazaar.
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 Tempting Meals for Hot Weather. Mrs. S. T.
 Rorer—Ladies' Home Journal.
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 —Woman's Home Companion.
 The Itinerary of the Trunk. Helen Berkeley-
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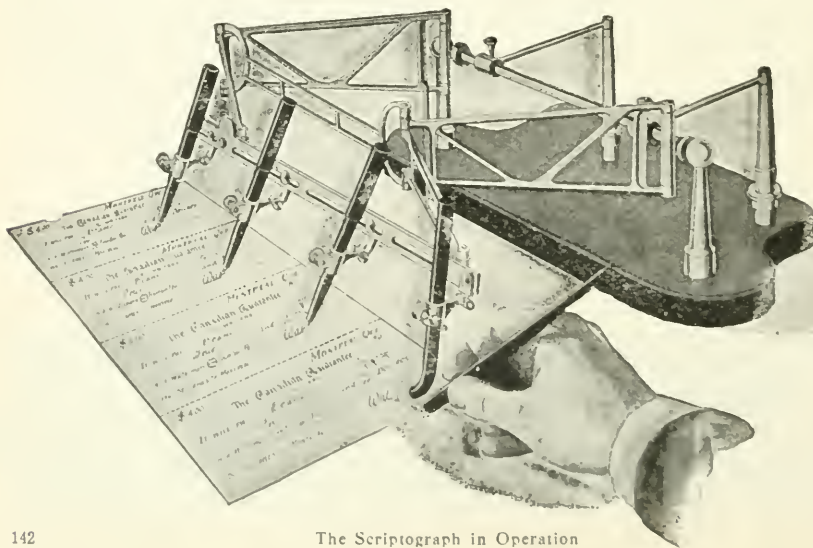
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Taking as its text the questionable statement made by a speaker at the American Library Association that the majority of magazine readers only look at the pictures and perhaps glance at an article or two to see what the illustrations are about, a Canadian newspaper preaches a sermon on the uselessness of magazine advertising and the superiority of newspaper advertising.

It is evident that this newspaper has observed the marked increase in magazine advertising in Canada and, instead of welcoming this phase of publicity, views it with jealousy. Any chance argument that occurs to it to attack and injure magazine advertising, is made use of.

If we wanted to be nasty and adopt similar tactics, we might point out that the majority of the readers of the newspaper referred to, have not a sufficient individual buying power, to make it worth while for ninety per cent. of the advertisers in this magazine to use its (the newspaper's) advertising columns.

But we are prepared to admit that the newspaper, speaking generally, is a most important advertising medium. Indeed, no attack that could be made upon newspaper advertising would alter that fact. At the same time we are not going to admit that the newspaper has a monopoly of the field. We believe that both the newspaper and the magazine have special qualifications for particular classes of advertising and that one can be used most effectively to supplement the other.

What is a magazine, anyway? Is it not in reality a specialized monthly newspaper with a national circulation? Greater care is paid to its compilation, larger sums are expended for its illustrations and its contents are treated in a more pleasing and artistic manner than the daily newspaper. It appeals usually to the aesthetic in man and its influence on cultured people is greater. It is the favorite companion of the leisure hour and is read with more deliberation. On account of its fine press-work and its fine paper, allowing the use of half-tone illustrations, the advertising writer has a better opportunity to present his arguments in attractive form.

Without any desire to belittle the daily newspaper, which has its thousands of readers, it must be apparent that a large proportion of newspaper readers are not moneyed people, whereas almost the entire list of readers of such a magazine as the *Busy Man's* are essentially people of means, capable of buying nearly everything that can be advertised in its advertising sections.

However much we may personally deprecate the increasing amount of fiction in our table of contents, still it is a departure in our policy which seems to have pleased the majority of our readers. The people of to-day are omnivorous readers of short stories and novelettes, as witness the fact that some of the most prosperous magazines of the day, are composed entirely of fiction. Many a magazine is subscribed to for its stories alone. In fact, to gain a circulation of extraordinary size, a magazine must provide popular fiction. One or two of our readers have written in, lamenting about the increase in the amount of our fiction but the majority of our correspondents express their approval not only of the general principle of the thing but of the special selections we have made.

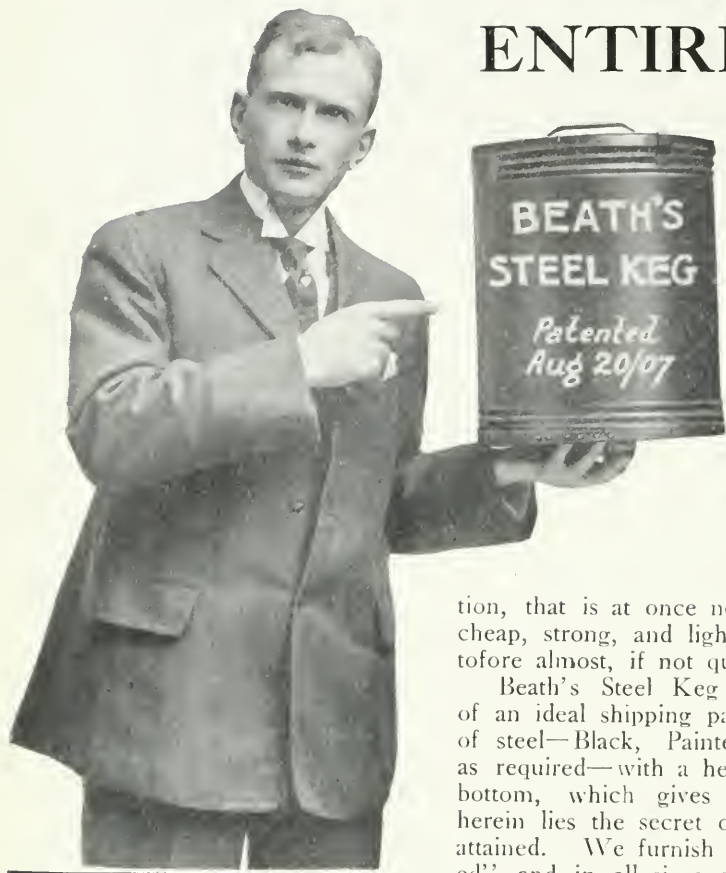
For our September number, the leading article will be "How the Governor-General Earns his Salary," a most instructive and entertaining article on a little-known subject. The Governor-General is of course a familiar figure to every Canadian from coast to coast but few people are aware of his functions. The prime minister's duties are much better known than those of the King's deputy. The article will be admirably illustrated with pictures, specially photographed for *The Busy Man's Magazine*.

Space in the September number will be devoted to office appliances and we will have one or two articles of special interest to office managers. This will be in accordance with our policy of keeping in close touch with the business men of the country.

—THE EDITOR.

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Vol. XVIII. Publication Office, 10 Front Street East, Toronto No. 3

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The BUSY MAN'S M A G A Z I N E

VOL XVIII TORONTO AUGUST 1909

No 4

Life in Residential Schools

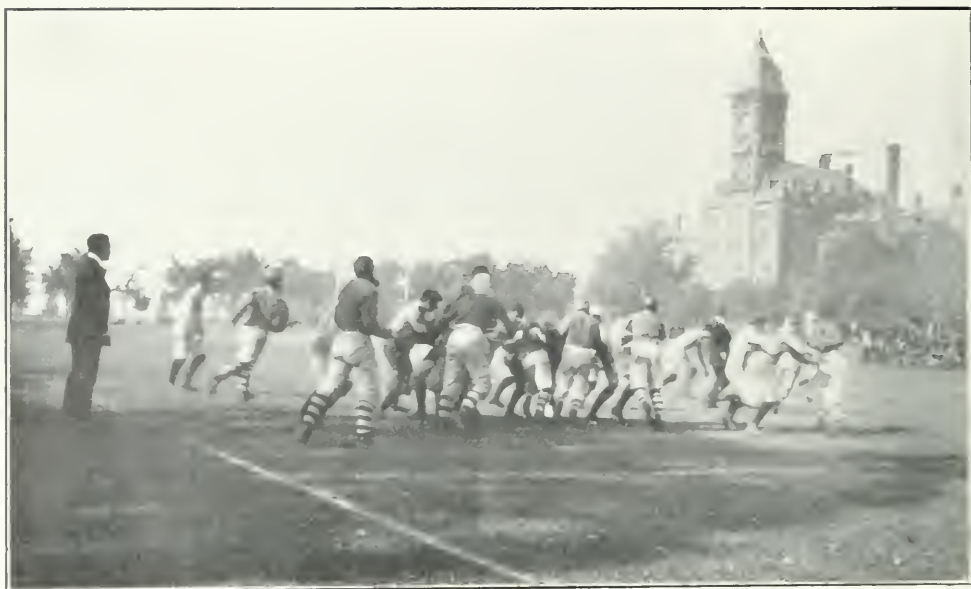
By

W. G. CLARK

EDUCATION should have one end in view, and that is to fit, equip, and strengthen young people for the duties and responsibilities of life—to make of our young men and women better and more useful citizens than their forebears. If this is not attained then the tendency of the times is retrogressive rather than progressive. In this age of culture, refinement and advancement the opportunities for securing sound, practical and thorough instruction in every avenue of endeavor and achievement were never as numerous and convenient as they are to-day.

The education of your boy or girl is an important question—equally as much so to you as to your child. The holiday season is now at its height, but, in a few weeks, there will be one engrossing problem in many a home, when thousands of young Canadians will be leaving their native towns and villages to enter some institution of learning. The point at issue is what school should they attend? It is a

question not easily answered. The boys and girls, as we prefer to call them, cannot be allowed to follow their own inclinations and predilections. Their views would, perhaps, be biased, short-sighted or influenced by considerations which, in the end, might not tend to their best moral, mental and religious welfare, or the building up of strong, beautiful characters. Riper counsel must prevail, and, in the final analysis, the parents should have the say. Where can the rapidly rising generation obtain the most useful, wholesome, helpful and liberal education? If the parent can afford the outlay, which ranges annually from \$200 up, according to the institution selected, I would unhesitatingly declare in residential schools, with which the Dominion is so well endowed. The demand for such centres of training and culture has increased from year to year and the need has been met by the erection of as admirably equipped, commodious, well-lighted, ventilated



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and heated buildings, surrounded by ample grounds and affording as modern facilities as can be found anywhere in the world.

Residential schools offer much that the ordinary schools do not. The teaching in the latter may be just as good and efficient, so far as it goes, but, outside of the actual information imparted in the regular special and preparatory courses, residential schools have what is known as the atmosphere. You ask what that is, what is its meaning? It is a certain mysterious, intangible, subtle something, difficult to define. It is a broad, comprehensive attribute which may be interpreted as spirit, esprit de corps, co-operation, discipline during and after school hours, deportment, influence, environment, inspiration, ideals, the right attitude toward work, a sense of justice and fairness, honor and mastery over self; a sort of communistic centre which recognizes that every individual owes a certain duty to the home, the church, the neighborhood and the state.

The atmosphere of a well-conducted, progressively managed school is everything. It is what goodwill and a value for value reputation are to a business, what location and an air of domesticity are to a home, what an upright name and a record for integrity are to a citizen, what peace, progress and culture are to a town or city.

Exclusive of the atmosphere there are many other advantages and appointments which remain peculiarly the property or possession of the residential school—at least, until the state plan of education is widened, its scope enlarged and its efforts in the line of secondary education made more comprehensive. There are gymnasiums, swimming tanks, shower baths, large athletic grounds, race tracks, cricket creases, tennis courts, parade grounds, skating and hockey rinks, toboggan slides, libraries, reading rooms, reference works, and exercises in drill, physical culture, horse-back riding, snow-shoeing and other accessories which might be mentioned.



ROUGH AND TUMBLE BOYS' SPORTS

Contestants in an obstacle race struggling through nets pegged to the ground



WHERE AGILITY COUNTS

The sack race provides much amusement to the crowds of spectators on Sports' Day



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

A typical room in a Canadian girls' boarding school, uniting all the comforts of home with all the romantic elements of school life.



THE STERNER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE

Two seniors in their study "plugging" for exams.

LIFE IN RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS

Some schools excel in certain features and some in others, but, to use a colloquial expression, they all form part of the stock in trade, which the ordinary collegiate institute, high school or other institutions of secondary education does not afford. These environs and appurtenances all have their place in the creation of vigorous, healthy, happy, young manhood and womanhood.

Many courses are open to pupils at residential schools and, no matter what occupation or profession the boy or girl may have in view as a life career, he or she can enter upon a system of special instruction aiming toward that object or ambition. While the major portion are trained to enter upon a university course, others qualify for business or commerce, mechanical pursuits, military careers, housekeeping and home-building. The courses are largely eclectic and only certain subjects are compulsory. The

boy or girl gets a thorough drilling and training in what he or she desires. The members of the faculties, generally speaking, are of recognized academic standing, and specialists are at the head of every department. The influence of their personality, teaching and example is over the student all the time. The best individual results are thus fostered, encouraged and developed by the masters and governesses who live in residence with those under them. They are present in the dining-rooms, on the various floors night and day, and participate in the pastimes and pursuits. They are in continuous and constant association — whether at work or play. It naturally follows that they get much closer to the individual life than do instructors in other schools where the daily contact of teacher and pupil is of only five or six hours' duration during five days of the week. In most



FINE TYPES OF YOUNG CANADIANS

A football team at a Canadian boys' school made up of sturdy youngsters all under ten years of age.

schools for boys, the students are not granted leave to absent themselves from the grounds or building without obtaining a special permit, making known to a master the object of their mission, how long they will be absent, and at what hour they will return. The regulations may be rigid, but they are not unduly severe, considering the responsibilities and obligations of the principals and masters. All the progressive movements and organizations are subject to discipline and method. There must be law and order. The authorities recognize that

periods of work and exercise, and of retiring at a seasonable hour. All these form and become a habit and leave a splendid impress upon the lads. Then, they are taught how to study. Under the direction of a presiding master, the boys in each institution study for about two hours every evening and, soon learn that it is not the actual length of time put in pouring over books that counts so materially as the spirit of earnestness, concentration and diligence with which they approach and bring to bear on the work in hand.



SPORTS AT A CANADIAN BOYS' SCHOOL

The physical well-being of the boy is as carefully looked after as his mental equipment.

there is no need for a boy going down town except to consult a dentist, a druggist, a tailor, or on pressing private business. An attractive school with its extensive grounds and magnificent equipment has, along with its daily associations and pleasant companionships, much more to offer than any store, street, or place of public amusement. Of course, boys are allowed to attend their own churches on Sundays, and to witness any athletic contests in which teams from their own college may be engaged. In a residential school youth is taught the benefit of early rising, of regular

In residential schools for girls the discipline is even more exacting. The greatest care and caution are exercised in their supervision. They are protected and safeguarded in every possible way. No girl is permitted to leave the college grounds without being escorted by a teacher, governess, or a chaperon approved by her parents or the school authorities. If a girl is invited out for dinner or to spend the evening, her host or hostess, or some acceptable companion, must call for and return with her. Under no circumstances is she allowed to remain out on social or other

LIFE IN RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS



A GRACEFUL ROW OF CANADIAN SCHOOL GIRLS

At the closing exercises of most girls' schools the physical culture drills are a source of deep interest.

occasions after half past nine o'clock or ten at the very latest.

To give a detailed outline of the discipline and deportment, culture and training as practised and enforced in a residential school of recognized standing would be a long and rather

uninteresting proceeding. A few instances of how inflexible and rigorous are the rules and regulations have been mentioned, to show that the moral and physical welfare of the students, as well as the mental, is ever uppermost in the minds of the



THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF A SCHOOL BOYS' LIFE

A young athlete returns to his school after winning laurels at a scholastic meet and is welcomed in uproarious fashion.



GOOD OLD SCHOOL DAYS!

Twelve "jolly good fellows" posing for a farewell group picture, before leaving their school-boy home.

faculty. Should a student persist in violating regulations and in transgressing all time-honored practices and traditions, in the mistaken idea or notion that such a thing savors of smartness, independence or disregard for the powers that prevail, he or she is bound to come to grief. Misdemeanors are punished by various means—by detention, extra work, or the denial of certain privileges, and, in extreme breaches or infractions, by the use of the rod. If these fail to effect a cure and remonstrance and

rebuke are of no avail, then the offender is quietly eliminated from the school. The same fate—rustication—is also resorted to in the case of a student who will not study, who persists in sloping work and dodging duty. An old school master is authority for the statement that this ultimatum has to be practised more frequently in boys' schools than in girls'. If a boy of say fourteen or fifteen years will not work, if his better nature, when appealed to, is not aroused, he soon becomes jaundiced



INTERESTED FRIENDS AND RELATIVES

At the annual games, sisters and sweethearts are always very much in evidence.

LIFE IN RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS

or disgusted with himself or with the administration, and far better for him and the institution that he go out and be introduced to the school of life with all its stern realities and exacting requirements.

the credit of young Canada. There is something about the air, poise and environs of any well-managed school that makes both the disturber and the drone feel decidedly out of place. The offender is consciously as un-



THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE BOY

The handsome chapel of a Canadian boys' school, redolent of the fine spirit associated with the great English public schools.

In the residential schools of Canada comparatively few students, either girls or boys, have to be expelled or retired,—a fact, which redounds to

comfortable as if he or she laughed aloud in a church during the hours of service, or offered a deliberate insult to a parent or host.



LEARNING TO RIDE

One of the advantages offered by a high-class boarding school

The health of all pupils is admirably looked after. All the larger residential colleges have infirmaries with nurses in charge. Then the pupils are examined thoroughly several

times a year and any ocular, aural, vocal or physical defects are thereby promptly discovered. Many weaknesses, unknown to parents, are often located in time to be corrected and



BASKET-BALL

A splendid game for physical development indulged in at nearly all schools



WHEN GIRLS PLAY BOYS GAMES

Some Canadian school girls are almost as proficient as their brothers at cricket and hockey

permanently cured. The weight and general health of all pupils are carefully recorded. They are given plain, substantial and nourishing food, and, as the sessions for classes are over each day by half-past two or three o'clock, there is abundance of leisure for exercise and pastimes of every character, all modern schools being conducted upon the great basic principle that a sound body begets a sound mind. Thus the campus, the rink, the gymnasium, the cricket crease, and the tennis court, along with horse-back riding, boxing, fencing, drill, wrestling and pedestrianism are really as much a part of the curriculum as the class-room itself.

In most residential schools there is no strain to see that a few pupils capture honors, medals and scholarships, and that brilliant ones are given a boost at the expense of the many. Spectacular work is eschewed. The effort of the college is rather directed toward looking after the well and welfare of the average student. Every boy and girl receives practically individual instruction, as the classes are

small, while the courses of study are not arbitrary. Whatever object the pupil has in view he or she is afforded special opportunities of gratifying that ambition. With a boy it may be carpentry or stenography, manual training or music, science or military tactics, mathematics or classics, mechanics or bookkeeping. With a girl it may be painting or household management, elocution or French, vocal culture or dressmaking, the drama or art needle work, millinery or literature. The residential schools present a wide choice, offering a course adapted to the peculiar needs or personal tastes of each student, and providing, along certain well-defined lines, as carefully for those who do not intend to proceed to a university as for those who do. In many schools the students are given practical business lessons and insight by having to manage and finance the college paper, the "tuck shop," clubs, and associations of various kinds. They have to do all the banking, canvassing, collecting, book-keeping, etc., for the different student organizations.

By reason of the great attendance and often limited accommodation, a pupil, under the ordinary school system, is assigned to a certain class or form, whether he or she is fit for such a place or not, but, in nearly all residential institutions, the class is fitted for the student. Each boy and girl gets an exceptional degree of individual attention and a higher standard of efficiency is thus maintained. Personality is never lost sight of, as must necessarily be the case in a large class and under a different plan. In residence, each attendant is more intimately and immediately under the supervision and jurisdiction of the instructor. From one cause or another many parents are not in a posi-

tion to exercise that rigid care over their boys and girls that they desire, and to them the advantages of life in junior or senior schools especially appeals.

Intellectual and physical culture, combined with the best home training, moral and religious influences, is the aim and purpose of all residential schools of recognized standing and reputation. They are doing a grand work and their worth and merit, character and scope, are being more fully appraised and appreciated as Canada grows older in years, riper in experience, broader in outlook and more advanced in ideals, citizenship and culture.



SCHOOL GIRLS' WINTER SPORTS

Rolllicking fun on a toboggan slide is one of the favorite diversions of boarding school life.



NORWAY HOUSE
The Emperor's Palace as it looks to-day

When an Emperor Ruled in Canada

By

GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

NORWAY HOUSE—Once it was a name to conjure with, the seat of an Empire where a man of Napoleonic bearing dictated to an army of servants in every part of Canada. When Lord Selkirk conceived and partially carried out his scheme of colonizing the Red River country in 1811 and the succeeding years all his emigrants passed through Norway House on their heartbreaking trip of seven hundred miles from York Factory to what is now Winnipeg. During all the days of the glorious rule of the fur traders in Canada Norway House was a place of importance. Now it is merely an ordinary trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, situated at the northern extremity of Lake Winnipeg, three hundred miles distant from the Prairie City.

Never will the interesting history surrounding Norway House be faithfully recorded, for the actors on the stage of that day have gone and have carried with them the romance. All that is left is a brief report of the commercial enterprise in which the fortress was but a depot, albeit an important one.

Canadian history records the long and bloody struggle between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Fur Company. In the second decade of last century the scene of that warfare covered the fur-producing territory of western Canada. The death of the Earl of Selkirk in 1820 removed the last obstacle to the union of the two companies and brought about the end of the struggle. But the head of the company was gone

and there was needed a supreme genius who not only must heal the wounds and unite factions who had been taught to hate and distrust each other, but who must direct the destinies of the fur trade to success. Not among the active traders in Canada could the man of destiny be found. He was discovered in the person of a young clerk in London, England, who knew naught of fur trading other than what he had learned in one winter spent at Lake Athabasca. But his business sagacity commended itself to the directors of the company and George Simpson was appointed governor of all the united interests of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821.

Prior to the amalgamation of the two companies the headquarters of the Nor'Westers had been at Grand Portage (Fort William) on the western end of Lake Superior, but Simpson chose the fort at the north of Lake Winnipeg as most central and easiest of access from all parts of the country. Here his residence and his council chamber were built and they still stand. At Norway House were held the annual gatherings of the traders, i.e., the wintering partners from the wilds and the senior partners from Montreal, met with the governor to hear the reports of the year's business and to organize for more aggressive work in the future. One of the first meetings was held on June 23, 1823. At the head of the council table sat the clean-shaven young governor, surrounded by grey-headed and bewhiskered veterans who had spent their lives in a struggle with nature. To them hardship was but an incident and a thousand-mile journey by snowshoe and dog-train in the depth of the cold northern winter but a pastime. Naturally they had not the kindest feelings towards the "youngster" who was sent across the water to command them. But the diplomatic though firm manner of the governor soon won the admiration and respect—if not the immediate affection—of the greyheads, and they

returned to the forest. Their blood was cooled and where once they thought of war, they now bent their energies to the success of their company. The old Scotchmen, who pioneered the Canadian northlands for the Hudson's Bay Company, were very devoted to their employers.

The governor of the company was a great man among the traders, but to the Indians he was the "Kitche Okema"—the greatest mortal they would ever see. To maintain this standing it was necessary that the governor should travel with much pomp and ceremony, and that his presence should be made impressive. Sir George Simpson—for he was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1840—had a weakness for ceremony and it fitted his imperial manner splendidly. He was always known as the Emperor of the Fur Trade. When the season of the annual council approached, the chief factors from every quarter of the compass in a radius of thousands of miles, started with their retinues for Norway House. Each factor was an emperor in his own domain. Lords they were of the lake and the forest and they traveled as such. In canoes or York boats they came down the waterways to Lake Winnipeg and pointed straight for the fortress where the governor awaited them. As they swung into view of the fort, over the walls of which pointed the frowning cannon, they made an imposing spectacle. The hardy French-Canadian voyageurs with richly colored handkerchiefs around their necks and with wonderful L'Assomption belts wound twice around their waists, felt like heroes. Long distances are rough on dress, and the travelers must never enter the august presence without proper attire. Accordingly a stop was made a few miles from the fort and a general toilet was made by these children of the wilds. Then with everything in place and the dust and dirt removed they fared forth with their old assurance. The French-Canadian voyageurs were musical and as they



SIR GEORGE SIMPSON
The Emperor of the Fur Trade

bent their backs to the paddles and rounded the point before the fort they with one accord broke forth in that splendid old song, "A la Claire Fontaine."

When Governor Simpson approached the fort he led the fleet in a gaudily-decorated canoe, and behind him came the pipers in another canoe, and still behind followed the retinue. Within sound of the fort the pipers pealed forth on the bagpipes and a

cheery salute came in reply from the chief factor's bugle. From the rocks and hills surrounding the fortress the bugle notes echoed and re-echoed and the guns volleyed forth a royal salute.

When all were gathered, the feast time arrived, and the tables groaned under the loads of the best the world afforded. From the east came the delicate viands which vied with the fish and game from the wonderful land



NORWAY HOUSE

The old fort makes an interesting sight when approaching by water

to the west. The lakes and forests had been scoured to produce the best they afforded in abundance. No man went hungry and the lithe Indian gorged himself on culinary products that were splendid to the taste, but to him were a mystery. The feast was a time of joy, and all went merry, the remainder of the day being spent in rest and comfort. But there was never any dallying when Simpson was around, and the next day was one of business, when each factor had to give an account of his stewardship. Of course, much dependence was put in chief factors, as their posts were so far away that they must of a necessity rely upon their own discretion at all times.

Under the governorship of Simpson there was new impetus given to the trade in the west, and one of the points which he emphasized was that liquor must not be given to the Indians. If for no other reason, it was bad for business. Then, again, he determined to put an end to giving presents to the Indians. He preferred giving them liberal prices for their furs. The number of servants was increased in the land and new

forts were opened and in general the trade considerably increased in volume.

Governor Simpson was not a man to be satisfied with second-hand information as to the condition of his empire and his subjects. He visited the forts at Red River, along the shore of Hudson's Bay, and even as far inland as the Mackenzie River, where he went into the minutest details of the trade. In 1828 Simpson determined to see Canada from ocean to ocean. He left York Factory on July 12, 1828, and came southward by water to Norway House, and from thence westward, and in a month they were in the vast Peace River country. At each post of the company Simpson went through all the books and did a great deal of writing. He had the reputation of being able to do three men's work. The same energy, which spurred him on in his work, animated him when on board the canoe, and he continually urged his canoemen to greater exertions. A story is told of the governor when crossing the Lake of the Woods on one of his expeditions. He was urging one of his favorite French-Can-

WHEN AN EMPEROR RULED IN CANADA

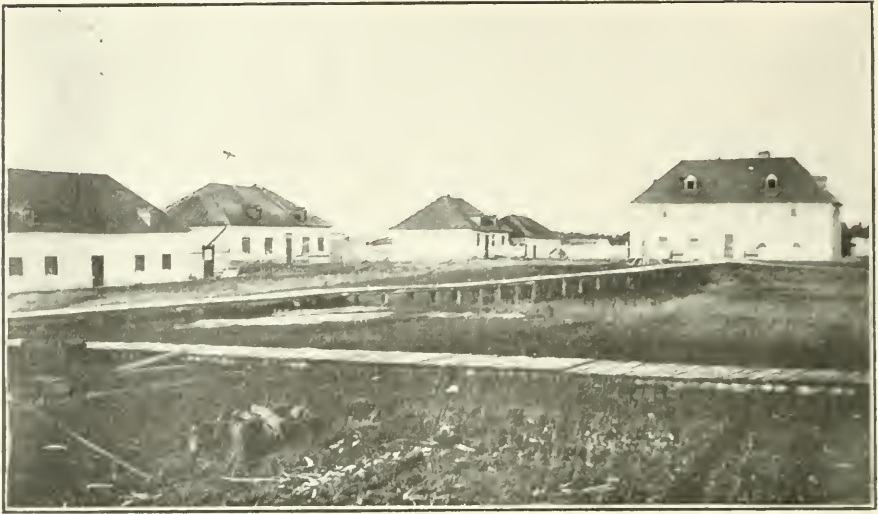


York Boats at Norway House

dian voyageurs to greater speed and finally exhausted that individual's patience. The big voyageur turned upon the little governor, and, seizing him by the shoulders, lifted him over the side and dipped him into the lake, at the same time expressing his feeling in the particular brand of oaths in which the French-Canadians indulged. Simpson took the hint, and it is even said that he did not punish the man who had insulted his dignity. Passing through the Peace River country Simpson and his party crossed the mountains and followed down the Fraser river and thence made their way via all the forts to Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the company on the Pacific coast.

To-day Norway House has lost much of its prestige, as it is not the headquarters of the company, but it is still a trading post, and is kept in better condition than most of the depots of the company in the north. Simpson's place still stands. Built of logs in 1837, it is now weather-boarded and sealed within, so that it has the appearance of a nice country resi-

dence. The house is 30 by 45 feet, and has a wide piazza running around three sides, which not only adds greatly to the appearance, but also to the comfort. The old council chamber, where Simpson directed the affairs of the company, no longer is the scene of such gatherings, but is now used as a store-house—its glory has departed. There are but a handful of white settlers around Norway House, and a population of about 500 treaty Indians living on the reserves surrounding it. Though Norway House is commonly spoken of as being on Lake Winnipeg, it is really situated on the Nelson River, just 24 miles from where it empties into Little Play Green Lake, which is only an enlargement of the upper portion of Lake Winnipeg. The day is coming when Norway House will again be a familiar name. The army of visitors will not be engaged in commercial pursuits, but will be busy forgetting business. It is admirably adapted for a summer resort. The lake is filled with little rocky islets suitable for camping and the water and beach are



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER

Marked in the picture by a cross

splendid for bathing. There is good fishing and good shooting to be had at all times, and in summer there is a bi-weekly mail service. Soon the time may come when the former fortified fortress in the wilds will be the Mecca of tired business men and their families during the hot days of summer. A prompt steamboat service can easily be arranged from Winnipeg and Selkirk, and every requirement for perfect rest will be easy of access.

Though not so pretentious as Simpson's palace, the old council chamber at the post was by far the most important structure, as therein were held the famous meetings of the fur traders. This chamber is the oldest building at the post, being carefully built of logs in 1830, and is still in good repair. It is fifty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide, being one and one-half storeys in height. Imagine such a building, in such a place, with such a history, now reduced to the humble condition of a storehouse. There are a number of other large buildings at the post and all are kept neatly whitewashed and the whole present the appearance of a nice little settlement when viewed from a distance from the deck of a steamer.

There is a two and one-half storey building known in company parlance as the "big house" wherein are the general offices, mess room, kitchen and men's quarters. "Bachelor's hall" is and has been for a long time the abode of the unmarried men at the post and has often resounded to the echoes of mirthful tunes in days ago. Half a mile from the fort is what was the old powder magazine in the days when cannon pointed over the bastions to guard the post from the approach of the enemy. It was a very secure building constructed of stone but has now fallen into disuse and decay. The old jail also a stone structure which held many an irrepressible spirit in halcyon days, and which could a story tell has now nothing more strenuous to confine than coal oil. There is also a provision store, trading store and a depot where the unbroken packages of freight are kept for shipment to the inland posts. Two buildings called the "Athabasca" and the "MacKenzie River" stores retain names applied years ago. In them was kept the freight for these two districts far to the north when all the freight passed through Norway House, being

WHEN AN EMPEROR RULED IN CANADA

brought up over the lake in the summer. The heavy stockade which surrounded the post twenty years ago has been replaced by a neat wire and picket fence enclosing space about one hundred and fifty yards long by one hundred wide. Plank walks run all about the post and down through a large archway between the main buildings to the dock in the front where the York boats load and unload freight.

The York boat—so-called because it was first used in carrying freight on the York Factory route—is still the chief vehicle for freight to the inland posts from Lake Winnipeg. Formerly they were made twenty-seven feet long and carried seventy packages of freight each weighing ninety pounds in order that they could easily be handled at the portages on the route. At present the boats are made larger and better adapted to the work they are designed for, being thirty-five feet long and ten feet wide. They are manned by a crew of nine and carry a large sail so that with favorable breezes they make good speed. The crews shoot the dangerous rapids of the north with the greatest unconcern.

A feature of interest at Norway

House is a leaden sun-dial in the garden, which was erected by Sir John Franklin, the famous explorer, on his fatal trip to the Arctic. The dial is not dated but has on it the initials "J. B. F." and the latitude and longitude of the post. Surveyors, who have seen the dial in recent years, state that it is only three minutes from correct even now. Near the dial a tall flagstaff floats aloft the Union Jack upon which is emblazoned the arms of the Hudson's Bay Company. The garden itself is no insignificant feature to the inhabitants of the fort and its products would open the eyes of many a dweller in other parts of Canada. There are currant bushes, rhubarb, celery, peas, beans, cabbage, brussels sprouts and all kinds of vegetables and many other delicacies which are raised in civilized lands.

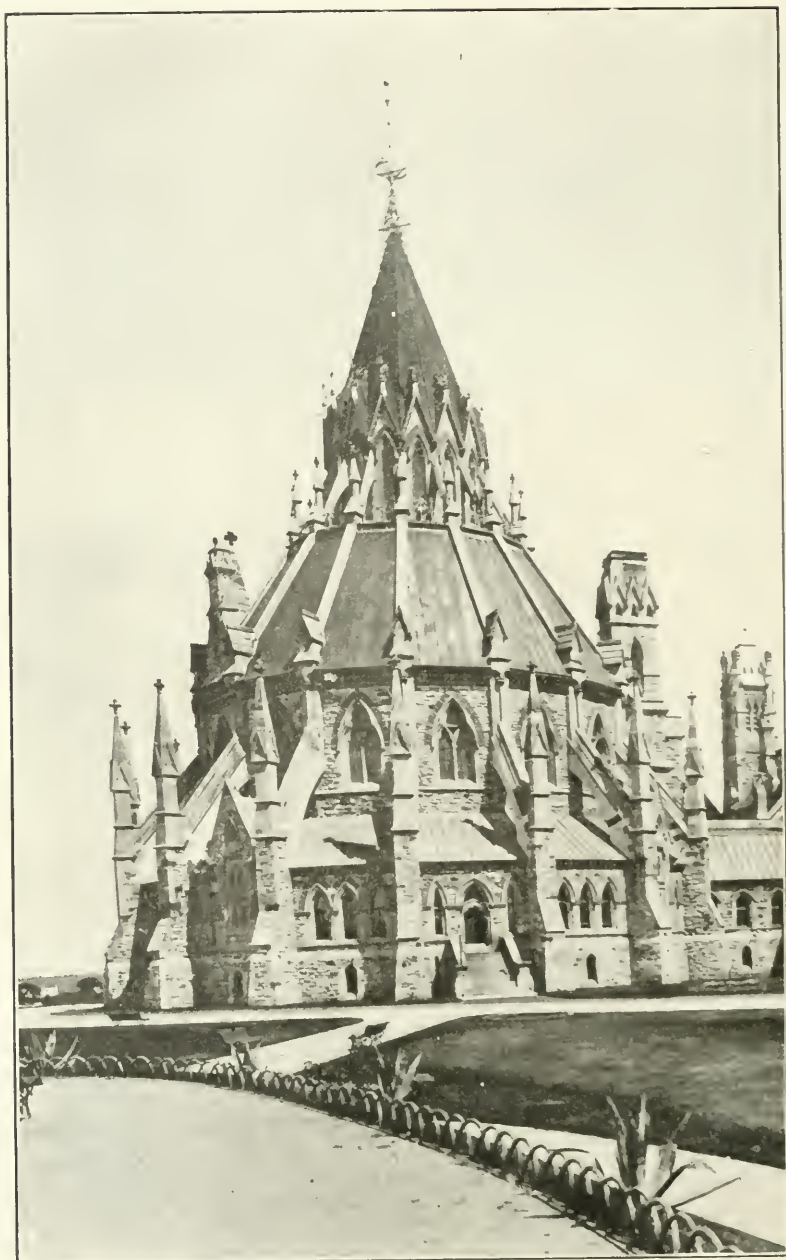
Strange it is how a little spot could have figured so prominently in the history of Canada and yet the history of the Hudson's Bay Company is replete with the strange, romantic, impossible and unknown. When the official history of the company is published with all the little side lights thrown into the secluded lives of the servants it will prove the most interesting volume ever written.



WISDOM is only knowing what one ought to do next. Virtue and enjoyment have never been far apart from each other. To know and to do is the basis of the highest service.

—David Starr Jordan.





The Library of Parliament

What Canada's Public Men Read

By GEORGE BRYANT

From The Canadian Bookman

WHAT do the public men of Canada read? What do our parliamentarians peruse?

Aside from Hansard, the Orders of the Day, the Blue Books, the Journals of the House and the Canada Gazette, of literature, past and present, there is abundance available for their edification. The Commons and Senate reading rooms contain files of every weekly and daily paper published in the Dominion and are liberally patronized by the members, particularly the rural representatives, who scan the sheets from their home towns to find what their respective communities are doing when the biggest man—of course, the M.P. himself—is not “in their midst.”

In the magnificent library of parliament there are 250,000 volumes. This immense pile is being added to yearly at the rate of 5,000 copies. Attached to noble and stately old cathedrals of Europe are famous chapter houses and upon somewhat similar lines has the beautiful building at the north of the main block of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa been planned. Circular in form and ninety feet in diameter the buttressed walls stand four feet thick. It is conceded that no finer site could have been found in Canada for the housing of the nation's books.

The interior is artistic and imposing. Planned in the form of a polygon of sixteen sides, each angle is supported by a flying buttress which

touches the main wall at the point designed to make it better resist the heavy outward thrust of the vaulted roof. Gazing aloft the eye rests upon the great dome, forty-two feet in altitude, the base of which is an equal distance from the floor. In the centre of the library stands a splendid statue in marble of the late Queen Victoria, as she looked when crowned in 1837. It is the work of Marshall Wood. Busts of King Edward, Queen Alexandra and other notable people adorn the angles of a number of the alcoves. Wood carvings of an attractive and impressive character decorate the interior. Shields of the different provinces are in front of some alcoves and in glass cases are coins, medals, medallions, script, specie and many other mementos of home and foreign lands.

Books, Books, Books—on every side, until the shelves of the three galleries are so congested that the librarians do not know where to store the constant inflow of publications. Some years ago, plans were prepared by the chief architect to increase the space temporarily, but, though such a move has been frequently talked of and incessantly recommended by the librarians in their annual report, no arrangements have yet been effected for extra accommodation. Space is utterly inadequate to meet the demands made upon it and the crowding has become so severe that books are placed in rows three deep, which often

causes endless difficulty in searching for a volume. If the present state of things is not soon remedied and some relief afforded the result will be a case of "confusion worse confounded."

But what do our big men read? What are their tastes, their favorite themes, their hobbies?

The cabinet ministers, who make the most use of the library, are Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. William Paterson. The Canadian Minister of Customs does not, as some might suppose, devote his spare moments to the study of tariffs, fiscal problems, and economic questions, but revels in tales of travel, exploration and discovery.

The Minister of Trade and Commerce is not looking up treaties and traffic returns, exports and imports, but passes many a pleasant hour among the Henty books so popular with boys, which would indicate that the veteran knight, now in his seventy-fourth year and the hero of many a political battle, is still young in spirit and dearly loves adventure, prowess and a fighting chance.

The Minister of Finance, Hon. W. S. Fielding, although a busy public man, manages to keep the library staff on the move at different times. He reads the copyright novels of the day and wanders through the field of general literature. Hon. Sydney Fisher is also among the familiar figures in the library. His reading is general rather than technical.

Some members of the cabinet have fine private libraries and on this account do not need to patronize the parliamentary pile. Among these, fortunately situated, are the Prime Minister, who is a great student of history, biography, political systems and forms of government. When his own library fails to supply his needs, Sir Wilfrid frequently sends "to the hill" for certain numbers.

Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux, Canada's brilliant Postmaster-General,

consults the volumes on the shelves many times during the course of a session. The heavier works in French and English appeal to him, biography and history being his favorites. The Secretary of State, Hon. Charles Murphy, is an omnivorous reader, books of a political and legal character engaging his attention.

Hon. George E. Foster, although a virulent critic, does not while away his leisure hours in reading famous critiques by eminent men, but is what might be described as a general reader, current literature and popular authors falling constantly under his eye. The latest on parliamentary procedure, political economy and the history of the world is Mr. R. L. Borden's choice. He is serious, thoughtful and studious—and appreciates the advantages and accessibility of the library.

Hon. R. F. Sutherland, Speaker of the Commons in the last Parliament, makes many researches in parliamentary history and other kindred subjects. The Minister of Railways and Canals in the Macdonald Ministry, Hon. J. G. Haggart, is another public man who does not allow dust to accumulate on biographical and historical works. It will surprise many to learn that Mr. Haggart reads thoroughly volumes that comparatively few consult. It is rarely that he asks for a novel.

The leader of the Conservative party in the Senate, Hon. James A. Longheed, does a good deal of general reading, while the former Premier, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, pursues history and biography. Among the private members of the House, Martin Burrell, of Yale-Cariboo; H. H. Miller, of South Grey; Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, and others, who might be mentioned, are familiar figures in the big reading room. There are perhaps half a hundred or more M.P.s who never enter the oaken doors except to show a visit-



A BOOKLOVER'S PARADISE

A glimpse of the luxurious interior of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, where Canada's legislators can, if they wish, spend many pleasant hours.

or or conduct a constituent around the building.

It is not always the men who are the most diligent readers that make the most instructive and interesting speeches or are the most forceful and argumentative in debate. Generally, the politician, familiar with conditions and history of the past, and possessing a knowledge of economics, social science, various forms of government, and procedure, is able to marshall all his facts and present his points in a more comprehensive and cogent manner.

His Excellency, Earl Grey, frequently sends to the library for editions of travel, history and biography. The Governor-General scrutinizes much in the field of current literature, being interested in many present-day problems. His ad-

resses at all public functions afford convincing evidence that they are not ready-made utterances — not phonographic productions. He has views of his own and is not diffident about giving voice to them. He has identified himself closely with the welfare and interests of the people. He has shown such intimate acquaintance with the country and appreciation of the resources and progress of the Dominion that the Canadian Government had printed an edition of His Excellency's speeches to preserve them in permanent form and permit of their wide distribution.

During the session of parliament no one is allowed to take books from the library except the legislators, but in recess, on the recommenda-

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

tion of the Speaker or an M.P., the librarians issue a card of admittance to the person so recommended, entitling the holder to take out two works at the same time. There are generally between 500 and 600 ticket holders in the Capital, although the new Carnegie library in that city has reduced the the number. Nearly half of the 250,000 volumes are in French. All parliamentary debates, papers, reports and records are, of course, printed in both languages.

Works of reference, historical and literary documents, early public records and original papers are not allowed to be removed from the building. Every summer, university students, historians and reviewers, the majority being young men, who are pursuing post-graduate courses

in American seats of learning or are preparing theses, come to Ottawa, and for several weeks use the library and reading compartments, which are comfortably equipped with upholstered chairs and polished tables. They generally number twenty to twenty-five, and at the parliamentary institution they obtain information at first hand by having access to works bearing on British views and interpretation of the Declaration of Independence, the Canadian records of the stirring times of 1812-1813, the Fenian Raids, and other strenuous struggles in the early history of the Dominion and its relations to the neighbors to the South. The visitors are shown every courtesy. All the facilities of the library are placed at their disposal.



HOME OF THE NATION'S BOOKS

A general view of the interior of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. A statue of Queen Victoria occupies a position in the centre.



A grader at work on the right-of-way of the G.T.P.

In Advance of the Pullman

By

JOSEPH WEARING

IF YOU wish to experience every degree of lassitude, apathy and general indifference except in one respect, take a long journey by rail; nothing seems to breed ennui like the atmosphere of a railway carriage. A few hours in the train may be enjoyed, but with most travelers it is not long before the lethargic condition is reached and then the only thing of interest is—the journey's end. Modern engineering has reduced danger to such a minimum that the average passenger hardly gives a thought to the men on whom his life depends; and whoever wonders while traveling swiftly and easily over the roadbed how much toil and sweat has entered into its construction?

Many people will consider me rather an eccentric sort of person, I fear, but, taking the risk, I should urge everyone to travel some time or other over a hundred miles or so of railroad be-

fore a car has run upon it, before even the rails have been laid, and while the only means of conveyance is "Shanks' pony." The journey may entail some fatigue, but it will surely banish apathy; there may at times be sore feet, but there will certainly never be ennui. Before the hundred miles have been completed there will have come some dim realization of the extent of scientific knowledge and amount of mechanical skill required in order to span a stretch of country with two parallel lines of steel, and the traveler will begin to understand that the building of a railway embankment or the digging and blasting of a rock-cut involves more labor and hardship than is ever put on record in the Government report; to say nothing of the actual toll paid in workmen's lives. Though claiming no relationship with any manner of prophet, I venture to predict that anyone making such a

trip will afterwards implicitly believe that whatever is possible in thought to a railroad contractor is possible also in deed, and I have not the slightest doubt that the passage over a hundred miles of construction will result in the conviction that Solomon should have sent the sluggard, not to the ant, but to the railway navvy.

It is a well-known fact that doctors rarely take their own physic, and that precepts are much more easily expounded than worked out in practice. A journey such as I have advocated is well within my own experience, however, and it is because I have not only learned much of the difficulty and danger of railroading in general, but have also appreciated something of the romance of railway construction in particular that I offer the following account of a recent tramp over the potential Grand Trunk Pacific line between Stoney Plains—twenty miles west of Edmonton—and the McLeod River—seventy miles east of the Yellowhead Pass.

The "tramp" proper did not begin with my departure from Stoney Plains, for I started out on the St. Anne's stage, which took me to Wabamun Lake—twenty-two miles west of Stoney Plains. There were two passengers besides myself: one a homesteader from the State of Oregon, and the other a Norwegian fur trader, who lived at Entwistle. The homesteader made it his business to keep the stage from upsetting, and during the whole of the twenty-two miles he kept dodging from one side of the rig to the other as the occasion—or the holes in the trail—demanded. The Norwegian, a most hospitable fellow to whom I am indebted for two nights' lodging, entertained me with information regarding the country, and endeavored to palliate the iniquities of the burg which he represented. The driver of the stage, hearing that I was from the east, remarked during one of the very brief intervals between two bad places in the road that he had been for eighteen years a conductor between Toronto

and North Bay. "Drink?" I suggested. "Oh, no," he said. "I just got tired of it and came west to try farming, but drifted into this instead." "Like it any better than railroading?" "Oh, sure! I make as much money and have no responsibility."

Traveling by stage in that section of our great and glorious west does not give one much opportunity for studying the landscape; my attention was directed, however, to the number of dead horses along the trail in different degrees of decomposition. A question drew forth the information from the stage driver that during last winter five hundred teams were hauling supplies from Edmonton into the different camps and that the killing of a horse was a common occurrence.

"See that?" he said, pointing to a skeleton at the bottom of a steep hill. "Well, I was coming along last winter when a fellow started up the hill with sixty hundred pounds. I told him he had better let me double up, but he said, 'I'll make it or kill 'im.' That's what he did before he got halfway up."

Passing along by the side of a small lake the fur trader volunteered the details concerning a navvy who had drowned himself there the summer before. "Just got clean crazed with drink and ran right into the water. There was a gang working close to the lake, but they didn't do much to save him. Nine days after the body came up and they chucked him in an old box and buried him on the hill there; right over there." The narration of this tragedy stirred up again some of the indignation which had been aroused at the time of the event and the trader finished up with, "Downright shame, the way they let the poor fellow drown himself. If it had been a mule the whole gang would have been ordered off to pull it out of the water."

Leaving the stage, the Norwegian and I crossed Wabamun Lake and took the right of way into Entwistle, arriving there just at midnight. At this particular time the newspapers all

IN ADVANCE OF THE PULLMAN



RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION CAMP

Foley's Camp, No. 14, G.T.P., near the McLeod River and in sight of the Rockies

over Canada were on the *qui vive* concerning this so-called town on the Pembina River, because of the unsavory reputation it had acquired through some statements made by a preacher there and the subsequent raid by the N. W. M. P. Like a loyal citizen, my *compagnon de voyage* defended his town most emphatically, admitting that "blind pigs" and attendant evils were to be found, but declaring that these were very quiet resorts and that they did not in any way disturb the town as a whole. He appeared to consider it an indispensable condition that such places should exist on the frontier. My own impression of the town was exactly opposite to that of the Englishman landing at Montreal, and finding a city where he expected to see nothing but wigwams. All I could see on the banks of the swift-rushing Pembina was a few tents and huts. The odor of the place reminded me of an extract from the diary of Dr. Livesey in Stevenson's "Treasure Island": "If ever a man smelt fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage,"

The second day, I traveled alone, keeping straight along the right of way and passing through ten or twelve construction gangs at work. To

say that I walked all day would be hardly correct. Sometimes I walked, but mostly I climbed, slid, rolled, plunged, waded or wallowed. Tramping over a right of way which leads through swamp and muskeg, one does some unexpected "stunts." Distance, too, is purely arbitrary on the frontier. A certain camp would be still ten miles ahead after I had passed several gangs working some miles apart, and even when the distance had decreased to six miles by common report, I was just as likely as not to meet someone who would aver that the camp was exactly eleven miles straight ahead. Several times during the day I came across a sign bearing the legend, "General Store. Bread for Sale," but on each occasion I failed to notice anything in the shape of a store, the only building visible being a little sod hut at some distance from the right of way. On one sign the "bread for sale" was varied by "fish for sale," but where the fish came from I was unable to imagine, for there was no lake near, and who bought the fish I had no idea, for the nearest construction camp was seven or eight miles away.

Let it not be thought that I am a Government inspector of railways or



A Station-man's Hut

an itinerant land speculator. The road-bed, as such, was not my chief interest, though I gave it careful attention, particularly as to its possibilities for providing a footpath; nor was I especially concerned regarding the nature of the surrounding country, though I noticed that all along the route on either side of the line there was rising ground which will before long be tilled by hundreds of farmers. The real object of my trip was to learn something of the condition of the men who build the railroads and to enquire into certain efforts which have been put forth for their moral and intellectual development.

During my journey I became particularly interested in the "station-men" whom I passed along the road. These are the navvies who make the roadbed through the muskegs, doing all the work with an axe, spade and barrow, and being paid so much—about twenty-cents—per cubic yard. These humble and modest "builders of empire" trundle the barrow fifteen

and sixteen hours a day, passing the night in rude huts along the line, either alone or with a chum. About the only diversion a station-man has is the cooking of his meals, and this operation is not of a lengthy nature, for, as one of them remarked to me, the never-varying bill of fare is "bread and pork and pork and beans." To be a station-man means to be a mere hanger-on to civilization. One robust digger I met who had at one time been an Irishman, said that he had not received a letter for eight years—had no friends to write to. Among the station-men I found nearly all the nationalities in Europe, as well as Britishers, Canadians and Americans. Some were quite cheery and talkative, while others were morose and uncommunicative. One old fellow, wearing a good-natured smile in spite of the sweat which rolled down his face, told me that he was a German and that he cleared four and five dollars a day at the work. The reason he gave for his success at this particular kind of employment was that for a number of years he had been a market gardener in England. In one hut where I sheltered from the rain, the owner, a young Nova Scotian, took quite a different view of the situation.

"The job's no good," he said, "and I am sick of it. All a fellow needs for digging up muskeg is a strong back and a weak mind."

A Finlander with whom I had quite a conversation was not only satisfied, but quite enthusiastic. Waving his spade towards the east, he stammered out, "Finland no good country. Little bit money. Lots money here."

The greatest surprise I had during my whole trip was the sight of a woman calmly wheeling a well-filled barrow up a steep plank. At first I could hardly believe my eyes, for, as one man put it, "Women are as scarce as Christians out here," but I found my vision not only true in general, but also correct in detail, for the laborer proved to be a pleasant-looking,

good-natured girl, and not at all masculine in appearance. She spoke very good English, and told me that she was a Belgian, and that she came there of her own free will because she didn't want her husband to be all alone. At the time I wondered how many Canadian girls would be willing to go to such a place in order to keep a husband company, to say nothing of making a home in a hovel built of sod taken from the muskeg.

The second day after leaving Entwhistle I reached my destination—Foley's Camp, No. 114, a few miles from the McLeod River, and within sight of the Rockies. From different gangs along the line I had heard reports of what the men considered an extraordinary proceeding in Camp 114. A student from some college had been sent in there to run a reading tent, and this same student was driving a pair of mules in the daytime and teaching classes in his tent at night. It was this strange proceeding that I had come to investigate and to me there was an added interest in the fact that the student was a college chum of mine.

Coming into the camp I was directed to the tent where the "reading tent instructor" bunked along with four or five other laborers, and soon I greeted my chum. In appearance there was nothing of the college man about him. At sight no Alma Mater would have claimed him. Without doubt, nobody who had any acquaintance with students would have supposed that two months previous he had carried off a scholarship in philosophy. The fellow I greeted was a navvy pure and simple, and he certainly looked the part. During my stay in the camp, however, I learned that the influence of the college had exerted itself even among mule drivers, scraper-holders, graders and ditchers. Almost every man in the gang was interested in the reading tent, applications were being made daily for entrance into the evening classes, and all were eagerly looking forward to a concert which had been announced

for the following Saturday night. All hands, from the foreman to the cookie, were enthusiastic over the fact that in their camp, at least, the evenings and Sundays would not be without means of profitable entertainment.

The visit which I paid to Camp 114 confirmed my belief in the excellency of the means which had been adopted by the Reading Camp Association for the amelioration of the lot of the railway navvy. The association does not send into the camps a missionary, a teacher or a colporteur, but it sends in a laborer who is a composite of these three. Instead of attracting the men of the camp by means of a frock coat, the "instructor" reaches them through the medium of a pair of overalls, and in place of exhorting his fellow-workers to flee from the wrath to come, he endeavors to show them a mode of life which has no fear of impending destruction. The association was formed as the result of a conviction that the building of good roadbeds is not more essential than the making of good citizens, and the conviction carried with it the belief that frontier laborers can never be reached by ordinary methods. Certainly it is no ordinary method which sends into construction camps college-bred men, who not only establish means for sound entertainment and profitable instruction, but at the same time become themselves, in every sense of the word, railway navvies.

It is surely high time that public-spirited Canadians wakened up to the real condition of affairs on the frontier. All our larger cities are making an effort to provide comfortably-furnished and finely-equipped buildings which shall be the means of raising the moral and intellectual status of the railroad men, but who cares anything about the navvy?. There's need to guide and control the lives of the thousands of men who operate our railroads, but there is a greater need to make intelligent and progressive citizens of the other thousand who build them, particularly when it

is remembered that these latter are, for the most part, immigrants who have come to us for better or for worse. It is not long ago since the question went forth among our cousins to the south:

"Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand which slanted back this
brow ?

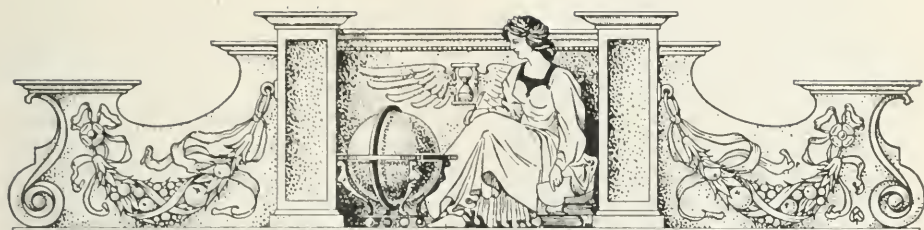
Whose breath blew out the light within the
brain ?"

We can only forestall such a question in our own land by declaring of these incoming railroad builders and homeseekers:



"We'll not make them helpers only.
But we'll teach them to be true,
First and last Canadians....."

ADVICE to a Young Man.—Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, wheelbarrow or a set of books, dig ditches or edit a paper, ring an auction bell or write funny things—you must work. If you will look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't fear of killing yourself by overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 p.m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them ; it simply speaks of them as old So and So's boy. Nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied the world will be with you

— *Bob Burnett.*



MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE



By
R. P. CHESTER

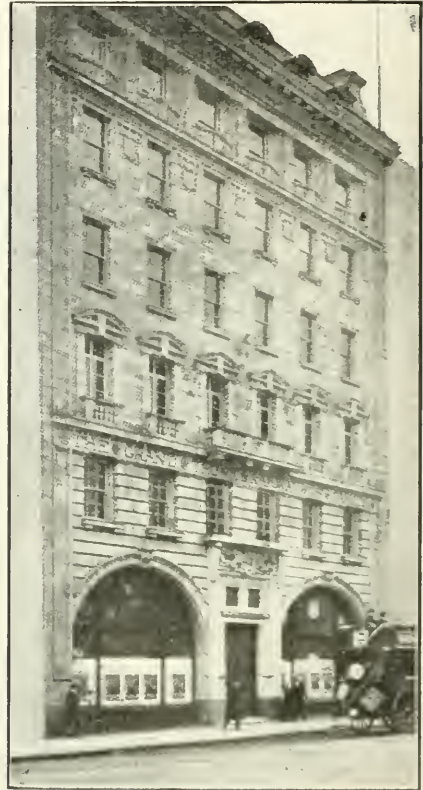


SIR RICHARD SCOTT

Canada's veteran legislator and parliamentarian who was recently honored by the King

If knighthood is a reward for long, faithful and untiring service in the interest of one's country, then no one is more entitled to the decoration than Richard William Scott, who was recently honored by King Edward. The veteran statesman has been in public life over fifty-one years, and retired last fall from the position of Secretary of State, after a career marked by rare fidelity to duty and loyalty to the party which he served in many capacities. Although in his eighty-fifth year he is a remarkably well preserved man, bodily and mentally. Sir Richard Scott is the Nestor of Canadian public life. His father was an army surgeon under Wellington, who settled in Canada after the Napoleonic wars. The new knight-bachelor is a rather distinguished-looking man with an abundance of white hair and flowing beard—a peculiar physical characteristic when it is considered that his two sons, Dr. William L. Scott, barrister, of Ottawa, and Mr. D'Arcy Scott, a member of the Board of Railway Commissioners, are almost as bald as the day that they were born. During his long tenure of office, Sir Richard Scott was known as the "statesman who never took a holiday." He was always at his post and on several occasions, particularly during the mid-summer recess, he would be the only representative of the Cabinet to be found on Parliament Hill. At different times he had to fill every portfolio in the Government, but he always attended to these duties cheerfully and conscientiously. He is the father of the Scott Act, the widely-known temperance measure, which was passed in 1875. A member of the Senate for thirty-five years, during a great part of that time he has been the leader of the Liberals in the Upper Chamber. He has also the rather unique record of having served in the Cabinet of four Premiers—two in Toronto and two in Ottawa. Under the administration of Hon. Edward Blake he held the portfolio of Commissioner of Crown Lands of

Ontario, and he also had the same office under the late Sir Oliver Mowat, who succeeded Mr. Blake as Prime Minister of Ontario. When the Mackenzie regime began at Ottawa in 1878 he was made a member of the Privy Council, and a few weeks later was appointed Secretary of State and Registrar-General of Canada. He held this position again under Sir Wilfrid Laurier from 1896 until the recent appointment of Hon. Charles Murphy. He is a genial and kindly gentleman, courteous to a degree, and in every way is deserving of the recognition which has been conferred upon him.



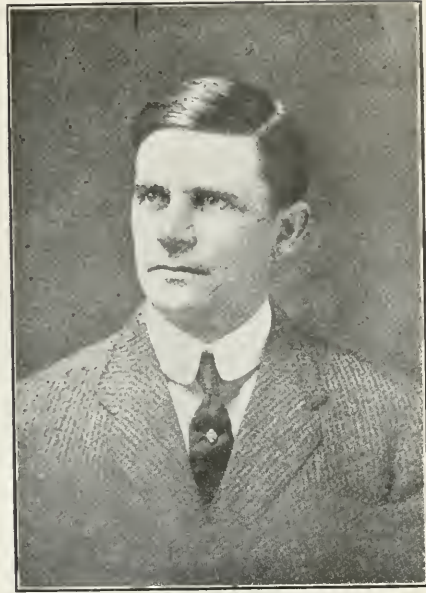
The Grand Trunk's New Offices in London, opened on Dominion Day.

Dominion Day witnessed the opening of another important building in London, of special interest to Canadians. This was the new European traffic offices of the Grand Trunk

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Railway System. The building was designed by the eminent architect, Sir Aston Webb, R.A., C.B., and is in all respects worthy of the great enterprise for which it was erected. It will, no doubt, be a rendezvous for Canadian visitors to England, and a store-house of information for British men and women, who want to learn about Canada and its resources.

Governor Walter E. Clark, of Alaska, is a young man to be saddled with the administration of so vast an area. Few people realize the extent of the territory which he has been appointed to rule and which juts out, a huge promontory, from the northwest corner of the North American continent. To many, Alaska is the name of a useless corner of the earth's surface—useless, except to bother Canadians about boundary problems—which, to their mind, is only about the size of our own Nova Scotia. Instead of that, the territory of Alaska is in reality approximately one-sixth the size of the Dominion and quite as large as the big provinces of Ontario and Quebec taken together. That being the case, and Alaska being as much our neighbor as the United States themselves, it is quite fitting that Alaska's new and youthful governor should be introduced to Canadians. It is in his case another example of the newspaperman receiving recognition through force of circumstances. For several years the future governor served as special correspondent at Washington for the New York Sun. His duties naturally brought him into close touch with the then Secretary Taft, and a friendship based on mutual esteem sprang up. It might even be imagined that Mr. Taft entered into a compact with Mr. Clark to do something for him, if ever he reached the White House. Mr. Taft succeeded, and now one of his first appointments of importance is that of his young news-



WALTER E. CLARK

The new Governor of Alaska

paper friend to be the chief executive of the great northern territory of Alaska.

When 20,000 people assemble to view a theatrical performance, the event may well be described as extraordinary. This was the attendance at Miss Maude Adams' spectacular production of Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" in the stadium at Harvard University in June. It was the crowning achievement of the talented actress' career. To describe the popular interest in the event, a quotation from an onlooker's diary may be made—"The sidewalks echoed to the tread of a larger army than Joan of Arc probably ever commanded; for besides the thousands who entered the gates, there were thousands more to watch them come. There were more automobiles gathered together there before the performance began than at any time anywhere, except at the last mammoth automobile show." In the performance 1,300 people took part, among them hundreds of Harvard students. All the appliances employed to lend realism to the scene

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were successfully utilized and the thunderstorm startled everyone by its close approach to the actual. On her white charger, in her silver armor, the Maid was indeed the inspiration of armies as she came rushing down the hill, with her mail-clad followers shouting her battle-cry at full gallop;

The almost regal grandeur of the funeral equipage of M. Chaucard, the millionaire Paris merchant, is but another illustration of the eccentricities of man. One cannot help but think of the whole funeral procession as a carefully-planned advertisement for the immense business of which



MISS MAUDE ADAMS

As she appeared in the role of "Joan of Arc" before 20,000 people in the Harvard Stadium.

and in the scenes where, alone in the ghostly moonlight with the apparition of the Black Knight, she refuses to desert her mission, or where the weak, ungrateful Dauphin casts her off as a witch, after his splendid coronation through her aid, she conveyed the full appeal of historic pathos.

M. Chaucard was the head, though personal vanity may have had a good deal to do with it. At any rate, the public regarded the funeral much as if it had been a circus and in pictures of scenes along its route, amusement is plainly written on the faces of the spectators. According to the des-



A REMARKABLE FUNERAL CORTEGE

In this almost regal hearse, M. Chaucard, a millionaire French merchant, was carried to the grave.

patches, riotous and derisive crowds followed the hearse through the streets, a bitter commentary on the dead man's estimate of his own importance.

The Victoria and Albert Museum, the largest and most important building of its kind in the world, was officially opened by King Edward on June 26, in the presence of the Queen



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

Recently opened with much ceremony by King Edward. It is the finest and costliest museum in the world.



THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN IN MILITARY ATTIRE
As she appeared when inspecting her regiment recently

and Royal Family, the Cabinet and the Corps Diplomatique. It is ten years since the designs were first prepared; eight years since the fabric was begun. It has cost nearly a million sterling and it contains over a mile of galleries. The tower rises to a height of 230 feet and is surmounted by an Imperial Crown to mark its character as a great national building. The opening was a great event in London, probably unsurpassed in display since the coronation itself.

Suffragettes may well view with emotion the picture of the Queen of Sweden, in her uniform of Colonel of the 34th Fusiliers, visiting her regiment on the parade ground. It is evidently a case of the recognition of woman's rights, even in the control of affairs military. No matter if her position be merely an honorary one, she wears the uniform and receives the respectful attention of the men—an enviable state of affairs no doubt in the eyes of the militant suffragettes of other countries.



JAMES H. COLLINS

Who has made a name for himself as a writer of business articles of human interest.

Not so long ago, a pleasant-looking, easy-going young man paid a leisurely visit to two or three of the leading cities of eastern Canada, gossiped with some of the newspaper workers there and called on a few of Canada's big men. He didn't say much, contenting himself with listening. But with his keen, grey eyes he took in everything around him. Then he went back to his home in the United States. A few weeks after a remarkable series of ar-

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

ticles on Canada appeared in one of the big American illustrated weeklies, which is read by millions of people on this continent. The articles naturally attracted wide-spread interest, for they gave a comprehensive picture of this country and its people. The pleasant-looking, keen-eyed young man, who was able to accomplish this journalistic feat was James H. Collins, who is recognized as one of the most successful writers on the American magazine press to-day. The secret of his success evidently lies in the fact that he has introduced the personal and human element into business articles, which would otherwise have been brilliantly dull, to employ a Chestertonian paradox. Mr. Collins started out in life as a humble printer, he then joined a circus to get a little experience of the unusual, and finally decided to become a writer. At first he confesses, "I read Carlyle, Emerson and Stevenson, and wrote like all of them, one after another." Then he got into trade journalism, where he had to turn out half a million words a year and, because he had to write so much, he did not have time to think of Emerson, Carlyle or Stevenson. He gathered news, and into his re-

ports of events, he wove personal stories, discovering that business men preferred to have facts, dressed up attractively. Mr. Collins to-day derives a big income from his contributions to American periodicals on business and kindred subjects.

No stronger or more striking evidence of the progress and prosperity of Winnipeg can be presented than the massive character of the many buildings which are being erected in the prairie capital. The largest and most costly railway terminal in Canada will be the new Fort Garry station on which work is rapidly proceeding. The station is called Fort Garry as it is on the site, where the "Old Fort Garry," which was built in 1812 to protect the trading posts, established by the Hudson's Bay Company, was originally located. Some 70 acres of ground are occupied near the centre of the city. The union station and terminal yards are being constructed by the Canadian Northern Railway for the joint use of themselves and the Grand Trunk Pacific line. The passenger station is located on Main Street directly opposite Broadway. It is an imposing structure built entirely of native Tyndall



FORT GARRY STATION, WINNIPEG

The handsome and massive stone structure that will be used by the C.N.R. and the G.T.P.

Manitoba stone, having a length of 350 feet and a depth of 140 feet. The height of the larger portion of the building will be three stories and a basement. There will be a monumental central portion surmounted by a dome 100 feet above the street level. This dome will be directly opposite the centre of Broadway, and beneath it will be the main entrance to the station through a wide stone arch, flanked on either side by massive stone columns projecting 10 feet beyond the main wall of the building. The main floor at the street level containing over 36,000 square feet will be devoted entirely to station purposes. The walls of the waiting room will be embellished with the coat-of-arms

of each of the various provinces of the Dominion executed in gold leaf and colors. The seats in this room will be heavy oak benches of the movable type. The interior, like the ticket lobby, will have the effect of stone construction throughout, the bases and wainscoting being of marble. It is intended to have eight passenger tracks, with adjacent platforms and two separate open running tracks, at the rear for through freight trains. The platform will be 20 feet wide and 1,650 feet long. By means of this great length each track will be capable of handling two trains of eleven cars each during periods of heavy traffic. The capacity of the platform will be 200 70-foot cars.

UP to the point of efficiency, when one is learning a trade or profession, there is comparatively little joyousness in his labor, but with the consciousness of mastery, of thorough knowledge and aptness, comes a feeling of strength, of self-satisfaction, of superiority, which takes away all sense of drudgery, and makes the pursuit of one's occupation a source of constant delight

—William Mathews

The Benefit of Air Baths

By WILLIAM PAUL GERHARD

World To-Day

IT IS only recently that we are beginning to appreciate the strengthening effect of air and sunlight on the human body and system. Judiciously applied, these two comparatively new methods of bathing constitute natural means for the curing of many ailments, which in a brief period of time have shown more than a moderate amount of success. At the same time, the practice of air bathing recommends itself to persons who are well, for the sake of maintaining a healthy and vigorous constitution.

The practical application of air and sun baths was first developed at some German sanatoria. The original promoter of these baths was a Swiss layman, Arnold Rikli, who opened up in 1865 an "atmospheric cure" for patients in Veldes, in Austria. His successful practice caused him to be known among his peasant neighbors as the "sun doctor." It was he who summarized his views on healing in the brief sentence:

"Water accomplishes cures.

But higher than water stands air,

And highest of all the light."

a motto which may be seen at the entrance to several of the German municipal public air baths, about which I shall have more to say presently.

At the better class of German sanatoria one nowadays always finds provision made for the practice of air bathing. Dr. Heinrich Lahmann, at his world-famous sanatorium at the Weisser Hirsch, a small community on the right bank of the Elbe, just above Dresden, favored the milder form of light and air bath, and, from 1898

until his untimely death three years ago, became its foremost champion and was very successful in the treatment of his patients.

Many other sanatoria, in which natural methods of healing are practised exclusively, have paid particular attention to the instalation of air baths. The sanatoria of Adolf Just, at "Jungborn," in the mountains of the Hartz; of Dr. Gossmann, at Wilhelmshöhe; near Cassel; at Oberwald, in Switzerland; at Lichtenthal, near Baden-Baden; of Bilz, at Radebeul, near Dresden; at St. Blasien, in the Black Forest, and others too numerous to mention, have become widely known and are visited annually by hundreds of patients in search of health. At all these places suitable enclosures in the woods or of meadow land are provided, where the patients can exercise clad only in the scantiest of clothing.

During a recent extended trip in Europe the writer was not a little astonished to find that many German cities had made provision, either by private health associations or through the municipality, for extensive air baths, which are said to be extremely well patronized by men, women and children during the spring and summer season. Being much interested in the subject, I succeeded in obtaining a very extensive list of those municipalities which have provided them.

The people's air baths usually consist of meadow, pasture or woodland enclosures, on the outskirts of the city, which are provided with numerous inexpensively built dressing compartments, and with some gymnastic

apparatus and possibly a plain shower bath to be used after taking a sun bath. The air baths are always arranged separately for men and women, and are surrounded with very high board fences, which secure privacy and prevent inquisitive people from viewing the interior of the baths. The entrance fee is very low, usually from two and one-half to five cents, and having paid this moderate fee one may stay in the baths as long as one enjoys them. The German race is devoted to gymnastic exercises and in the air baths men and children find ample opportunity to practice healthful sports. Ball-playing and bowling are favorite pastimes, and it would not surprise me to find lawn tennis and even golf-playing introduced at an early date.

Although the word "bath" is popularly associated with water, there are other media in which baths may be taken, such, for instance, as steam vapor and dry hot air, fango or mud, sand, electric light rays and common atmospheric air. One object of all forms of baths is the care of the skin, in order that it may perform its function properly. While the ordinary bath taken in water accomplishes its purposes tolerably well, a free exposure of the human body and skin to the air is far better, particularly if accompanied with healthful exercise or with friction massage.

The requirements of modern civilization and culture compel us to wear clothing, and this is in many respects unfavorable to a vigorous action of the skin. It is in summer time, chiefly, that we frequently become aware of the fact that our clothing excludes the pure air from our bodies to an undesirable degree, and that in this way it interferes with the proper function of the skin, which interference may, and often does, lead to serious trouble and sometimes fatal results. Have we not all experienced a feeling of oppressiveness when we find ourselves in the midst of a dense crowd of people, whether indoors or outdoors, unable to cast off our sur-

plus animal heat? It is no wonder that persons often faint away in large congregations of people.

The clothes which we must wear prevent a free perspiration and exhalation of the skin. In this way they may cause a distinctively perceptible poisoning of the system with effete matters. But while we cannot hope to emancipate ourselves from the wearing of clothes, which is a requirement of fashion, civilization and climate, most constitutions take very readily to the air baths. This is because the human skin is able to endure a low air temperature if gradually accustomed to such an exposure. It is merely a matter of getting used to it by degrees. Just as we require a fresh air supply internally for our lungs, so our bodies and our skins require air externally.

What good is accomplished by air baths? This is a question which deserves careful consideration. The air bath, taken in the garb of nature, in connection with light athletic exercises, hardens the skin and strengthens the body, assists the eliminating work of the lungs, increases skin excretions and gives an opportunity to radiate off the surplus heat of the body. It improves the quality of the blood by increasing its circulation. It cures rheumatic affections, reduces all forms of nervous troubles and is excellent in the treatment of obesity. Assisted by the action of the light rays, the air bath stimulates and acts as a tonic not only to the body but also to the mind.

After practising air bathing for a while, morning and evening, and continuing the bath from the summer well into the winter, one obtains a constitution so hardened that it becomes possible to wear in wintertime less clothes, or to discard heavy underwear and to wear only light, open-mesh and porous clothing. Air bathing thus induces a reform in the clothing worn and prevents the catching of cold. It is particularly adapted to persons leading a sedentary life. It not only induces a good circulation

THE BENEFIT OF AIR BATHS

of the blood, but indirectly causes also a better assimilation of the food. Finally, air bathing vastly improves the appearance of the skin, and physicians find it quite helpful in the treatment of skin diseases.

Can anyone deny that an outdoor air bath is vastly cleaner, nicer, more sanitary and attractive than a bath taken in the Turkish bath establishment? What need hinder us from giving our skin and body at least once, or, better, twice a day, an opportunity to breathe freely by indulging in the simple, modern air bath?

Let us inquire a little further and endeavor to answer the questions which naturally arise, such as these: How, where and when are air baths taken? At what season of the year? How often? How long?

As a rule, it is best for the novice to begin the air bath treatment during the warm season of the year, and in the room. The windows should be kept open as much as possible, first a little, and gradually wider and wider. The air bath should be of five minutes' duration at first; after some time it may be extended to twenty minutes, half an hour or even longer, during which time light exercises should be taken, with household gymnastic apparatus, or else deep breathing and friction exercises should be practised. The feet should be well protected when the air is raw. After the air bath one should dress quickly and take a brisk walk.

As soon as one has accustomed the body to free exposure to the air, one may venture out and take the bath outdoors, wherever facilities for this healthful practice are available. Where other opportunities are lacking, one may take the air bath at any public bathhouse, or at the river, lake or ocean bathing places. Specially prepared, simple, open enclosures, which are not overlooked by neighboring buildings are, of course, greatly to be desired.

It is surprising how soon persons become accustomed to the air exposure. The body and the mind both

feel almost at once some improvement, and few are the persons who do not experience an exhilarating and beneficial effect due to the bath. After a little practice one readily accustoms the body to an air bath of half an hour's or an hour's duration even at lower outdoor temperatures. Indeed, many a person has found himself or herself not only able but anxious to continue the air baths far into the winter season. Of course, as soon as the air becomes cold and damp it is necessary to increase the amount of bodily exercise during the bath. As a matter of fact, air baths may be continued even when the snow has fallen, provided the air is dry.

During bathing in the open air, windy or drafty spots and damp localities should be shunned, also the direct exposure to rain. One should not take an air bath directly after a meal, and it is best not to eat or drink during the bath. In the German sanatoria there is always a bathing master present, who leads the drill exercises and deep-breathing movements, who superintends the bathing generally and who assists the novice with advice.

The installation of air baths is simple and inexpensive, and no special fixtures, fittings or appliances of any kind are required. In this respect they are more economical than the various forms of water baths, which always necessitate elaborate plumbing arrangements in expensive bathhouses.

A refreshing douche or spray of water, a morning "cold tub," and an invigorating swim in the river or lake, or finally, the plunge into the foaming surf, all these forms of baths are well enough in their way, but the fact remains that human beings are not really creatures of the watery element, and experience shows that many delicate persons who cannot stand the shock of a cold water bath must accommodate their constitutions.

A negative proof of the immense benefit of sunlight to the human constitution is furnished in a report made by the surgeon of the

steamer Belgica of the South Polar Expedition. His observations tend to show that the long-continued absence of sunlight, combined with the lonesomeness, the monotonous food, the extreme cold and the winter gales affected the heart, stomach and brain. Some members of the expedition became unable to concentrate their thoughts, or to do brain-work, and one of the sailors who became almost insane during the long months of darkness, recuperated almost at once when the sun appeared.

The sunlight baths, already mentioned, are a type of bath essentially different from the air baths. They involve the direct exposure of the parts

of the body alternately to the sun rays, and are beneficial to the human system only if taken for a short period of time. The duration of a sun bath should never exceed twenty or thirty minutes, and during exposure to the sun, the head and neck and eyes should be well protected. A frequent change in the position of the body is advisable. The sun bath induces free perspiration and should always be followed by a tepid full bath or a cool spray. It should be taken only under medical direction. It is doubtful whether it would be possible to take it during our semi-tropical summer months because of the danger of heat or sunstroke.

Dr. Johnson on Pleasure

PLEASURE is very seldom found where it is sought ; our brightest blazes of gladness are often kindled from unexpected sparks. The great source of pleasure is variety ; uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting. Pleasure is best received when we believe that we give it in return. The choice of a man's pleasures or delight will best discover his real character. If he be most pleased with religion or literary pursuits, we may pronounce him virtuous ; if his chief delight is in low company, vicious or vain amusements, he is not, strictly speaking, virtuous. No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.

Yoke-Mates

By

ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE.

HILLBRIGHT, oil-king and oil-pro prospector, turned from the pleasant retrospect of a forest of "chugging" derricks to let his probing eyes rest on Whipple, who had just told him some uncomplimentary things about himself.

"Joel," he said, quietly. "You've just about accused me of stealing \$15,000 of your money. You forget that you came to me and urged me to take that money and speculate with it in your interests."

"And your own," interrupted the other man, "don't forget that."

"I'm not forgetting it. I haven't forgotten it." Hillbright's thin lips smiled and he rubbed his hands together. "Joel," he asked, "what would you have done with that \$15,000, supposing I had refused to take it?"

Whipple shrugged his shoulders and did not answer.

"You see," said Hillbright, "somebody was going to get that money. I knew that, so I did not hesitate about taking it. I've been fair with you, though; if those Dayton leases proved dead ones, you may know that I lost thousand for thousand with you, but, of course, you don't believe that."

Whipple was gazing across the wide fields of towering derricks. The smell of crude petroleum filled the air. All about the great oil-tanks the ground was black and greasy with crude oil. He turned slowly and looked at Hillbright.

"You've got a knack of smoothin' things over, all right," he said, grimly. "I reckon the oil business makes

a man greasy and smooth in more ways than one. Maybe you don't know just what the loss of that money means to me, but that don't matter, not now. You ask me what I'm goin' to do and I'll tell you, I'm goin' to get away from this State of Ohio as quick as God'll let me. What I've got t' say in partin' with you don't concern money matters exactly. I'm not a man that wants t' howl because I've been whipped. The thing that pinches the wust now is this. I consider that I've been done, and done proper—an' by a man I thought was my friend. Don't you speak now, Tommie, just listen till I'm through. I came to you with all the money I had in the world, except a little that I couldn't get hold of—I'm glad now I couldn't get hold of it—and I trusted that money to you. Well, it's gone, an' all I have for it is your word that you dropped as much more yourself. I don't believe that any more than I believe that expression on your face is genuine. If I trusted you, Hillbright, more than any one man has a right to trust another, the reason for it dates back further than your life or mine. Maybe heredity has somethin' to do with it. Your father and mine were better men than you and me are. They were friends, too. Fought together in the war and trusted one another as men do only once in a long while. I'm remindin' you of these things, because I'm ashamed of myself for the confidence I put in you. If I only had to fight memory I'd have an easy time, as far as rememberin' you in the old way is concerned; but you

see, Tommie, I've got to whip it out of my blood. It's goin' to take time to do that."

Hillbright was pacing up and down the oil-browned earth. The fingers of the hands locked behind his broad back were working nervously. His heavy face wore an expression hard to fathom.

Whipple continued, "If I'm a quitter, it's because it ain't in my nature t' stay in the game. I hate all this just as much as you love it. My likin' is for the big woods an' the open. I have more respect for God's animals born wild than man-animals trained wild. I'm goin' into a big free country where there's scope for me, Tommie, I'm goin' to Canada and take up a homestead."

Hillbright's face reddened, "Joel," he said, "you mustn't go away with the thought that I cheated you, in your head. Come over to my office and I will dispel it right now."

Whipple drew back and his chin squared combatively. "I don't see how that's goin' to mend things," he said, simply. "You don't suppose I'd take that money from you, do you? If I go away thinkin' that you've skinned me good and hard, that's my business. I'm no baby, I'm goin' to hope, that's all. I just want to warn you, and that's more than you did for me. Of all mean snakes in the grass, that I naturally hate, I hate the rattler least, because he gives warnin'. When I have fleeced you, same as you have fleeced me—we'll be good friends again. Don't you ever get rid of the idea that Joel Whipple ain't layin' for you, and if he don't get you sooner or later, it won't be his fault. You see, it's some hard to have to come down to your level, but it's got to be did. Good-bye, Mr. Snake Hillbright—I've rattled." Whipple thrust his hands in his pockets and walked slowly away. Hillbright sat down on a coil of rope and gazed away across the forest of towering derricks.

The fires beneath the two huge caldrons, threw a ruddy glow to the

tree-tops and flashed onward to bronze the sky, which had darkened to the just-before-dawn ebony. A long, gaunt figure seated on a stump against the log wind-break, arose, stretched himself lazily and with a great dipper proceeded to empty the contents of the larger kettle into a smaller one. The sweet smell of boiling maple sap drifted out in a haze of white and the hickory log beneath the kettles parted with a snap, throwing up a million sparks towards the heavens. A shaggy collie dog, started by the sound, arose, took in the situation with a glance, turned twice about, then curled himself up to snooze again.

"Lucky beggar, you are, Jack," laughed the man. "Bein' a dog, you kin sleep all night; bein' a man, I have t' watch th' syrupin' down. Must be nigh mornin', though, and Joel will be comin' afore long. Then I'll have my turn."

All things happen quickly in the wild. Hardly had the white glow of dawn streaked the sky before the gold red of the rising sun broke through the tree-fringe and awoke the already stirring bush-life to vigorous manifestation. Birds piped and squirrels chattered. A spotted-breasted high-holder flew to a stub close beside the fires and proceeded to grub his breakfast from its decayed wood. The dog arose once more, yawned hugely and shook off the balance of his sleepiness. Down across the woodland he had caught the sound of a voice, directing old Bright, the ox. "Gee, there, old clumsy-legs, d've want to upset that barrel of sap?"

"Hello, Joel," called the man by the kettles, as Bright's white sides flashed into view between the trees. "thort you was never comin'."

"Had to bring in this sap I gathered last night, and get it bilin' before it soured, Jake. How's she comin'?"

"Fine an' hunky. Must be five gallon syruped down this bilin'."

"That's fine, haven't had a run of sap like this for the last five years. It's been a great spring for sugar-

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makin'. What d'ye suppose is the matter with that ox? He keeps turnin' his head about all the time and wavin' his off ear as though he was flirtin' with a Jersey."

"He misses his mate, Joel; he ain't used t' bein' hitched up without Buck beside him. Where did you leave that Buck?"

"Left him chewin' his cud beside the strawstack. Why?"

"Did you shet th' gate on him?"

"Well, now, I don't remember: what if I didn't?"

"Well, if you didn't you kin look fer him along here any time, that's all. You can't keep them two critters apart without tyin'. There, what did I tell you?" A long moo came through the bush and something was heard crashing through the trees.

Bright lifted his dewy nose and sent an answering call. "By gum!" cried Whipple, "that's some strange, isn't it?"

"You see, they think a lot of each other, same's some people do," reasoned Jake, reaching for his overcoat.

"Jake," said Whipple, dryly, "don't you be foolish. Oxen air friendly because they don't try and do one another. People can't be, because they do do one another." Having delivered this piece of sage advice, Whipple proceeded to empty the barrel. Chancing to glance up, he noted the puzzled expression on Jake's face. "Don't suppose you have ever been done up good and proper by anybody, have you?" he asked, the wrinkle between his brows deepening.

"Can't say's I have," Jake answered. "Have you?"

"Have I? You just bet I have." Whipple slashed the pail viciously into the yellow sap, "And by a friend, too." His eye fell on the oxen, now standing side by side. "Almost a yoke-mate, Jake," he finished. "It don't cost anything to make friends, but—it always costs something to lose 'em." Whipple bent and picked up a glowing coal in his horny fingers

and laid it on the bowl of his pipe, "And if two men have been sorter yoke-mates, as it were, it seems pretty hard to understand how one could jest naturally fleece the other—eh?"

"Well, I don't know, seems to be if they're yoke-mates, same as Buck and Bright here, it would come some natural fer 'em to try 'n do it. Them oxen are everlastingly at it. Just t'other night Buck crowded inter Bright's stall and cleaned up on his corn, while Bright was out at th' water-trough; but, th' next day Bright et Buck's turnips up slick and clean. Them two keep on good terms by keepin' even on the thievin', seems to me that's a pretty good rule fer men to follow." Jake tramped off through the bush toward the clearing and Whipple, having emptied the barrel, sat down by the fire, puffing his pipe dreamily.

Just below the sugar shanty a spring gushed and danced along. It flowed from between two great maples and neither Whipple nor Jake, his hired man, had ever learned its source. For some reason, its song seemed livlier and louder than ever this March morning. Whipple caught himself listening and wondering what a great find such a spring would be to the oil-men in the Ohio fields, to whom the water in drilling operations was so much of a necessity. Somehow he had been thinking of the past very much of late. He lifted his head and sniffed the breeze. "No petroleum smell in that, please God," he murmured. "Just wood and leaves an' water, an' that's all th' smell I'm wantin'." He bent and drew a fresh log up close under the kettles. Then with an augur in hand and spiles in pocket, he turned toward the great ridge of maples, to tap more trees.

Coming back across the ridge, Whipple discovered a minx-track in the snow, leading into a thick slump of whiplike saplings. He had noticed that clump of tiny shoots before and had wondered what had caused this peculiar freak of nature; for all

about it were trees of mature growth. He passed around the thicket and could not discern where Mr. Minx had come forth. He must be in there still, and minxskins being worth money, Whipple determined to find out if he had holed up. With some difficulty he entered the thicket and in its very centre he discovered something that made his eyes brighten. In the centre of the thicket rested a little pond of water. It was so clear that the roots three feet below its surface stood out like blue veins on white flesh. The water kept revolving slowly and in the middle of the pond a little whirlpool had formed. Whipple came forth laboriously at last, his face working. "Right here is where I lay my plans to get Tommie Hillbright," he said, as gently as though he were breathing a prayer.

That night Jake packed his carpet-bag, and took the trail for Sarnia. He was leaving for Ohio State and he had instructions of which he and Whipple alone knew. Next day two Indians from the reserve came down and silently took charge of the sugar-making. Whipple, too, had important business to transact. The day following Jake's departure he hitched the oxen to the sleigh and it was three days before he returned. He had taken away a barrel containing maple syrup, he returned with a barrel containing something else. It was past midnight when he drove up the lane to the big log house. At the stable he held a low-whispered argument with the oxen and after many promises succeeded in working them, by degrees, down the lane and into the bush. There he passed the sugar-fires in a white circle and after much trouble brought up among the giant trees on the ridge. The sapling-thicket stood before him.

The first streaks of dawn were painting the skies when Whipple stabled his weary oxen. He gave them each such a feed of yellow corn, as they had never before received. Then he passed into the silent house

and went to bed. For the first time in five years he was experiencing a feeling of real, wholesome, comfortable joy. He lay looking out of the window at the growing light for a long while. "Oxen are darned queer critters," he murmured. "But they are darned staunch yoke-mates. They're that, cause they even things up with one another." Then he fell asleep and dreamt of Hillbright.

Ten days after Jake's departure, an Indian brought Joel Whipple a letter, it was the first letter of any kind he had received since he had been in the new country. Whipple opened the letter with clumsy, trembling fingers.

"Dear Joole," he read, "I have bin in the Ohio oil-fields for nearly a week. I found Mr. Hillbright all hunky-dory, when I told him that our spring was that iley the cows wouldn't drink the water, he got a map and studied it and then he ups and said he was coming back with me, says he wants to see you awful bad cause you were boys together. I guess we have played our cards all right. You doctor the spring right away. We will be there about the 20th day of April.

Jake Twigg."

Whipple unyoked the cattle and started toward the bush on a half run. There was work to do. He had just remembered that to-day was the 20th of April.

That afternoon Whipple, saw in hand, was trimming the little apple-orchard, about his home, when Jake and a tall, broad-shouldered man turned up the lane toward the house. The spring day was alive with sunshine and sweet twitters of nesting birds. A warm sweet-smelling mist hung above the newly ploughed field. Only occasionally did the breeze from the south bring on its wings the faintest scent of crude oil. Whipple went forward to greet the new arrivals.

"Well of all things, if it ain't Tommie," he said, holding out his

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hand. Hillbright took it and as those two looked into one another's faces each saw an expression of genuine gladness.

"I've been wanting to find you for years, Joel," said the oil-king. "I thought you must have got lost."

"How d'ye like my place?" asked Whipple, proudly.

"Fine, Joel, fine. Man, I don't blame you for wanting to get into a country like this. How much land do you own?" Perhaps Hillbright's sharp eyes narrowed ever so little as he asked the question. If so Whipple did not notice it apparently.

"I own two hundred acres," he answered. "Cost me \$2,500."

Hillbright smiled slowly, "Any rattle-snakes here, Joel?" he asked, his eyes twinkling.

"Jest one, and you want t' watch that feller," answered Whipple. "No, Tommie, I ain't forgot a promise I made; not much."

"Then you still think?" — commenced Hillbright.

"That I was hooked by a yoke-mate? You bet I do, but when my horns get a leetle stouter I'm goin' to hook back, Tommie. Howsom-ever we won't talk about that. Come in and we'll get somethin' t' eat."

"Joel," said Hillbright, after dinner, "Jake has told me all about that spring of yours, and I'll confess it was more than mere friendship brought me here. Of course, I wanted to see you because there is something—but that can wait. Tell me just where is this property of yours located on this map?"

Whipple dried his hands on the dish towel and leaned over the map of Ontario, which Hillbright spread out on the table.

"Let me see, just you pint me out Sarnia," he said.

Hillbright put his pencil mark on Sarina, "Well I'm right about here," directed Whipple, taking the pencil and making a little cross on the paper.

"Which would make you about thirty or thirty-five miles northwest by east, of Sarnia, say it does look as though you were in it."

"In it," cried Whipple, "you bet I'm in it, right in clover here, Tommie, right in clover."

Hillbright arose, "You don't mind my taking a stroll about your farm, do you, Joel?" he asked, "I want to see that bush of yours. You go right on with your tree-trimming. I know this is your busy season. I'll be back in a couple of hours." From the barn, Joel and Jake watched the big man climb the hill to the maple-ridge. Then they shook hands.

"You'll pay him back in his own coin, I reckon," whispered Jake.

"Am I in it! Oh, just am I?" laughed Whipple. "Jake, I'm too danged smart for a farmer; I ort to have studied law."

It was nearly evening when Hillbright rejoined Whipple in the orchard. Coming up the lane, he had passed the oxen, who with wonderment in their mild eyes were vainly striving to get rid of a nasty oily taste in their mouths. Hillbright smiled as he noticed their wrinkled noses and apparent disgust.

"Your oxen seemingly don't like the taste of that spring down yonder," he laughed, when Whipple asked him what he thought of the place. "It's too bad it's not good water, Joel."

"I don't know what's the matter with that water," lied Joel, taking a chew of Canada twist. "If that spring was only sweet it would put one thousand dollars extra value on this place."

Hillbright sat down at the root of an apple-tree. "Joel," he said abruptly, "I'm going to be fair with you. You think I fleeced you once and maybe you think I'd do it again, but I'm going to make that impossible, I want to know just what you are willing to take for this two hundred acres of land."

Whipple's saw dropped with a twang. This was certainly better than he had expected. He was quick with his answer. "I'll take \$32,500." he said so suddenly that Hillbright started.

"That's a rattling long price," he returned with meaning.

Joel's eyes twinkled. "Just leave that word rattle out of the conversation please," he grinned.

Hillbright drew forth his check-book. "Old friend," he smiled, "I'm going to pay you that price." He filled in a check for \$32,500, and standing up, handed it to bewildered Joel. "I'm going now to send Jake to Sarnia," he said. "I want to wire for three drilling outfits at once." Whipple went on with his pruning and kept an eye on the lane. Soon he saw Jake walk quickly away.

"He's going to get some drillin' outfits, is he?" he chuckled. "Oh, my, isn't this good. Isn't this just too good, Joel, you rattler," he laughed. "You are goin' to show this old yoke-mate o' yours that you are smart, real right-down smart."

While awaiting the arrival of the drilling outfits, Hillbright was much away. He took long walks and there was not one land-owner in the district that did not get to know him. Often at night when he and Whipple sat before the door smoking and talking over old times, he would catch a look of almost pity in the eyes of the man who had sold him the bush farm at a "rattling" long price.

At last the long-looked-for outfits arrived and Joel prepared to have his crowning joy at Hillbright's expense. "I'll jest let him draw a few blanks, like he let me one time," he told himself. He fully expected that Hillbright would drill in the vicinity of the spring and when the first derrick was erected in a low swampy spot nearly half a mile lower down, he began to wonder at the foolishness of mankind. "Hillbright's a bigger ninny than I thought him,"

he told Jake. "Gosh, just you wait till he finds out how I've fleeced him."

But a great surprise was in store for Whipple. Three weeks after that chugging, pounding drill had started to bite its way into the bowels of the earth, something happened that set the whole countryside agog with excitement and the world knew for the first time that another of Canada's hidden resources had been discovered. One morning Hillbright, who had been much with the drillers of late, came to where Whipple was packing up his farming utensils and said, "We've struck a gusher." Whipple dropped the piece of machinery on the floor and gazed at the oil-king open-mouthed. "In five years this is going to be one of the biggest oil fields in the world," went on Hillbright, confidently. "That wasn't such a rattling long price you asked, after all, Joel."

Jake came out scratching his head and looking his surprise. "Then you struck ile," he gasped.

Hillbright nodded, "There's a lake of it under here," he declared. Whipple sat down weakly on the barn floor and took his head in his hands.

"It sarves me right," he almost sobbed, "it sure sarves me right. I salted that spring so's to fool you, and here you haven't been fooled at all. I sold millions of dollars' worth t' you for \$32,500. Oh, by gosh, I haven't bit you any at all. You've beat me at my own game, Tommie."

Hillbright bent and lifted the huddled form from the floor: then he led him out into the sunshine. "Joel," he said, "I don't want you to think that I was fooled any from the start. We oil men don't look for oil in springs, we have a surer method of locating the amber fluid. I've been chasing greasy, yellow-green oil for greasy, yellow green-backs too long to be fooled by surface indications, even if they were genuine. You see I went further and found what I ex-

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pected to find. We will build a town right here and we'll call it Petrolia, in commemoration of that barrel I found in the spring thicket."

Whipple groaned. "I didn't want to fleece you only for one thing," he wailed. "I can't get rid of th' idea that you did me, Tommie—and me and you good yoke-mates at that. I simply wanted to even things up so's that we could be yoke-mates again."

"God bless us," laughed Hillbright, "don't I know? And now I'm going to fix that right here. After you had left the Ohio fields, I thought I would spend a few thousands in your interests in sinking those dusters a little deeper—those dry-holes, you remember, you held me accountable for. Well, I did it and as a result, brought in four of the best paying wells in the district. Those wells are yours and mine, because I really did sink dollar for dollar with you in the enterprise—and they have been pumping up money for you and me for three years or more. Your earnings from those wells to date amount to just exactly \$32,500; so in reality, Joel, I paid you your own money for the deed of this two hundred acres."

Whipple gasped. "Well, I never," he said. "An' here for five years I've been blamin' you for my loss of \$15,000. Well it sarves me

right, an' now I'm going to ask your pardon, Tommie, and sneak up further into the country. I can't leave Canada."

"But you can't very well go now, Joel," smiled Hillbright, "You see you and I are partners again. When you were shaking hands with yourself for getting even with me, I was out leasing land. You musn't forget that I still had \$32,500 of your money and this with as much more of my own has made you and I practically owners of this big field."

Whipple looked at the speaker in amazement. "You don't mean to say, that right in the face of my tryin' to play you dirt, you went out and helped make me a fortune, do you?" he gasped.

"Well," laughed Hillbright, "call it what you will. I certainly tried to look after your interests. I've got a bunch of leases and deeds here in your name, anyway. You stand to make dollar for dollar with me in this interprise, so I guess we're even."

Slowly, hesitatingly Whipple held out his hand. "Would you take it, old yoke-mate?" he asked, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Old yoke-mate, you can just bet I will," cried Hillbright, and just inside the door Jake Twigg threw his hat to the ceiling and danced a hornpipe on the barn-floor.

IN my course I have known, and according to my measure have co-operated with great men and I have never yet seen any plan which has not been mended by the observations of those who were much inferior in understanding to the person who took the lead in the business.

Bacon

The House Fly a Poisoner

By ROBERT FRANKLIN

From Technical World

IT HAPPENS every day, and so one pays very little attention. May be it is the butter, or perhaps the slice of bread alongside one's plate. Or else, quite possibly, it is the milk in the pitcher. But, whatever it is that attracts the omnipresent fly, its appearance, as it crawls over the food on the table, is unappetizing.

This sort of thing seems to be unavoidable—wherefore the person who deems himself philosophical puts up with it patiently. Flies are an annoyance, of course; they are even a nuisance—but, aside from the obvious precautions of window-screens, what is one to do? They are a kind of continuous plague that has always afflicted mankind, and presumably will afflict him in the future.

Here, expressed in a few words, is a pretty fair statement of the attitude of the people at large in regard to house-flies. It represents a combination of ignorance with an indifference springing from long habit. But, before going further, let us consider the facts about the above-mentioned fly, which, having tasted the butter and sampled the bread, is now by way of drowning himself in the milk-pitcher.

Is the insect a desirable table guest? Well, hardly. Annoying? Yes, of course. But this is a trifling matter, relatively speaking. It is not only likely, but altogether certain that the fly in question has recently been walking over some sort of unspeakable nastiness, and that his feet in particular are covered with putrefactive, and

other objectionable germs—which, as a matter of course, are freely transferred to the butter, the bread, or any other food over which the insect crawls.

Unfortunately, a fondness for human food and drink is not the only weakness of the house-fly. Filth of all kinds has for him an irresistible attraction; and it is this commingling of tastes that renders him so dangerous. Above all things, he seems to delight in feeding upon the waste products of the human body, and in this way it is that he exercises so important a function as a carrier of typhoid fever.

The health authorities of New York City estimate that about one-half of the deaths from typhoid in the metropolis annually are attributable to the distribution of the germs by flies. But, serious as this matter is, it is of vastly less importance than the destruction of human life, particularly that of young children, by the bowel complaints which these insects are chiefly instrumental in spreading. It is reckoned that deaths from these latter maladies in New York would be reduced from 7,000 to about 2,000 a year if proper precautions were taken to prevent the breeding of flies.

In view of these facts, and of others presently to be recited, it is not surprising that some communities, notably Washington, should have begun crusades against the fly pest. People in many parts of the country are beginning to wake up to the fact that the insect is not merely a nuis-

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ance, but a menace to health and life. Health boards in various cities are taking action; some of the state boards of health are doing likewise; and the Federal authorities are co-operating by every means in their power—the great object in view being to arouse public sentiment on the subject by making the facts widely known.

Publicity is what is principally wanted. It is a question of educating the people on the subject—of making clear to them the mischief done by house-flies, and the ease with which the pest can be done away with by the adoption of a few simple precautions. Only the other day a large poster-sheet was issued by the state board of health of Florida, intended for wide distribution and to be tacked up in all public places—the printed information on it being rendered more impressive by a vividly-drawn series of pictures showing flies winging their way directly from garbage cans, heaps of filth, and other sources of pollution, to the food on the dinner-table, the baby's milk, and the bedside of the typhoid fever patient.

It is, in short, an anti-pollution crusade that has been begun. The people must be made to realize that the house-fly is, of all existing creatures, the most dangerous to mankind. While—owing to the cause above mentioned—it makes a specialty of intestinal diseases, it is also a carrier of tuberculosis. Tubercular material, like any other nastiness, attracts the insect, and for this reason, should be carefully protected from flies. Otherwise, they will carry the germs to the kitchen and the table, depositing them upon food.

To protect all kinds of foodstuffs from flies is now realized to be of utmost importance. Indeed, the ominous buzzing so frequently heard in the pantry is far more to be dreaded than the high-keyed note of the mosquito in the sleeping-room above. For there is no such thing as a clean house-fly; the insect, bred in filth, is always a carrier of microbes. Microscopic examinations made by the

health authorities of New York City, in 1907, showed that the average fly among 414 of the insects caught between July 27 and August 20, the height of fly time, carried on its body 1,222,570 bacteria.

These experiments indicated that the number of bacteria on a single fly may range all the way from 550 to 6,660,000. As summer advances, the number of germs per insect rapidly increases. The method adopted was to catch the individual fly with a sterile fly-net, introduce it into a sterilized bottle of water, and shake the bottle to wash the germs from its body—the result being just about what would happen if the fly had fallen into a jug of milk. Some of the flies were captured in cow stables, pig-pens and swill-barrels. It is from such favorite haunts that they come direct to our kitchens and dinner-tables.

So conspicuous is the house-fly as an agent for the distribution of typhoid fever that the government bureau of entomology suggests the appropriateness of calling it the "typhoid fly." Beyond question it was mainly accountable for the outbreaks of this deadly disease in our military camps during the war with Spain, in 1898. Every regiment developed typhoid within eight weeks after assembling in the encampments, and in every one of the camps, in the North, as well as in the South, the malady became epidemic.

From first to last, one in every five of our soldiers in the national encampments developed the disease, and of the total deaths more than eighty per cent. were caused by typhoid. It was the flies that did it. Indeed, they were seen walking over the food in the kitchen tents and mess tents with their feet visibly whitened by lime from the camp latrines. Every man sick from typhoid became a fresh source, through the medium of the insects, of infection for his comrades. In autumn, as the weather grew cooler, the flies gradually disappeared, of course, and the disease diminished

proportionately with the death of the pernicious pests.

Thus was furnished a very striking object lesson in the relation between the house-fly and typhoid fever. But there is plenty of other evidence. Physicians hitherto have been accustomed to regard as inevitable what they call the "fall rise" in typhoid deaths—that is to say, the marked increase in the number of such deaths in the autumn of each year. But it is noticeable that if the time be set back two months, from the report of death to the contraction of the disease, it exactly corresponds to the period when flies are most numerous and active. In other words, the flies do the mischief, and about sixty days later the victims perish.

The diarrhoea, summer dysentery, and other intestinal complaints which carry off so many young children in hot weather have always been attributed mainly to temperature. But it is now realized that this was a mistake. The diseases in question are so prevalent at that time of the year because it is then that flies are most numerous. They are caused by specific and well-recognized germs, which the flies distribute. Hence—as is now for the first time understood—the relative immunity of breast-fed babies to such complaints, as compared with infants artificially fed, whose food is more or less exposed to the dangerous insect.

It would be incorrect to suppose that flies are alone responsible for the distribution of typhoid fever. There are other sources of infection, notably water and milk. But the insect is certainly one of the principal agents concerned; and as for dysentery and other such intestinal disorders, it is undoubtedly the chief mischief-maker. In New York City several local epidemics of typhoid have been traced to flies; and figures of deaths and of fly multiplication, reduced to mathematical curves, have shown that these infectious bowel complaints, which cause so great an annual slaughter of young children, increase and diminish exactly with the augmentation

and falling-off of the number of flies.

In order to make the experiment as fair as possible, the flies wanted for bacteriological examination were caught in cages in various parts of New York—on the water front, in the slum districts, on Fifth Avenue uptown, and elsewhere. One was captured on South Street, which on inspection was found to be carrying in his mouth and on his legs over 100,000 fecal microbes. He had been walking over filth on the water-front, and was on his way to the nearest milk-pitcher. Similar studies, by the way, were made last summer in the City of Washington, including "intensive" observations of both flies and diseases in a district comprising eight squares. The results are not yet quite ready for publication.

One of the diseases spread by the house-fly is Asiatic cholera—a fact discovered as long ago as 1849, when there was an epidemic of that dreaded malady at Malta. A warship of the British Mediterranean Squadron, the *Superb*, was cruising for six months during that period, with cholera on board most of the time. On leaving Malta and putting to sea, the flies which had swarmed on the vessel gradually disappeared, and the scourge slowly left her. But later on, when she entered the harbor of Malta again, though without communication with the shore, the flies returned in force, and the cholera likewise. Since that date cholera germs have been found repeatedly in fly-specks in cholera wards in hospitals.

Dr. George M. Kober, of Washington, a recognized authority, says that allowing for time lost by sickness, expense for medical treatment, etc., typhoid alone, for which the fly is so largely responsible, costs the people of the United States \$350,000,000 annually.

Notwithstanding these facts, the insect is encouraged to breed unrestricted everywhere. It is allowed to enter freely the houses of most of our people. It is permitted to spread germs over food supplies in our markets, in our kitchens, and in our din-

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ing-rooms; while in public restaurants the patron is compelled literally to fight for his meal with swarms of the parasitic creatures, alert, persistent, and unterrified.

Why endure it? If it were difficult to get rid of the house-fly, a general failure on the part of communities to make any effort to reduce its numbers might properly be termed criminal neglect. But, inasmuch as it is an easy matter to put a stop to the plague for good and all, there is no excuse. That it continues to exist is attributable to a combination of ignorance and carelessness which is a disgrace to our civilization. Flies signify public and widespread pollution. They signify not merely discomfort, but the wholesale distribution of disease and death. Is it not full time, then, that the people should rise up and exterminate the cause of such mischiefs?

In order to make clear the easy means whereby the house-fly may be exterminated, it is first necessary to explain in a few words its method of reproduction. The female always lays her eggs in accumulations of filth of somekind—whence it follows that, if filth were not allowed to accumulate, there would be no more flies. But the particular kind of filth most sought for the purpose is horse manure. It is reckoned that ninety-five per cent. of all the flies in our cities are propagated in stables where horses are kept. Every such stable is a fly hatchery; and a single stable will turn out enough flies continuously during the summer to supply an entire neighborhood.

The female lays her eggs in a closely-packed clump either in or upon the manure or other filth material. Usually she deposits about 120 of them in a batch. They are of an elongated almond shape, pearly white and highly polished. With the microscope they are seen to be finely sculptured with delicate hexagonal markings. Under favorable circumstances they will hatch in ten or twelve hours. It is possible that a female fly may lay more than one batch of eggs during

her life, but this is a question not yet satisfactorily settled.

From each egg is hatched a footless maggot, which feeds upon the decomposing vegetable matter to be found in the manure or other material by which it is surrounded. In stable manure the eggs may often be dug out in masses numbering many thousands, from a few inches below the surface. At the end of a week or less the maggots are transformed into chrysalids, which, at first of a pale yellowish color, rapidly change to bright red and finally to a dark chestnut hue. Another week, or less, passes by, and then the perfect flies break their way out of the chrysalids and take wing. They pair promptly; the females lay fresh batches of eggs, and another generation is started. The whole cycle, from egg to perfect insect, under favorable circumstances, is accomplished in from ten days to a fortnight.

The insects will breed in fermenting vegetable or animal material of almost any kind. Garbage suits them first-rate. The maggots and chrysalids have been found in great numbers in rotten straw mattresses, among old cotton garments, and even in waste paper that had been exposed to wet. But the fly crop is derived mainly from the source already mentioned.

Now, so far as stables are concerned, which are accountable for ninety-five per cent of the fly output in cities, the hatching of the insects can be absolutely prevented by the simple device of putting all manure into a covered receptacle, and removing the contents once a week. This receptacle should be a water-tight bin or pit, provided with a cover, so as to prevent the ingress and egress of flies.

The additional methods demanded are the following: Abolish all unsanitary outhouses. Allow no accumulations of filth of any kind. Compel people to put all their garbage in covered cans, and remove the contents at least once a week. Compel owners of abattoirs to keep all refuse

in covered receptacles; and remove such waste at least once a week.

If these simple measures were enforced in any community, the house-fly would soon become a rare species of insect in that locality. All that is needed in order to achieve this end is an adequate system of inspection, especially with regard to stables, and the enforcement of a suitable penalty in cases of failure to obey the ordinance. Nobody could seriously object, inasmuch as not much trouble and no expense worth mentioning would be involved.

As Dr. L. O. Howard, the Government entomologist-in-chief, says: "It is the duty of every individual to guard against flies on his premises. It is the duty of every community, through its board of health, to spend money in warfare against this enemy of mankind. The duty is as clear as if the community were attacked by bands of ravenous wolves. That the typhoid fly—a creature born in filth, and literally swarming with disease germs—should practically be invited to multiply unchecked, even in great centres of population, is nothing less than criminal."

The health authorities of New York City estimate that the anti-fly work, when properly carried out, will reduce the typhoid deaths in the metropolis from 650 to about 360 a year, and diarrheal deaths from 7,000 to about 2,000. This saving of more than 5,000 lives per annum will be accompanied by an additional saving of 50,000 cases of serious sickness.

An objectionable characteristic of the house-fly which has not been mentioned is that it is strongly attracted by any moist sore on the body of a human being or animal. During the civil war there was an appalling mortality on both sides from what was called "hospital gangrene"—a malady now known to owe its distribution mainly to flies. Unfortunately, the germ theory of disease was as yet undeveloped, and medical science knew no means of fighting the dreaded complaint. Nothing is easier than

for a fly to alight upon an erysipelas sore, and carry germs from it to a healthy wound on another person—the usual result in such a case being the development of "traumatic erysipelas," which is an extremely dangerous and frequently fatal disorder.

One fact that ought to be very distinctly understood is that the filth carried by a fly on his legs, though quite sufficient to do plenty of mischief, is inconsiderable in quantity compared with what he conveys from place to place in his intestinal canal, depositing it wherever he happens to alight. So constant is this process of deposition that, as ascertained by careful observation, five minutes rarely elapse without the making, by any individual fly, of at least one dyspeck. If people realized that this was continually going on while flies crawled over their food, they might better appreciate the importance of preventing it.

A painstaking study of the subject by Dr. N. A. Cobb, of the Department of Agriculture, has shown that the number of germs of all kinds passed in this way through the body of the fly, and deposited by preference on our walls, picture-frames, chandeliers, furniture, and, worst of all, food-stuffs, exceeds by at least 1,000 times the number carried on the legs. This fact has been ascertained by actual count. Furthermore, by a curious paradox, the house-fly is, after its own fashion, very cleanly. It is constantly engaged in washing itself, and the filth on its legs it cleans off, as anybody may easily notice, if he will but watch the process, by drawing them through its mouth, thus transferring the virulent germs to its stomach.

Typhoid fever, dysentery, cholera morbus, tuberculosis, Asiatic cholera, and certain infectious eye diseases are among the maladies already known to be distributed by the house-fly. But in all likelihood it carries the germs of a good many other complaints. By occupation a parasite on man, living at his expense, and depending upon him to a great extent

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for protection, this abominable insect returns the obligation by afflicting upon its benefactor suffering and death in a great variety of forms.

It is a remarkably intelligent insect. From birth it seems to be perfectly well aware that man is its enemy, but apparently regards him with contempt as a sluggish and crawling creature of inferior activity and resource. Its sight is very acute, each of its two huge eyes being literally several thousand eyes in one; and for each of these myriad eyes it is provided with a separate lens and retina—though, of course, all of them furnish to the brain of the fly a single image, just as our own two eyes see only one object. In addition, it is able to think and act upon its thought in a small fraction of the time which the smartest man requires to go through the same processes.

The fly's cunning is doubtless a matter of inherited experience. Unlike ourselves, the insect is born wise. It sees not very much of the world during its lifetime, for it rarely travels more than a few rods away from the place where it was originally hatched. The widespread popular notion that it bites on occasions is wholly erroneous. It has no mouth-parts for biting. Occasionally stable flies, of entirely different species, find their way into dwelling-houses and bite people—whence the mistake. Another wrong idea is that it walks on the ceiling by the help of sucking discs attached to its feet—the fact being that each of its six paws is provided with a pair of cushions and two hooks. The cushions are provided with minute hairs, which are kept moist by a secretion,

causing them to adhere to a smooth surface.

Like other insects, the house-fly has enemies, one of which is the familiar household myriapod, commonly known as a "centipede." But the most effective foe of the fly is a peculiar fungus disease. One sometimes sees a specimen of *Musca domestica* fastened to a window-pane by the whitish threads of this fatal fungus. But, in spite of all hostile influences—even cold, which wipes out the great majority in the winter time—a sufficient number of flies, in cool latitudes, always find shelter, mostly in dwelling-houses, to start a fresh generation in the following spring.

It does seem wonderful, when one comes to think of it, that so small and contemptible an insect should be able to do such an immense deal of harm to mankind. But it is much more astonishing that we, now that we have come to understand the dangerous character of this hitherto-despised adversary, should not only permit, but encourage it to breed among us—actually, as it might be said, establishing and maintaining hatcheries, in the shape of stables, for its artificial propagation. Surely, however, this state of affairs cannot much longer continue. Ignorance no longer furnishes an excuse. Action must be taken for the extermination of this insect enemy. In fact, it has already been begun. And there is every reason to believe that eventually the adoption of proper measures, such as those above suggested, will result, in the practical extirpation of the winged peril in our communities and free us from some of the ills that beset us.

"ENTHUSIASM breakfasts on obstacles—lunches on objections—dines on competitors and rests in peaceful slumber on their scattered tail feathers."

A. E. Landon

The Light Side of Finance

By HARRY FURNESS

From the Strand Magazine

THERE are many stories of the lighter side of finance in which love affairs find a place. Perhaps none of these are more peculiar than the story of James Lick, a name famous all over the world through a monument to his memory, the great Lick Observatory, in California. In the financial world the great city of San Francisco is a monument to Lick's luck—he foresaw the possibility of the great city of the Pacific Slope, bought the land on which it now stands, and became a millionaire. Before that time the name of Lick was great in the musical world. Lick's pianos—out of which he made the money which he invested in land—were manufactured by him. But on the poetic side of life—a world apart from such things as piano-making and mud-flats—the great Lick Mill stands as a monument to Lick's love.

In early life James Lick sought the hand of a miller's daughter, but was repelled by the father on the ground that the young suitor did not possess a mill. Many years afterwards, when he had become one of the richest men in the States, he erected a large mill and adorned it like a palace. It was built of mahogany and costly woods, and erected solely as a memorial of his youthful attachment. His only pleasure was to contemplate this palatial mill and to gloat over the man who spurned him for his poverty.

Another eccentricity of his was his bequest of sixty thousand dollars to be devoted to a statute to the composer of "The Star-Spangled Ban-

ner;" I suppose because that national air had, in years past worn out so many pianos he had made his money in manufacturing.

Lick was a generous man, and would have made an excellent husband. Narrow finance of the well-to-do brings more misery to married folk than drink or extravagance. A side-light on the misery caused by meanness actually showed that in the "free" country, quite recently, a wife brought action against her husband for divorce on the ground that excessive economy constitutes legal cruelty.

According to the wife's story, this husband, though born in America, was apparently of Scottish origin, established a strong claim to the diamond belt of meanness. On the twelfth anniversary of the wedding the wife asked for an increase of two dollars on her weekly allowance to supply the table. This so enraged the husband that he forthwith deserted her. The climax in thrift was reached when her husband compelled their son to take long steps to save his shoes. Short-stepping was extravagance, he said, because by increasing his stride the boy could cover just as much ground and save leather also.

The name of Vanderbilt is one of the greatest in the role of financial giants that the world has ever seen. America is justly proud of the family of fortune. The "Commodore," who founded the great house, a man of surpassing power in commerce, must have been, one would imagine, a gentleman with a well-balanced mind

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and, at the height of his success, a man of supreme dignity. Gould is another name to conjure with in finance. The founder of that gigantic fortune, one would think, must have been such another as the founder of the Vanderbilts—dignified, unimaginative, a pillar of the great commercial world. Yet nothing could better illustrate the lighter side of finance than a scene enacted between these two giants, which I will now describe.

One night Vanderbilt and Gould met on most important business in the former's parlor, when both were in the zenith of their fame. In the eyes of the public they were bitter enemies, and matters had to come to a climax. No sooner had the great rivals exchanged courtesies, and started their private conversation on a question in relation to which many millions were at stake, than the Ancient Mariner, the Commodore—Vanderbilt the First—apparently overcome by the excitement of the meeting, suddenly fell down in a faint and rolled off his chair on to the floor, where he lay as if dead. Mr. Gould's anxiety may be more easily imagined than described. It is said "that his first impulse was to rush to the door and summon aid; but he found it locked and no key in it. 'This,' continues an authentic account of the historic scene,* "increased his alarm, and he became greatly agitated. Vanderbilt lay motionless. Once there was a heavy sigh and a half-suffocated breathing, as if it were the last act of respiration." His rival watched the great financier lying in this condition; every minute seemed hours. What could he do, should his rival die? Great Heavens! What a position! It was well known that they were deadly rivals. It was common knowledge that they had publicly denounced each other. Vanderbilt was much the older, the richer, and the greater. Gould had everything to gain by his death. He had sought a private interview, late at night. Now, to find Gould alone in

Vanderbilt's parlor, Vanderbilt dead, and Gould bending over him, would have been one of the most tragic events in the history of commerce. But the trick did not work. Yes, reader, the trick! Vanderbilt the Great was acting the whole time so as to rouse Gould's sympathy and induce him to smooth matters over!

Another striking product of financial America was Daniel Drew, a Wall Street speculator, who at one time (1865) was the richest man in the United States, worth, it is said, thirteen million dollars. Drew began life as a cattle-drover, but with the assistance of a New York butcher, Henry Astor—a brother of the great millionaire, John Jacob Astor—he bought cattle in Ohio and drove them himself over the Alleghany Mountains, each journey occupying two months. In time he opened a cattle-yard in New York, made money, paid Astor back his loan, and in the end became a great power in Wall Street, where he was known as "Uncle Daniel." He never altered his attire, but still dressed in the slovenly clothes of his cattle-droving days. Like Vanderbilt, Drew was absolutely uneducated. He pronounced the word shares "sheers," and Vanderbilt spelt boiler "boylar." Neither man believed in books, keeping all their gigantic accounts in their heads, and Drew's speculations were colossal.

Of his methods of making money the following anecdote will afford an excellent idea.

One evening he entered a club in which were assembled a number of men of the financial world. Old Daniel ran in, as if to look for some important stockbroker, and then ran out again.

"Guess Dan'l has some points," said one.

"He's on the scoop," said a second.

"It would be worth a few million dollars to know what's in Uncle Daniel's head," said a third.

Drew re-entered the room more excited than he left it. Carelessly pulling a large pocket-handkerchief out of his packet to wipe his fevered

*"Twenty-Eight Years in Wall Street," by Henry Clews.

brow, he drew with it a small piece of white paper, which fluttered to the floor, apparently unseen by him. Then he hurriedly departed. A rush was made for the slip of paper, on which was written, in his own handwriting, the following ominous words: "Buy me all the Oshkish stock you can, at any price you can get it, below par."

Here was news indeed! All thought that particular stock was already too high; this accidental discovery clearly showed they were wrong. Some new move was, no doubt, imminent; not a moment was to be lost. All those present joined, and the first thing the following morning purchased thirty thousand shares from a broker whom old Drew had in wait for them, and he scooped in an enormous profit.

In finance, as in any other game, it is the tricks that win the pool.

The word "pool" recalls to my mind another trick of Drew's which ought to be mentioned in connection with what I have been saying, for it reminds me of water. Take the Stock Exchange expression, "watering stock"; what was its origin? It originated in a clever ruse of Daniel Drew, who was, as I have said, originally a drover, and he continued to sell cattle after he had become a speculating king in the financial world. It was his practice to give his cattle salt, so as to create thirst, and to make them drink large quantities of water, which caused them to swell, and appear, on sale day, much bigger and fatter than they really were. This watering of cattle was cute, clever, successful business, and neither more nor less dishonest than "watering stock," which has to be done in the same wily way. Knowledge such as enabled the level-headed Drew to perform both watering feats with success is obviously of more service to students who want to live in this practical age than theories about how water finds its level or what are its chemical constituents.

Wealthy men, if not guilty of trickery, are often abnormally suspicious of tricks. The celebrated author, the

late Charles Reade, was one of this kind. He always imagined he was being robbed, and set traps to catch the thieves. When he became lessee of the old Queen's Theatre he suspected that his ticket office cheated him by letting in the public for anything they should get and keeping the money. So Reade tured up the collar of his overcoat, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and, shuffling up to the box-office as the people were going in, he shoved a half-crown into the box-office keeper's hand, and whispered:—

"It's all right—that's for you—I don't want a ticket. Just pass me through."

The clerk ran out, seized Reade by his coat-collar, and was passing him roughly into the street, when he recognized his "chief."

Reade next suspected the theatre-sweepers. Money and valuables must be lost in the theatre; none, however, were brought to him. So he dropped a five-pound note under one of the seats, and waited.

Presently in came a charwoman with the note, which "somebody must have dropped, as she found it under one of the seats."

Reade gave her the five pounds.

Bribery, blackmail, corruption of all kinds frequently illustrate the light side of finance. There is a story of a young man who, late one cold and wintry night, found the door of his college locked against him. The young man outside argued with the doorkeeper inside, cajoled and entreated, but to no avail. Eventually he slipped half a sovereign under the door and was admitted. It was a financial deal wisely thought out on strict business lines. Once inside, he informed the janitor (falsely) that unfortunately, after taking the half-sovereign out of his purse, he had dropped the purse itself on the doorstep. The attendant went out to secure it, but once on the chilly, wet doorstep, the door was slammed. Then the deal was repeated, for the shivering mercenary was not allowed

into his warm abode until he had slipped the half-sovereign back again.

It may be truly said that the most beneficial financier to the man in the street is the pawnbroker. There are many well-known stories of the way in which the clever rogue outwits them. The following is a true one.

In the East-end of London many pawnbroking establishments have been run by one able financier who, having made a fortune, now sees his sons brought up in the business, follow in his steps, occasionally gives them his advice, and takes a general fatherly interest in some of the larger establishments. The sons are as shrewd as their father.

One day a young man, well dressed, swaggered into their principal establishment and asked for a temporary loan of thirty pounds on a very fine bracelet. He had no sooner left the shop than the old pawnbroker walked in with a list of stolen articles which the police had just issued. The first on the list was, beyond question, the very bracelet upon which the young man had borrowed the money. In a moment both old and young pawnbrokers were in a taxicab on the way to Scotland Yard. In passing round a corner the young man exclaimed to the father, "There he is, in that cab. I have no doubt about that being the fellow I have just given the thirty pounds to."

"Hi, cabby," called the father to their driver, "track that cab down and, when you can, block him in."

The taxi-cab driver did his work

well. Seeing a policeman at a little distance he waited until they came opposite to him and then blocked the way of the hansom. The young man in it was out like a shot, but the policeman was after him, and he was captured, brought back, and charged by the young pawnbroker with having obtained thirty pounds.

"You are quite mistaken. I have never been near your shop."

"I'll risk that," said the old pawnbroker. "Constable, do your duty."

In the hansom with the policeman the culprit was taken to the police-station, the pawnbrokers following in the taxi.

Nex morning the young man who had obtained the money was placed in the dock. The police evidence was given reluctantly, and was to the effect that the prisoner was searched when brought to the station, and no gold was found upon him and no pawn-ticket. The magistrate had no alternative but to dismiss the case.

However, the pawnbrokers, though puzzled, had complied with the law and saved their loss.

"Sharp work, collaring him," said the old father, appreciatively.

"Yes, dad; but I've been thinking we were not sharp enough. What happened in the hansom? Possibly something like this: 'Look here, policeman, I don't want to be lagged for this. Here's thirty golden sovereigns for you. Settle how you like.'"

And probably that was the correct solution too.

STAND by those whom you help till you see them through. Else it were almost better you never touched them. Of fitful and inadequate relief a witty Frenchman has said, that it creates one-half of the misery it relieves, but cannot relieve one-half of the misery it creates.

G. A. Smith.

His Unmitigated Lie

By HUGH KENNEDY

From the Red Book

IF anywhere in "the forest primeval" there still linger the demons of ancient myth, the unhappy sprite bound up in cordwood fuel must have found along the line of the Lake Minnitaki Spur a congenial home. Cordwood was the alpha and omega, likewise the iota and kappa, of the spur. At a main-line camp five winters old it had its birth; at another, whose first season's cut was still green in the pile, it prematurely died.

Half-way down the spur was Five Mile Siding, where might have been the shrine of the demon. An oval of white, intagliated in a vast somber of level jackpine and tamarack and spruce, the little clearing was piled high, as with a votive offering, with cordwood; and ringingly, with blows almost musical in the frosty air, a big, dark bearded teamster, like an officiating flagman, was ministering to the growth of the pile.

Toddling in the trampled area surrounding the wood-sleigh, was a child. A tiny figure, moccasined, fur-capped, and mittened against the February cold, she played as if in covert rebellion against the spirit of the place. Only half-heartedly she added to her little pile of twigs and sticks.

She looked up presently.

"Daddy," she importuned, "tell me: why can't I have one?"

Scarcely pausing in his work, the father looked down on her indulgently.

"A bunny's not an easy thing to catch, lassie," he soothed.

She was not to be put off. The play appetite, too scantily fed in the wilderness, looked hungrily from the upturned eyes.

"Elsie could go to Bunny's house, Daddy, an' coax him. He'd come an' eat out of my hand like my little squirlie used to. Wouldn't he, Daddy?"

The teamster leaned on the stick he had been in the act of lifting.

"No, no, lassie."

The tone of his denial was warmed with compassion for his mateless little one. "Elsie mustna' try to find Bunny. She might find old Gray Wolf instead."

A sound broke in on their talk. In slowly dwindling echoes it pulsed toward the farthest confines of the bush. It was the stop signal of an oncoming locomotive. Once a week, picking up the loaded cars and leaving empty ones, it shrieked and rumbled down the spur, the only reminder for the isolated bushmen of the forsworn, far-distant hubbub of city life.

The father seized on the welcome diversion.

"Hear that, lass? You'll see the big toot-toot in another minute, and the house that goes on wheels. Keep back from the track. There's a good lass."

The little face, wrinkling in disappointment, cleared at the promise of a new diversion.

The engine clacked over the switch-frog. Hissing, panting, half buried in a cloud of its own vapor, it brought its train of cars to a standstill.

A brakeman descended and waved a shunting signal to the engineer.

"Only three flats for you this trip," he growled.

The teamster made no reply. His attention was divided between his restive horses and the figure of a man descending the steps of the caboose. Big, fur-coated, jaunty, self-satisfied, the stranger approached.

"I say, old timer," he boomed, a hint of patronage in his resonant and easy bass, "you don't happen—"

At a nearer glimpse of the bushman's face, he checked himself.

"Duge McCaig!" he roared. "Well, I'll be—e—"

In his amazement, and his haste to grasp the teamster's hand, he neglected further to define his ultimate condition.

Duge's surprise, if less demonstrative, was equally sincere.

"Dave Leashman!" he marvelled, and sprang forward to grasp the extended hand. "Why, man alive, it's twenty years since I saw you last back East!"

The engine, after a parting shove that sent the three flat cars grinding along the side-track, clanked down the line to take water at the tank a half-mile distant. There was time for reminiscence.

Duge was in the bush as a camp teamster; his wife, Elspeth, as the camp cook. A bad season on their prairie homestead had driven them to making up thus the losses of the summer by the labors of the winter. They were no longer young, but were content and full of hope. Chiefly they felt the lack of church and school advantages for their child.

"The little one, hey? Well, well, well! There was no little one in the old days back East, eh, Duge? Time flies, time flies. Is the wee girl coming over to shake hands with Daddy's old friend, and give him a hug and a kiss?"

The little Elsie, sheltering behind her father, received the big stranger's somewhat disconcerting advances, with the grave, shy scrutiny that precedes the giving of childish hearts.

Leashman's account of himself was more dramatic than the bushman's. For ten years he had been on the staff of the provincial police. He was at present giving chase to Jo Trapper.

"What! Not the notorious Trapper?"

"The notorious Trapper, hold-up artist and outlaw, and no other."

"But wasn't he—I can't be mistaken—wasn't he safe in Sandy Hill penitentiary?"

"He was. I put the steel on him myself last May. That was after his big job you recollect, when he held up the Transcontinental Express. He got a life sentence, but he has managed to levant. There's no end to his cunning and his nerve. A man answering his description was reported yesterday from Caspar, ten miles west on the main line. A brakeman put him off an eastbound freight. We figure that he's working towards Minnitaki. His Cree wife lives there, and it's dollars to dumplings he's got a snug sum somewheres on deposit round there. He got ten thousand from the express company on that last job. Anyhow, on chances, I'm on my way to the lake."

The engine, a growing blot against the white of the right-of-way, signaled her return from the water-tank.

"It's this way," the constable hastened to conclude. "There's a thousand dollars on Trapper's head. The man that gives information'll find it worth while." He laid a fur gauntlet hand on the other's shoulder. "You're with me in this?"

With a crash and a rattle the engine coupled to her train.

The Scot was silent. It was not the silence of hesitation, but the deliberation with which he entered on every course where principle was involved.

"With you? Yes, reward or no reward. It's the plain duty of every true man."

"That's right, that's right. Glad you've promised. I'm not a religious man, like yourself, but I know when I'm dealing with one. The word of a McCaig, in the old days, was good as another man's bond."

"It's never been broken yet, thank God."

Already the train was in motion.

"Good-by, little girl," called the officer.

From the caboose steps he waved a final parting.

"See you to-morrow," he megaphoned through vaulted palms, "I'll be down on the hand-car with the trackmen."

The rumbling of the dwindling train died away to a singing that persisted long in the frosty rails.

Duge busied himself again with his load; but his thoughts were of the hunted outlaw and his crimes. Exploit after exploit—all bold, original, successful, baffling—had thrown a glamor over the man's name that even Duge, hater of all iniquity, could not but acknowledge.

The sleigh empty at last, he donned his mackinaw and took the child up beside him. Musing, he re-entered the bush. Surely the outlaw must soon be captured. The snow would hold his trail for days. He dare not sleep in the bitter cold of the open. No more dare he trust himself behind habited walls. The bush abounded with game; but the man must be without weapons—was himself a hunted thing. He must soon be starved into pulling some latch-string that would stiffen behind him to a bar of iron.

The sleigh runners purred over the bush road. The little Elsie, awed by her father's moody abstraction, was silent for a time. Suddenly, however, her little blue-mittened hands were clasped in ecstasy.

"O-o Daddy!" she shrilled delightfully. "The pretty bunny! Lo-ok! Daddy."

"Yes, yes, child"—the irritation of his broken reverie gave curtness to the father's reply—"there's no end of rabbits hereabouts. G'lang!" he urged his lagging team.

Then, softening before the trembling lip:

"There's the bunny's path. See, lassie?"

He pointed with his whipstock to the deep tracked rabbit-run.

"The path to Bunny's house, Daddy?"

"Yes, child," he answered, absently.

He drew aside to let Tim Kerrigan go by with his steaming horses and creaking high-piled load.

The breezy Tim was on foot behind his sleigh.

"Hello, Squirrelie Girlie," he shouted; "bin out to see the Cordwood Limited?"

His merry greeting drew from the child the answering smile of established friendship.

"Daddy," she coaxed, "c'n I go back wif Tim?"

The impulsive Tim did not wait for the father's assent. He took the little bundled figure in his arms.

"Sure, ye can that, girlie mine. It's me that's needin' the foine company like yoursilf."

"Go right in to your mother," Duge threw after the child, warningly, "as soon as you get back to camp."

His last load for the day had been hauled. Behind his released team, he was trudging past the camp toward the stables when his wife's voice hailed him. It was a plainly indignant voice.

"Dugald McCaig," it upbraided him with the courage of righteous indignation, "whatever do you mean by keeping the child out to this hour? Do you want her to catch her death o' cold?"

Her husband had reached the band of light that streamed past the woman's figure framed in the doorway. She saw he was alone. The hard accents of vexation gave way to the thick, convulsive utterance of panic fear.

"Where is she?"

"The child?" The absorbed Duge took a moment on it. "The child? She must be with Tim," he commenced assuringly. Then a sickening doubt clutched him. "Aint she?" he burst out helplessly.

"Aint she, aint she?" mocked the mother, in a passion of reproach.

"Hear the man!" Her voice thinned to a wail: My child! My little lamb!" The wail mounted to a shriek: "Lost! Frozen! Devoured!" Her figure straightened; her eyes blazed. With steadied voice she flung the words like a club at her husband's face: "Tim's been in camp this hour. She left him to go back to you."

"A grating sob rose in the man's throat. Horror, self-denunciation, agonized prayer, the heart-wrung pang of fatherhood bereaved—all found a strangled utterance in that wordless nature-cry.

He heard no more of the woman's renewed moaning. He saw nothing of the roused bushmen tumbling from the shanty like disturbed bees from a hive. Only the lantern in the hand of a man rushing up from the stable caught his eye. Scarcely conscious of his action, he snatched the light. Without a word he bounded up the trail toward the siding.

His moccasined feet padded steadily up the track. His lungs burned with the stinging impact of the frosty air.

He had no plan. His brain was too numb for thought. A blind impulse hurried his feet to the place where he had last seen the child.

Haste, haste, haste! That was the thing—the only thing. It might not yet be too late. The little one was closely wrapped; she might still be safe. The icicles weighting his beard, his breath congealing on his lips, the sharp report from some bursting tree top—all mocked his faint hope with their cruel evidence of the frost fiend's power. His wife's frantic wail still rang in his ears. Blighting the truth of it came home to him. First fatigue, then the frost, then the prowling lynx or fox. He sickened as he ran.

"Oh, my bairnie!" he moaned. "Why did you leave me! Why did you go to Tim? My heart was forbidding you to go. Why, why—?"

His thudding feet repeated it:—"Why—why—why—why—?"

In all the solemn, voiceless woods was no answer to his agony.

A snatch of her childish prattle came vividly to his mind: "Elsie would go to Bunny's house, Daddy."

He himself had sent her to her death! She had gone down one of the thousand rabbit-runs—down, possibly, the one he had so absently pointed out to her. She had gone looking for a pet, for something to fill the gap her father's cold aloofness had itself created.

His lungs were stinging, prickled by a thousand merciless needles. The taste of blood was in his throat. Yet even faster he urged his numbing limbs. The rabbit-run, the rabbit-run—once there he would be on her trail. a second gained might avert death, or—

It was here—here near the out-standing hemlock. He recognized the path among the net-work of similar tracks. He peered at the snow, stooping keenly over his lantern. Yes, it was here, the mark of the tiny moccasin. With mute pathos, it pointed toward the lowering gloom of the thicker bush. Here she had turned aside to clear a snowbound branch. There on the snow she had fallen, showing the mark of her little length. The print of the childish hands seemed piteously outstretched for help.

Into the thickness of the wood the father plunged. His eye missed not a sign on the tell-tale snow; but the quick of his consciousness was all for the barren anguish of his heart.

He came upon a place where the wavering steps had halted. The original rabbit-track had long been lost. Back on themselves the steps had doubled, then zigzagged, then aimlessly struck off. The marks of the downfalls became more frequent; the little legs were wearying of their hopeless task. Here she had sat; again she had made off in a new direction. The yellow lantern-light ahead was broken by a spot of blue. The man dashed for it, as for a sign. It was a little woolen mit, now stiff and icy with its owner's frozen tears. Blinded, the father stumbled on.

The resting places grew more frequent. The maze of doubling tracks

unwound perplexingly. The end was close.

At the next halting place the snow was strangely trampled. With low-held lantern the searcher peered. The child had circled—fallen. Was that—? Yes, a man's footprint! From the puzzling bed of trampled marks it struck off in clean, unswerving strides—alone. The child was saved! Some bushman had heard her cries and had carried her home. Even now, no doubt, she lay in her mother's arms.

A dozen paces down the trail Duge halted. A subtle sense was stirred within him, a sense of some alien presence. Whose was this track? What bushman wore boots—he peered again—yes, worn boots, too, instead of moccasins or shoe-packs? Why had the man taken a direction opposite to that of the child's well known home? The tracks must turn; the man had not yet got his bearings.

But they did not turn. They kept on, on into the thickest of the bush, where never an axe had yet been laid to tree. Farther on they were crossed by other tracks, similar but not so recent. Mysterious. On a rabbit-run, its neck encircled by a tight-drawn snare, a hare lay frozen stiff.

In one blighting flash Duge knew: Jo Trapper! Here the bandit had lurked through the day. To trap hares was his method of supporting life. All the revived hopes of the father died in him. The hunted man knew no degrees in crime: he who held gold at a higher price than human life was capable of any crime.

A sudden blood-lust swept every soft emotion from the heart of Duge McCaig. The striking muscles behind his great shoulders clutched convulsively. He wanted no weapon; his iron hands were enough. The built-up restraints of centuries of precept fell from him. In every tingling vein there welled the blood of fierce ancient clans that had never known sleep while yet there remained unavenged on the loathed Sassenach raider a single ravished hearth.

Close to the ground, like a blood-hound hot on the scent, Duge rushed down the outlaw's trail. It threaded, for a time, the thickest growths; towards a long deserted trapper's cabin, past it, undeviating. Down, finally, it dropped towards the swamp-fed stream that still ran free in defiance of the winter's frost. Along this stream, with all a practised woodman's craft, the fugitive had passed.

In this direction Duge knew he must soon reach the railroad, at the point where it trestled across the stream. There, it flashed on him, would come the end of his pursuit. He hid his lantern beneath his coat; he needed it no more on the trail and his quarry must have no warning of his approach. He recalled the water-tank by the end of the trestle, beneath which was a fire fed daily by the trackmen from Minnitaki. There, he decided, skulked his quarry.

He found himself at last, his teeth set like the jaws of a sprung trap, on the oil stained, steel bordered snow strip of the railway. A gem-studded river of white between dark walls of spruce, the right-of-way streamed off toward Minnitaki. The never stilled sighing of the woods was frozen to its faintest whisper. Only, above the tree tops, the idle wheel of the pump windmill caught a vagrant breeze and swayed with a ghostly creaking. Blurred, obscure, like a shadowy tower projected from a castle's gloomy mass, the watertank took rounded form against the dark bulk of the woods. The pendant ice of its high-hung spout caught a gleam of light from a streamer in the northern sky. All else was dark, save where the two-paned window near the ground gave out a flickering glow from the light of the fire within.

Stealthily Duge opened the unlocked door. The light from the glowing coals of a stove met him squarely in the eyes and threw all the rest of the place into dense shadows. Crouching, ready for the spring, his right hand clutching the air as if it already felt the victim's throat, he un-

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covered his lantern. His eyes glared down its rays. His body went rigid. He stared long, unwinking.

On a discarded car-door, the only bed the place afforded, relaxed in sleep, a great figure huddled. The shoulders were coatless. The ropy throat was bare.

But Duge McCaig did not spring. His knees loosened; he sank to the ground. The lantern slipped from his fingers. His head fell into his circled arms. Prone on the floor, he melted into helpless sobs.

It was not the figure of the outlaw that arrested the spring. Snuggled in the coat of the gaunt frame so evidently needed for itself, her head pillowed in the crook of an outflung arm, one, little bare hand lost in a great sinewy one, her face, tear-grinned, but ruddily peaceful, showing above the coat's lapel, little Elsie slept.

"Who's there?" demanded a voice, alarmed, threatening. More controlled, it came again. "What's the row, stranger?"

Duge braced himself. His life-long habit of stifling emotional display helped him now to a measure of steadiness.

"The little one," he faltered; "you've saved her."

"Oh, the kid?"

The man was visibly more at ease.

"She yours, partner? I heard her hollerin'. Lucky I did—got to her just in time. Don't wake the little beggar; she must be clean tuckered. She sure had a hard time of it. Scared? Lord, I don't blame her! I've got a way, though, with kids an' she come 'round. She's a game sport, all right. How'd she get lost, old-timer?"

Unheeding the question, Duge, gazed at the chubby face and stretched his hand to the other.

"Shake?" divined the outlaw. "Sure thing."

He winced at the mighty grip that closed upon his hand.

"I wasn't headin' exactly this direction, partner, but I couldn't see the kid snuff out. She had to be got to a

fire—an' here we are. Look up her folks, thinks I, come morning." With less assurance, rather lamely, he reiterated: "An' here we are."

His thought had a sudden disquieting turn:

"How'd ye find me?"

"Tracked you."

Duge had himself in hand again. "Say, friend," he added, "you must be hungry, and needing a rest. Come home with me. I've only a shanty, but what I've got is yours."

The stranger grinned. "I'm all right, partner; don't you worry about me. Say," he announced, with sudden decision, "I better be hikin'. The kid don't need me no more, an' I'm a day behind schedule now. My old woman'll be sendin' out search-parties fer me if I don't get a move on."

He waved aside Duge's staying hand and turned to the sleeping child. "Sorry, little woman," he apologized, with awkward tenderness, as the child's fretful murmur protested against disturbance, "but the old man'll have to have the coat fer himself now. She'll go to her Daddy, eh?"

The child did not awaken. Duge cuddled her beneath his coat. He strained her to his breast with all the wordless passion of his slow-moving, deep-channeled nature. In that single moment of fatherhood supremely asserted, the hard crust of over-stern precept was melted from his soul like cavern ice laid open at last to the sun's mellowing ray.

His arms half way in the sleeves of his coat, the outlaw suddenly stiffened.

"Hist!" he warned. "What's that?"

He shot his arms home into their sleeves and dropped with a listening ear to the ground.

A purring sound took gentle possession of the resonant wooden walls and murmured in the pipes that fed the tank overhead.

"Train comin'!" the stranger marveled. He sprang to his feet. "Naw; train—nit! There ain't an engine on the spur. It's a handcar. Leashman!" he scoffed. "Leashman on a handcar!

"The idiot, to think he could get me with a game like that. He might as well be blowin' a trumpet. He's a mile away right now."

He turned fiercely to Duge. "Here, you!" he barked. "I got to make my get-away. Savve? You know me—I can see it in your eye. There's money in it for you, if you've a mind. What're ye goin' to do—throw me done? Gimme a start. Gimme five minutes. Then ye can—" With one hand Duge pushed him toward the door. "Be off, man," he urged. "Be at my shanty in an hour—the one next to the camp yonder," he waved his free hand. "The latch'll be always on the string for you. I'll hide you somewhere. Go, now, go!"

The sound of the wheels on the frosty rails had ceased.

"H'mph!" commented the fugitive, coolly. "Stalkin' up on foot, eh? No, partner, don't you go lookin' fer no onhealthy trouble. So long as the broom wire holds out an' the rabbits is runnin' good, I'll play a lone hand till I keep a date with my old woman. Be good to yourself—an' the kid—God bless her!"

He was off, balancing deftly on the rail, to leave no tell-tale marks on the snow. An instant he topped the grade, then his body was swallowed in the darkness of the woods beyond.

Duge McCaig clasped his treasure

tightly and turned to recover his lantern from the tank chamber.

"Hands up!" boomed a voice from the shadow opposite. A fur-coated figure drew out from the trees. Three other shadowy forms stole up the track. Ahead of each was the glimmer of leveled steel. All four closed in.

"Don't shoot. It's me, Duge McCaig. You know me, Dave. Don't shoot."

The wondering four came close.

"Well—I'll—be—!"

The big officer was a huge interrogation point.

"What brings you here at this time of night?"

"The child," replied Duge quietly. "She got lost in the bush. I tracked her. The fire here saved her."

"Lucky, my boy, to get her in time. The baby I'm looking for aint so easy to track. Thought we might surprise him warming up in the tank here. Ain't seen anything of him, have you, Duge?"

"Not a sign."

Faintly there came from the distant woods the sharp cracking of a bough.

"What's that?" demanded Leashman, sharply.

"Frost," said Duge, laconically. He drew his coat about the child with studied solicitude. "It's a keen night, a keen night."

GET THE SUCCESS HABIT EARLY. — Every way becomes easier with traveling in it; and the last stages are pleasantly run by him who accomplishes well the first. When near success we are encouraged by its sight, and little effort is required of one about to reach the goal. A man never feels tired when on the point of succeeding.—*Austin Bierbower.*

Summer "Boreding": A Lament

By GRACE GRAHAM

From Putnam's Monthly

"WHEN sparrows build and the leaves break forth, my old sorrow wakes and cries," and I know that I have once more to go out into this weary, beautiful, expensive world, and find a place wherein to spend the months that nature and New York have made intolerable in town.

I have not yet decided whether the acquisition of an ill-kept room in a modern-convenienceless house, with unfamiliar food, and the unstinted society of a lot of unfamiliar and undesired people, is an adequate exchange for a comfortable New York flat, an Irish servant to wrestle with, and one's own chops and steaks and gas bill to attend to. To be sure, one has the fresh air and green fields of the country, instead of hot pavements and trolley cars; but there are also mosquitoes, poison-ivy and boarders to reckon with; and when it's hot in New York one can take a bath, and when it's hot in the inexpensive country one can't, for there the old oaken bucket is all the plumbing, and the well usually runs lowest just when the mercury climbs highest.

If you are a person of liberal means there are gorgeous hotels gaping to receive you; and when one knows the remuneration accepted at these luxurious establishments, wonder ceases that foreigners think all Americans rich. But, alas! there are so many of us unknown to history and to foreigners who have to live on modest incomes, the unclassed fifth not rich

enough for the haughty foreigner's notice, nor poor enough for the charitable native's—suspended between the gilt-edged hotel and the fresh-air fund; the kind that is told to lead the simple life that is impossible without a suitable income, and whom Mr. Roosevelt advises to increase and multiply, forgetting that the matrimonial multiplication-table is not a monetary system; for while in human beings one and one makes anything from three to thirteen or more, plain figures will not "prove" if submitted to the same test. This class of people has to live somehow, and its children need fresh air even as the little Fifth and First Avenues; and for them the ubiquitous boarding-house pervades the land.

Having been convinced against my will I am of the same opinion still, and obstinately set out every spring to hunt for a "cottage of my own" within reach of New York and my income, only to find that all the cottages near New York are financially impossible and that the lovely "homes in the heart of the country," abandoned farms, etc., are so hopelessly in the heart of the country that they make up in carriage hire what they lack in rent and conveniences. So, abandoning hope as well as the farms, I return again to the inevitable boarding-house, which stands ready to receive all and sundry into its gregarious bosom, bedrooms swept and dusted "for the season," rocking-chairs in a row on the piazza, and proprietress with the customary

request for a prompt decision, so many are the victims eagerly waiting to be enmeshed.

When I have finally engaged board for the summer, I always look at every one I pass in the street with renewed interest. How can I tell which of the women may be embracing her husband and spanking her child in my company for weeks? or which of the men I may meet when in dressing-gown and slippers, soap and sponges clasped to our bosoms and hair and eyes still full of sleep, we scramble for the bathroom—if there is one? The brotherhood of man is about to begin for me, and I only wish I could select my own family, and that it were not so large. Even the ties of blood do not always compensate for relationship, and without those ties it is apt to be wearisome. The two matrimonial bears should be let loose in every boarding-house, which their constant company would often keep from becoming a "boreding"-house indeed.

Believing that there is safety in numbers, I engaged rooms one summer in a house where a large party was always accommodated. Convinced that familiarity breeds contempt when it is accidental and not chosen familiarity, I determined to be pleasant and polite to my fellow-prisoners while intimate with none, thus making it possible to spend my time in my own way, and only be a communal slave at meal-time. After a few successful days I thought myself safe, and was on the piazza one day, almost alone, a useful and excuseful book on my lap, feeling delightfully lazy, and busy with the house opposite. I had rebuilt the porch, thrown two dormer windows in the roof, and was busy painting it just the right shade of yellow with white trim and dark green shutters. A handsome colonial house now stood in the place of an ugly reddish-brown one, and all it needed was a honeysuckle climbing over the porch when—a high-pitched voice threw all my work to the winds. "Well, I just must speak to her. Poor little woman, she looks too

lonely for anything; she don't seem to know any one, and can't be having a good time." And thereupon a kind woman, the sort that loves to have a good time every minute of the day, and wants every one else to have it with her, sailed up to me—and spoiled my plans for the summer! I could not be angry with her misplaced friendliness; for how can such a person be expected to understand that solitude is a cherished possession, that a good book is oftentimes companionship enough, and that boarding-house banalities are not conversation? She shines according to her lights, and the only pity is that the illuminations are not better assorted.

The ice once broken, I found myself committed to a pretty warm summer. That same afternoon while writing in the deserted parlor I overheard a now familiar voice saying: "I spoke to Mrs.— to-day. I was determined to." "Did you find her pleasant? what age do you suppose she is?" The deaf old lady's room is downstairs and the answer came clear and sharp: "I should take her for a fairly young woman. She hasn't much to say for herself." "Do you suppose her hair's all her own?" "Well, I can't say; I guess not, there's so much of it; but her complexion 's quite good."

I fled before I learned that that was n't mine either; I was going to spend several weeks more with those women, and didn't want to hear their idea of the truth.

By this time I had become common property and was obliged to manoeuvre to get a moment to myself outside of my bedroom. I learned exactly at what hours to avoid running the gauntlet of the piazza, and when to slink out by the dining-room. Sherlock Holmes might have engaged me for my wariness, or Prince Florizel of Bohemia for my adroitness. I had suddenly become the possessor of so many close friends that I ran the risk of being plunged into a social vortex that would have swallowed up every precious moment. Making a dark mystery of my flittings, I at last found

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a secluded spot which I shared with the mosquitoes for the rest of the summer. To be sure, I was well bitten, but they only bit me externally, and a vigorous slap would dislodge them dead or wounded. One must not slap one's fellow-boarders; and the Sixth Commandment is still legally observed in the Eastern States.

Three times a day for seven days a week did we bore each other over the festive board, and never before had I such opportunities for intimacy. Even my husband lunches out six days a week, and my dearest friend doesn't come to dinner every day. One evening I was trying to read "The Wings of a Dove"—a foolish thing to do in a boarding house, for every one knows it needs time, solitude and much concentration to read one of Mr. James's later novels. I was getting along beautifully, and was even beginning to understand it, when "a gentle voice was heard to say,"

"Is that a Scotch view?"

Our eyes met on a chromo of a blue lake, backed by purple mountains, a foreground of yellow sand, crimson trees and a peasant reflected in its imitation oil-paint waters. "Yes," said I, diving from Scotland back to Bayswater where the Dove still hovered on waiting wings. "My grandmother was a Scotchwoman," pursued the gentle voice (I was getting a little fidgety, but tried to look as if I cared). "She was very proud of being a Scotchwoman; she was a Campbell" (I might have known they were coming), "and was very proud of it" (there are thousands more of them). "An ancestor of hers fought at Culloden" (they all did—and O for the Wings of a Dove). "My grandmother always said she was so strong because she was a Scotchwoman; she said they led such healthy lives and eat such wholesome food when she was a child" (oatmeal, of course!). "We have a picture of my grandmother holding a cat; the cat was called 'Scratch.' I think 'Scratch' is such a nice name for a cat, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, feeling catty and scratchy and none of the Dove left in

me.—a stranger's cat, Campbells and grandmother being scant compensation for the breaking up of Henry James's long, beautifully wonderful, parenthetically complicated sentences.

After one summer of this sort of "boreding," I determined to try another kind; so when next the sparrows built, I chose a farm-house where my family were the only boarders. It was owned by a refined woman who knew little of farming and less of housekeeping. She "did her own work" and had a semi-relative to assist her. The semi-relative wasn't as nice as she was, but had to take her meals with us, and took them while we waited to be waited on. Abstract democracy is a beautiful thing; practical democracy brings discomfort. No sensible person despises a girl for trying to earn her living by waiting on table, but it is a little wearing to have to pay the board bill and do one's waiting also. This farm, in the absence of other "boreders," was quite homelike—so homelike, in fact, that the daughter of the house didn't scruple to do just as she would have done when alone. She had no musical talent, but she practised five hours daily. I made no complaint and left in the odor of sanctity, trailing a good reputation behind me; and my worthy hostess would have been much surprised had I offered to pay her for the lesson in patience and forbearance that was not in the bill, and that she was all unconscious of having supplied.

Another farm I found, where the people were all kindness, and only wanted one family at a time, they said; where mosquitoes are unknown, but poison-ivy does their work. With experienced eye I noted the old-fashioned piano in the wide hall and was pleased to find that no one played it. After a few weeks' bliss, I saw one day, a bedroom being prepared for occupation. My heart sank; and fell right down when I heard that two new boarders were to arrive next day. Two ladies came, "boarders—or boreders?" I mused, looking them over and through and through. In the

morning after breakfast my chair—mine by right of three weeks' occupation—had been dragged to the other end of the piazza and was now a fancy-work emporium; while shortly after a noise as of a thousand tin kettles and cats burst on my ear. The old piano, that venerable heirloom (I forgot to say that the house was 140 years old), had been awaked, and in company with the voice of the young lady who had no voice, was shrieking out coon-songs, rag-time and all the current horrors. Saturday night brought "Popper" and a "Young Feller," evidently the affianced "feller" of the disturber of the peace. The camel had got his head in the tent! Sunday morning they appropriated most of the piazza. "Popper's" cigar and "Mommer's" perfume pervaded the air, the Young Feller reclined in the hammock, and the Disturber fed him with candy while balancing herself on the edge. Perhaps I am a disagreeable, crusty, unsocial creature, but I did not join the family party, though I had known some of them for three whole days..

I wonder if the boarding-house is not responsible for much of the nervousness among women. It is sometimes said to be a rest from the cares of housekeeping, but to some natures the ordering of the daily chops and steaks, and the wrestling with a foreign domestic is child's play compared with the strain of feeding in company with a lot of strangers three times a day, listening to the clatter of dishes, and being expected to take part in the clatter of tongues while some other woman's child pours soup or oatmeal into one's lap, and the greedy and ubiquitous fly seizes the very food before it can reach one's lips. Nothing but the duty of taking one's children to the country makes it endurable; and the children, like the little savages that most of them are at heart, revel in the freedom they gain from parents' anxiety to avoid a family "row" in public. There is chicken for dinner, and Willie Jones remarks, "Jane killed that chicken,

and when she cut its head off it hopped round ever so long."

Various degrees of disapproval and disgust steal over the boarders' faces, and Willie's mother adroitly tries to change the conversation, but is defeated by Cissie Brown's shrill voice:

"Yes, the horrid old hen, she never would lay an egg when she was alive, and when they cut her open there was one inside of her."

Cissie's mother tries to smother her with the table napkin, while Nellie takes advantage of the confusion to smuggle several cookies into her pocket, and little Johnnie takes three times as much sugar as he is allowed to have at home.

And the greeting of the husband and father at the end of the week becomes almost a vulgar exhibition when the family embraces are being duplicated and triplicated all over the front yard, until the boarding-house resembles a free-love community with the immorality left out.

After a few weeks of this unsought intimacy one begins to sympathize with the Englishman who let another man go about with his coat-tails on fire because it was none of his business to interfere. Though we would die rather than admit it in England, they do things better over there. Who that has lived in lodgings in England will deny their superiority to the boarding-house? The rooms are rented "with cooking and attendance." The lodger buys her own food and the landlady cooks and serves it, in her private apartments; the bedrooms are kept in order by the landlady, and if there is no bathroom, baths are supplied in the bedrooms; and boots are cleaned. In America, on the contrary, ladies who are not rich have to clean their own boots, and the question of baths is politely but firmly ignored. Unless one gets into a house where "hot and cold" is "laid on," and bathing is no trouble, one is not expected to bathe in America, and hot water is regarded as a luxury. In England, luxurious bathrooms being fewer, one is expected to take a bath no

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matter how troublesome; and poor indeed must be the house where hot water is not brought to one's room twice daily. There is something, after all, in taking civilization slowly; it assimilates better. There are fewer glittering conveniences but infinitely more solid comfort, to which the English love of method, neatness and order contributes greatly. Even in lodgings one is waited on by a neat white-capped and aproned maid, while the foreign-born American domestic, who is not above taking the liberal sum offered for her service, shows her scorn of service in her slovenly garb and general incompetence.

Of course, I do not mean to imply that all lodgings are good and comfortable, and all boarding-houses bad and uncomfortable; there are good and bad of both, but personally I prefer to enjoy my comforts and discomforts in private. Misery doesn't al-

ways love company, and the world's "Ha, ha," every time one laughs, becomes a mere monotonous echo, when it isn't one's own world.

That boarding-houses might be a great deal worse, I know; also, that thousands of people would be glad of a chance to spend the summer even in the worst of them. But I have never been able to extract any personal comfort from the contemplation of the misfortunes of others; and so I hope that some day, when we are older and wiser, we shall see the unwisdom of sharing our family lives with so many others for months at a time, and that those of us who are guilty of the crime of genteel poverty will be able to expiate our offence in a less public and unrefined manner, and that we may be able to lodge instead of being bored throughout the summer.

THE dignity of work.—There is no discredit, but honor, in every right walk of industry, whether it be in tilling the ground, making tools, weaving fabrics, or selling the products behind a counter. An American president, when asked what was his coat of arms, remembering that he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, replied: "A pair of shirt sleeves." A French doctor once taunted Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Flechier replied: "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles."

Samuel Smiles

The Protector of Kings

By ANON

From Lady's Realm

IN AN inconspicuous corner of the Parisian papers the following notice appeared a few days ago:

M. Xavier Paoli, the "Protector of Kings," is about to retire from public life, and, with a clean conscience, enjoy the blessings of a well-deserved rest.

Unimportant as this intelligence may appear to the ordinary man, it will nevertheless be read with feelings of sincere regret by crowned heads and chiefs of state throughout the world, and will cause something of a flutter of apprehension within their inmost souls. "Paoli is gone," they will say; "who will henceforth protect us when we go to France? Who will be the first to greet us, the last to bid us farewell? Who will attend us in our walks abroad and watch over us when we sleep? In whom can we put our trust as we did in Paoli?"

For upwards of thirty years no sovereign has set foot on the hospitable shores of France without being commended to M. Paoli's especial care. On their arrival they never failed to find the dapper little "commissaire special," courteous and self-possessed, but keen and alert withal, waiting to receive them. "My dear Monsieur Paoli," said the King of the Belgians to him one day, "you are the protector of sovereigns." And King Leopold's happy phrase hit the nail on the head. M. Paoli has ever since been known as *le protecteur des souverains*.

The list of crowned heads confided to the care of this indefatigable little

man is indeed an imposing one. He reckons among his *protéges*, past and present, all the rulers of Europe and their royal guests.

I do not suppose that there is a single frontier station in France which M. Paoli does not know thoroughly, or where a royal or imperial train has not pulled up merely to take on or set down the amiable little special commissary. And his functions are by no means a sinecure. They demand boundless tact and incessant vigilance, but vigilance which, while it is severe, must be discreet, and not importune or hamper the august object of it. Many times has M. Paoli had to travel from end to end of France without respite, his eye and ear incessantly on the alert. In one and the same week he has had to accompany the King of Greece from Aix-les-Bains to Calais, then rush off to meet King Alfonso on the Spanish frontier, and escort him to the German frontier whence he has had to speed away to Jeumont, on the Belgian frontier, and take King Leopold the whole length of France to Cap Ferrat, in the Alpes Maritimes!

In all those years never did so much as a single untoward incident mar the happy relations of the protector and his *protéges*. Well might King Edward—then Prince of Wales—exclaim, when the youth Sipido attempted to kill him at the Gare du Nord at Brussels: "If Paoli had been here, that youngster would have been arrested before he could even have fired a single shot!"

THE PROTECTOR OF KINGS

Not every sovereign, however, seems to have reposed such vast confidence in Paoli's omniscient watchfulness; at any rate, not at the outset. Take, for instance, the amusing meeting between his Siamese Majesty, Chulalongkorn, and Paoli, in 1896. The Asiatic monarch had paid official visits to Russia, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, and was on his way to be the guest of the Republic. At the Franco-Belgian frontier the royal train stopped to take up M. Paoli, who was presented to his Majesty by the Siamese Minister at Paris.

Chulalongkorn surveyed the little man in a frock coat and tall hat with undisguised amazement. "Is it you, Monsieur, who are to guard my person?" "I shall have that honor, Sire." "But where are your arms?" The Siamese Minister intervened at this awkward juncture, and endeavored to explain to his Majesty that M. Paoli did not go about armed to the teeth, but that his august person was none the less in safe keeping. A week later, when Chulalongkorn was bidding M. Paoli farewell, he presented him with the Cross of the Crown, a magnificent souvenir, and his hearty congratulations!

M. Paoli, whose memoirs will appear shortly, is a walking library of souvenirs and reminiscences. There is probably no man who knows more about the personal characteristics and habits of crowned heads than he.

Queen Victoria was especially fond of the amiable and courteous special commissary, and when she created the Victorian Order the first patent was made out in M. Paoli's name, and the Queen sent it to him personally, with a gracious autograph letter, instead of forwarding it through the usual diplomatic channels. M. Paoli has also a splendid loving cup and numerous other souvenirs from her Majesty. I fancy that it is Queen Victoria's memory that is most precious in his treasured up in his heart. I noticed in his dining-room a whole series of water-colors commemorating incidents of the Queen's visits to the Riviera. One shows her Majesty giving cloth-

ing to a poor woman she met on one of her daily drives; another, a French regiment standing at salute while she drives by with a bow; yet another, a beggar in a little cart drawn by four dogs in full career, keeping ahead of the royal carriage, much to Queen Victoria's amusement.

It was at Nice, in 1885, when the King of Wurtemberg was making a somewhat prolonged stay on the Riviera, that M. Paoli came to be the devoted guardian of Queen Victoria. M. Paoli was attached to the King's person as "commissaire special," and in this capacity he showed such devotion, such vigilance and withal such tact that the Queen of England specially requested the French Government to allow him to perform a similar mission about her person. Other august personages were equally anxious for the same privilege, and thus it came about that, in 1887, the indefatigable little man was guarding three of them at one and the same time: Queen Victoria at Cimiez; the Hereditary Grand Duke Nicholas at Cap d'Ail, and the King of Sweden at Cannes. He was quite equal to the emergency, which would have caused, in most men, a nervous breakdown.

Paoli comes of old Corsican stock. His great-grandfather was an historical personage and figures in English history, which fact doubtless accounts in some measure for his descendant's attachment to Queen Victoria and King Edward.

The anecdotes which M. Paoli has gathered in the course of his long career are, of course, legion. Here is one of the ex-Empress Eugenie. A few years ago at Cap Martin the ex-Empress, who has always held M. Paoli in special favor, invited him to dinner. At table he found himself seated at his Imperial hostess's left hand, and smilingly remarked that he was running the risk of incurring the wrath of the Republican powers that be.

"Does your Majesty think that there are many functionaries of the Republic who would have ventured to accept your invitation?" he asked.

"Do you think, M. Paoli," retorted the ex-empress with ready wit, "that there are many functionaries to whom I should have addressed such an invitation?"

The late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who fell by the knife of the anarchist Luccheni, took a great fancy to the amiable little commissary, who watched over her at each of her visits to France during a period of five years. By a strange coincidence—was it a presentiment?—the ill-fated Empress was speaking of M. Paoli almost at the moment of assassination. If M. Paoli had then been by her side the Empress would probably be alive now.

"On September 10, 1898," said M. Paoli to me, "on returning to Paris from one of my missions, I read in the evening papers the awful intelligence. Judge of my horror! I determined to start immediately for Geneva. As I was packing, the postman brought me a registered letter from Barker, the Empress Elizabeth's devoted reader. In it her Majesty expressed her desire to have me about her person, if my duties permitted it. Her Majesty added that she would arrive in Nice on December 1, so that, if I could not join her at Caux, near Geneva, where she was then residing, she hoped to see me at the Hotel Regina, at Nice.

"The next day I reached Geneva, Princess Sztaray, the Empress's lady-in-waiting, said to me: 'M. Paoli, her Majesty's last thought was addressed to you. As we were going from the Hotel Beaurivage to the landing-stage of the Quai de Mont Blanc, the Empress remarked to me: 'That good Paoli has received Barker's letter, I hope. How delighted he will be! I should be so pleased to see him here; but at all events we shall meet in Nice.' These were almost the last words that her Majesty spoke. A few moments later, Luccheni had plunged his murderous knife into her heart.'"

Among the thirty autograph portraits adorning M. Paoli's walls, none is the object of greater veneration than that of the ill-fated Empress—nor is any keepsake more jealously guarded than a beautiful hunting-knife which belonged to her and which one of the Austrian Archdukes gave to M. Paoli in memory of her.

I have said enough to show what a wonderful old man M. Paoli is. To look at him you would say he was barely sixty, yet he has long left behind him the Psalmist's three-score years and ten. In spite of a more than ordinarily anxious responsibility he is as vigorous as many young men. He keeps a pedometer in his pocket, and is discontented when he has not covered his twenty kilometers (12½ miles) before going to bed.



When a man has climbed to the top of the ladder called Success it keeps him so busy hanging on that he hasn't time to enjoy the scenery.



The Revolt of Jepson

By ELIZABETH L. HASKELL

From Harper's Bazaar

THE Jepsons had finished their evening meal and Mr. Jepson, paper in hand, was comfortably seated in his armchair toasting his slippered feet before the crackling fire.

He did not look, however, as a domesticated and thoroughly contented young husband should look. There was a troubled frown on his brow, a discontented droop to the corners of his mouth, and his eyes, instead of settling with satisfied precision upon his evening paper, wandered, expressive of disturbance, about the room.

There were no fresh flowers in the vases; the piano was closed; it made him think of a sealed sepulchre of sound; the low, cushioned rocker on the other side of the hearth was mournfully unoccupied, and from the half-open lid of the work-box beside it protruded the same ribbed end of an undarned blue sock that had been aggravatingly dangling before his eyes for ten days or more. Mr. Jepson turned his head slightly, and looked out of the corner of his right eye at Mrs. Jepson, sitting tense in a straight-backed chair, her blond head bent in studied concentration over a shallow wooden frame resting on a small stand. Mr. Jepson sighed, then rustled his paper, then coughed, apparently unnoticed. In vexed desperation, with a manly effort to keep his tone amiable, he spoke,

"Laura."

"Yes, dear."

It was an abstracted and non-committal reply; the conversation might have ceased here assuredly with no after clause to the response.

Jepson rolled his chair a little to one side and partially faced his wife.

"Don't you want to come and talk to me a little, dear? I haven't seen you all day; in fact, it seems days and days since we have really had a good chat together."

Mrs. Jepson paused, her right hand holding a bit of colored board poised in midair, and patiently smiled at her husband.

"Just a few minutes, dear; I've not more than a dozen pieces to fit in, and this one has perplexed me so, I can't wait to see it finished."

"How long have you been at it?" This guardedly, the evenly conversational tone giving no hint of the ready snare.

"Since breakfast." Mrs. Jepson had deposited the bit at first in hand, and was now seeking a fit place for another. "After you left I started up-stairs, and then thought I'd just take a peek at this one, and it looked so pretty, before I knew it I'd started, and then, of course, I couldn't stop."

"Laura! A whole day!" This was undisguised reproach, but it fell on barren soil. Mrs. Jepson's whole attention was again given over to the jig-sawed pieces before her.

Mr. Jepson said no more; he cast a look of bitter meaning at the ribbed-silk end of hosiery, bit his lip, and

vehemently shook out the evening paper.

Ten minutes later the door-bell rang. Mr. Jepson groaned. Mrs. Jepson did not hear. Annie opened the door, and, sans ceremonie, the Blakelys announced themselves and removed their wraps. Mrs. Blakely carried a wooden tray. "I couldn't wait, Laura!" she cried. "I just finished this, and simply had to bring it over to you, it's such a beauty."

Jepson, in half-hearted colloquy with Blakely, was fully conscious of the two women, the blond head and the dark, bent in eager scrutiny over the silly picture-puzzle, and of his wife's first words to the newcomer:

"That must have been an absorbing one; I've only a few more pieces to this one. Do sit down and help me! Do you think this bit of marble urn belongs on the right or the left of the balustrade?"

Thereafter there was double concentration, with only an occasional murmured word of advice from one to the other. His own perfunctory talk with Blakely flowed uninterruptedly for some time, and then two satisfied exclamations, and a demand for instant approval of "such a pretty picture" broke in upon them. Jepson and Blakely obediently looked over at the picture, an insipid lady and a peacock in a very unreal Italian garden. Blakely made a few polite remarks and even evinced some little interest in the description of the difficulty of putting together the peacock feathers. Jepson said never a word. He turned back to his conversation with Blakely, and the latter once launched on his hobby, he was able to open one ear to feminine talk.

"Have you seen the Gorham's new one?" Mrs. Blakely was saying.

"No, I haven't," Laura admitted, with as much reluctance as if she had failed to see some celebrated work of art on exhibition or hear about some really good book.

"Eight hundred and fifty pieces, my dear! A coronation scene twenty-two by thirty-five; the Queen of Hol-

land, I think. They've had it mounted on linen and framed."

"What a good idea!" said Laura. "Mrs. Cross has a six-hundred piece one that she is just finishing; she kept count of the exact number of hours it's taken her; she's on her twenty-third now. She's going to let me have it when she's through, and I shall do my best to finish it in less time than she has. I'm going to give a party next Friday and I want you to come—just ten—and we'll begin at two o'clock. I bought the puzzles yesterday; they sound very interesting. I can hardly keep my hands off them until the time comes," etc., etc.

Jepson looked closely at Blakely, talking obviously on; Blakely didn't seem to mind what his wife did, but he, Jepson, did. He wanted back the old sweet companionship of a few months ago, the thousand kindred interests, the inseparability of mind. He wanted a womanly comrade for a wife, not a silly faddist. He could scarcely contain the expression of his relief when the Blakelys rose to go.

"Laura," he said, a moment later. "I wish you wouldn't do any more of those silly puzzles."

"Why, Joe, everyone does them!"

"I know, but that's no reason. I don't want you to do them," Jepson was irritated and most unwise. Mrs. Jepson visibly stiffened.

"It is absurd for you to be jealous of a puzzle; I really can't indulge you in such whims."

Jepson was angered. "Whims! Jealous! It isn't a question of jealousy, it's a question of wanting a home and a wife, not an unkempt abode and a so-called companion absorbed in an unworthy pursuit."

Perhaps Mrs. Jepson saw too much justice in this attack. She veered. "You didn't mind bridge."

"I minded it enough, but it wasn't forced upon me; we always had our evenings together, and you never played all day long! Besides, there's some stimulation in bridge, some mental activity; it is training for the mem-

ory; while these puzzles are pure insanity."

"They teach concentration."

"Concentration be hanged! If you would concentrate on Gibbon's Rome, or Carlyle's Revolution, you might accomplish something, while here"—Jepson swept his hand across the pictured board—"now what have you achieved?"

Mrs. Jepson sprang forward protestingly, but too late. "Oh, Joe, that was mean! I wanted to show it to Mollie!"

"If you would show her some darned stockings for me, and some mended clothes, and a tidy house instead, she might have the good sense to appreciate it."

Mrs. Jepson had frozen into a grave and irate dignity. "I will see that your clothes are mended," she said. "Good night."

"Laura!" Jepson called. She turned at the foot of the stair. "Are you going to continue this idiocy against my wishes?"

"I am sorry it displeases you, but I shall certainly go on doing puzzles just as long as I wish to."

"Are you going to give that party?"

"I am."

"Well, you'll be sorry."

Laura went on up the stair, and Jepson returned to his armchair and threw himself down with a groan. He had gone about it in the wrong way, made a fool of himself, but fundamentally, of course, he was right.

The following Thursday night, when all was still in the house and Mrs. Jepson was peacefully breathing in slumber, Jepson stole down to the library. On a corner table five neat new-labelled boxes rested, one on the other. Jepson lifted each one off and set them all in a row. He read the labels carefully; they were all alike in dimension and number of pieces; the titles in particular interested him.

"Old Black Joe," he read, "Little Ro-Peep," "The Evening Prayer," "A Ballet-Dancer," "The Woodsman." He lifted the covers one by one and thoughtfully fingered the

pieces of the "Old Black Joe" puzzle with his left hand; he hesitated, withdrew his hand, then bravely plunged it in again, and brought up a scant handful of the wooden pieces. With his right hand he took some pieces from the "Little Ro-peep" box and dropped the left-hand pieces in; he gave a half-sigh of guilty relief; he had begun now, and must go on. He read the labels again with increasing interest, and next took a handful from the "Woodsman" and dropped the "Bo-Peep" pieces in. To put the "Evening Prayer" pieces into the "Ballet-Dancer" was the joking work of a moment, and a few of the "Ballet-Dancer" bits filled up the gap in "Old Black Joe," then, at the last, the long-laid-aside bits of the "Woodsman" went into the "Evening Prayer" box, and the guilty deed was done. Jepson hastily put the covers on, restored the boxes to order, and half amused, half ashamed, guiltily triumphant and unaccountably oppressed, he made his way up the shadowy stair.

At two o'clock on Friday the guests began to arrive. Mrs. Jepson was not as enthusiastically cordial as she might, under other circumstances, have been. To tell the truth, she was rather bored at the prospect of an afternoon spent over a puzzle. Puzzles had gradually been growing of less interest to her. She had tried one or two since that stormy Monday evening, but had soon put them aside, wearied, ever more conscious of the justice of Joe's remarks, really glad to return to the neglected household duties which seemed to her now so pleasant by contrast, with a memory of profitable hours as a reward.

To-day, she resolved, was to be the beginning of the end. As soon as she could, with dignity, and obviously of her own inclination, abstain altogether she would, not, she determined, while Joe might believe it to be in obedience to his mandates.

It fell to her lot to put together "The Evening Prayer" with Mrs. Gorham, and they got along famously.

Being time-keeper and hostess, at propitious moments she left her table for a general survey, and found, to her satisfaction, all advancing with unusual ease. As the chaotic bits of their picture grew into a composition, however, she and Mrs. Gorham exchanged perplexed remarks about a handful of pieces at one side, sections of a plaid shirt and brawny arm and the blade of an axe, which did not seem a part of the rest. Soon she became conscious of similar murmurings on every side, which gradually merged into protestations and dissatisfied sentences exchanged from one table to another; her own puzzle, she was by this time convinced, was not going right; the rag carpet, snowy cot, and kneeling figure of a flax-haired babe had come out nicely, but above, where the flowing nether drapery of an unmistakably angelic quality floated in the ether, was a gap, and the pieces left to fill it, she could see, would form, not a cherubic countenance and halo, but a strong right arm and shining axe.

Being thoroughly conversant with the titles of the other puzzles, the "Woodsmen" at once popped into her mind, and, with a dawning suspicion of what had happened, she made the tour of the tables.

Mrs. Fitch and Mrs. Butler had almost completed "Bo-Peep," but could with dignity go no farther. Bo-Peep's bodice and flowered skirt and her crook were there, the daisied grass and the blue sky, but where her head should have been was a hole, and with the pieces left at the side Mrs. Butler was just finishing a black and grizzled physiognomy. The ladies did not smile or speak as Mrs. Jepson passed; they looked at their puzzle, then at the clock, frowned, and bit their lips.

At the next table matters were even worse. The Ballet-Dancer was only finished to the waist, and Mrs. Jepson, with a glance at the remaining pieces, could see what might have been her own angel's head and wings as a substitute for the coryphee's flounces.

The ladies at work upon it were bewildered. Mrs. Blakely's partner at the next table had given up, and sat back in her chair while poor Mrs. Blakely strove to reconcile a coquetish shepherdess head-dress with a one-armed and axeless woodsman, and Mrs. Cross, in the corner, had Old Black Joe and his banjo all done save his head, and nothing to go where that should be but bits suggesting a dancer's skirt.

She had not passed the second table before she was fully convinced of the joke at her expense, and, while burningly indignant with Jepson, was instantly determined that she could not, even so, expose either herself or him to these indignant women. With the keen eye of defensive criticism she all at once perceived how lacking in humor the faces were. The need for instant decision brought out joyously a saving idea, and at the end of the room she turned with flaming cheeks, and as natural a laugh as she could summon, and made a little speech.

"You all seem very much perplexed," she said, with a mischievously ingratiating air, "and I don't wonder! You see, I was tired of playing puzzles in the same old way, and thought it was time some new one should be invented. I mixed the pieces!"

There was an involuntary start, a surprised rustle around the room. "I am going to give you each five minutes now to pick out your own pieces from the other tables and five more to put them together. One, two, three—go!"

For a few moments all was confusion, a hurried peering at other tables, then a carrying back of missing pieces to their proper sphere.

The first call of "finished" came within eight minutes from Mrs. Fitch, and other announcements followed at imperceptible intervals.

The signs of displeasure had disappeared under stress of the momentary excitement, and as Mrs. Jepson poured the tea she was besieged with compliments, and with confidence she enlarged upon her sudden idea.

THE REVOLT OF JEPSON

"Yes," she said, "I think it does make a pleasant little change; of course, I wasn't quite sure how it would work, but next time I would mix them more."

"It's a splendid idea," said Mrs. Gorham, "and do let's keep it quiet so we can surprise others."

When they had gone Mrs. Jepson with satisfaction regarded each puzzle in turn. Her vexation had all merged into expectant triumph. She placed the frames in advantageous positions, each to be a mute victory in the surprised eyes of Jepson on his return.

But Jepson did not return.

Mrs. Jepson stood at the window and watched until nearly seven o'clock; the long summer twilight was merging in to dark, and still no Jepson.

He had never been so late before. He was staying away to punish her, or perhaps something dreadful had happened to him. She had made his home distasteful, had disobeyed and displeased him. Oh, those miserable puzzles! She heartily wished she had never seen one.

Dicconsolate, restless, on the verge of tears, she went up-stairs.

On the threshold of her room she paused amazed, incredulous! The rays of dying light from the west window fell across a figure close to its sash, bending in deepest concentration over a wooden frame.

Mrs. Jepson, when she could move, tiptoed across the room. Jepson did not stir until she touched him on the shoulder, then, as their eyes met, they burst into shrieks of uncontrolled laughter.

Annie, coming up to announce dinner, paused, affrighted, thinking they had gone mad.

On his way to the dining-room Jepson took a look at the completed puzzles; at dinner he explained:

"I came out on the two-ten to be in at the death. I sneaked up the back stairs, and was going to creep down again to see the fun when things went wrong, but I got awfully bored until I saw that puzzle-box, and then I thought I'd demonstrate to myself just how inane a thing it was to do, and, really, I knew nothing more until you touched my shoulder."

"Oh, I wish you had come down," said Mrs. Jepson, "to witness my presence of mind."

"I might have known," said Joe, "that I couldn't get the best of you," and he squeezed her hand under the table.

"Well, you have, really, you know, because I'm cured. In that moment when I was an outsider, and at their mercy, I realized how absurd their intensity was; it struck my sense of humor. But it is fascinating now, isn't it?"

"How can I deny it?" said Jepson.

STATING the thing broadly, the human individual usually lives far within his limits: he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his maximum, and he behaves below his optimum.

— *William James.*

The Rival Rain-Makers of the Yukon

By C. H. E. ASKWITH

From Wide World Magazine

SELDOM, if ever, has a great Imperial dependency been placed in such an absurd position as resulted from the farcical outcome of the rain-making experiments conducted under the auspices of the Government of the Yukon Territory of Canada four years ago. The remarkable series of coincidences whereby the medicine-men of the tribe of the Moosehide Indians was enabled to accomplish what had baffled all the resources of modern science, and the consequent turning of the tribe from the teachings of Christianity to the gods of their savage fathers, is a denouement worthy of the boisterous taste of Aristophanes.

When the unexpected farce-comedy was developing in Dawson, the Yukon capital, a portion of the tale reached the outside world. But the tale, as a whole, was too ridiculous to place upon the telegraph wire, and it is only now that the story is related in full detail for the first time, although some inquiries were made two sessions ago in the Canadian Parliament concerning the fate of Yukon's rain-making experiments. However, at that time all the facts were not in the possession of the Government, and in consequence the story was not told.

The Yukon Territory is entirely given over to the production of placer gold. Now, those not familiar with a placer gold country cannot understand how much the entire prosperity of the district depends upon a plentiful rainfall during the summer months. With sufficient water the largest piles

of "dirt" may be washed out in the sluices and the imprisoned gold obtained; with a scarcity of rain the streams dry up, the mines, with their costly plants, lie idle, and the country's prosperity is arrested.

Mr. J. T. Lithgow, Controller of Yukon, after several years of continuous work, left for a holiday "on the outside," as Yukoners call the rest of the world beyond the bounds of their territory. This was in the winter of 1905. On his return, some months later, Mr. Lithgow described in the columns of the Yukon Daily World, of which the writer was then editor-in-chief, the rain-making experiments of a man named Hatfield, which he (the Controller) had witnessed while in Southern California. These experiments were apparently successful, for Hatfield's employers, being satisfied that the rainfall in that region during the course of his experiments had been heavier than for years before, paid him the sum that it had been agreed he was to get in the event of a demonstrated success.

When Mr. Lithgow's remarks were read throughout the length of the Yukon there was an immediate demand for the services of the rain-maker. Next day the World published letters from several prominent miners individually offering sums, all the way up to a thousand dollars, towards a subscription to bring the rain-maker north. As one man wrote, "An addition of a couple of inches of rainfall during July and August would mean an additional output of a hundred

thousand dollars to my claims alone, and an addition of many millions to the country's annual gold-crop."

The long public discussion that followed, and the views expressed by prominent men on both sides of the rain-making controversy, can be imagined. Finally, public opinion swung to the conclusion that ten thousand dollars was not a large sum for so rich a country, and that, if there were any chance whatever of the experiments being successful, the country had better employ Mr. Hatfield and his element-controlling machinery. The Yukon council, then in session, voted five thousand dollars towards the experiments, while the wealthier mining operators raised five thousand dollars more by private subscription.

The agreement was made in legal form. Hatfield was to come and conduct his experiments during the month of July that summer. He was to produce at least two inches more rainfall that month than had occurred during July of the previous year, the year of 1904 having produced a good average rainfall. A committee of the prominent miners who had contributed was to decide whether the experimenter had fulfilled his agreement to the letter. If the decision were in his favor, he was to receive ten thousand dollars. In any case he was to receive his expenses, fixed arbitrarily, but generously, at two thousand dollars.

Hatfield came—he saw—and the rest is history. On the dome from which all Klondiker's gold-bearing streams take their rise, he set up his machinery on a high scaffolding. His Jove-controlling apparatus consisted of a large box set on high and open to the sky. In it, he said, were the chemicals which induced moisture to come from hundreds of miles distant and precipitate itself at the place agreed upon.

No one was permitted to view the interior of the box of mystery. In a tent beside the elevated box in which his chemicals were placed Hatfield

took his station, and during the month of July, in the course of which he was to add two inches to the country's rainfall, he never permitted anyone to approach it.

Not far from the dome on which Hatfield was at work dwelt the tribe of the Moosehides. Among the tribal villages were many old and middle-aged men who remembered the palmy days of Alaska before the white men had set foot in the land. Their old chief, Silas, often spoke of the times, not so long past, when the tribe went forth a thousand strong to battle—when the wigwams swarmed with children and the women were tall and beautiful. But all had changed. The firewater of the paleface, the corruption of gold, of soft living, the insidious influence of the presence of thousands of white men, had caused the glory of the tribe to depart for ever. Instead of following the great herds of moose and caribou through the long summer days, or under the glory of the aurora borealis, the braves now worked in the mines or on the river steamers, and—oh! what a fall was there—bought their meat from a Dawson City butcher.

All the misfortunes of the tribe Silas, the hereditary chief, attributed to the adoption of Christianity by the tribe. Silas and Noonan, the gloomy medicine-man of former days, alone stood firm in their belief in the gods of their fathers. The old chief and his mysterious-looking satellite were of the old dispensation—relics of the tribe's heroic age.

The rain-making preparation aroused the interest of the entire tribe as nothing had done for a generation. It was something they could understand, for did not Noonan assist the former medicine-man to sacrifice gifts in the still remembered summer over fifty years ago—long before the white man's day—when no rain fell for months, and the grass withered in the valleys and the streams were still; when the moose and caribou died by the dried-up springs and the mighty Yukon itself was but a trickle?

Night and day the members of the tribe ringed the hill on whose top the scaffolding of Hatfield's creation might be seen. Silent, solitary, and apart, each wrapped in his blanket, the braves would stand hour after hour watching the box on the hill-top. The only sound to be heard was an occasional guttural grunt. It was apparent from the intermittent remarks of the Indians that they regarded the attempt as religious, rather than scientific; they thought the white men were appealing to their gods to bring rain. No explanation could shake them from this belief.

On the evening of July 1st, upon which Hatfield's experiment was to begin, a stately little procession might have been seen wending its way along the streets of the northern capital. Silas, hereditary chief of the Moosehides, led the way, while close behind him stalked Noonan, tribal medicine-man and high priest of the old religion. Behind him again came Isaac, a couple of the younger chiefs, and one or two of the principal hunters of the village. Arrayed in their best blankets, their hair carefully greased with bear-fat and adorned with porcupine quills, as in the days of old when they went forth to war, a "pot-latch," or a great religious observance, the little procession had a rude dignity all its own.

Before the office of the World they stopped, and, while the bodyguard remained outside, Silas and Noonan entered and proceeded directly to the office of the editor. Without preamble or introduction Silas spoke as follows:

"Paleface rain-bringing medicine-man no good. Paleface no understand rain-bringing. Indian medicine-man bring rain for many thousand moons. Next moon, when paleface medicine-man stop try bringing rain, Silas's medicine-man bring rain—brings floods of rain. Silas knows. Thousands sleeps ago, before white man come to Al-ie-as-ka (Alaska: vast land), Moosehides have plenty rain. Tell all palefaces in

black-and-white talk (newspaper) what Silas will do. Enough; I have spoken."

Then, not without dignity, he threw his blanket across his shoulder and, motioning to his still silent attendant, stalked out of the little office with the air of a Cæsar.

Next day Yukoners read the announcement of Silas and laughed. There were not a great many subjects of conversation in Yukon in those days, and the promise of the Indian chief was remembered.

In the meantime Hatfield was having mighty hard luck. On July 2nd he had a shower, and people began to say that there "might be something in this rain-making idea after all." But then the sky cleared up, and it seemed as if there was not another drop of moisture left in all the heavens. Day after day passed without even the sign of a cloud as large as a man's hand, and, from a semi-belief in the rain-maker, people passed to open scoffing. And so the month passed—the drier in the history of the white man's occupation of the Yukon.

The unfortunate Hatfield did not wait for the end. Packing his plant and collecting his expense money, he folded his tent like the Arabs and silently stole away. The affair was a nine days' talk, and was then passing to the forgotten stage, when news reached Dawson that great events were afoot in the chief village of the Moosehides.

For several nights there had been a sound of singing and chanting from under the mighty palisades of the Yukon, where the tribal villages had stood from time immemorial. A couple of whites puppies had been sacrificed and the medicine-man had gone into trances nightly, and was now so mysterious that no one could understand or approach him. Not for a generation had such things happened among the quiet Moosehides.

On the evening before August 1st the same little Indian procession made its appearance on the streets of Dawson. Silas and his medicine-man

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again announced through the papers that a great rain was about to commence, the work of the spirits of their tribe. Like Elisha and Ahab, Silas warned everyone to get under cover. There was not much news going just then, and the writer made quite a feature of the old chief's picturesque promises.

In the working out of Nature's law of averages and compensation, some queer results are occasionally produced. No rain had fallen for a month, an unusual thing in that country, so it was not very extraordinary that on the afternoon of August 1st heavy clouds should gather and burst, causing one of the heaviest rain-storms of the decade.

But this was not all. The rains descended continuously and the floods came. Day after day the sun was obscured by showers, down-pours, drizzling mists, and fogs. For the first time for weeks the miners had enough water with which to sluice out their gold. Everyone in the Yukon was happy, and prosperity descended upon the entire camp.

But the old chief and the gloomy, saturnine Noonan were happiest of all, for had they not brought the rain and the prosperity? And would not the young braves of the tribe, who had so long run after the strange religion of the palefaces, come back to a belief in the ancient tribal faith?

By way of a joke Tom Fitzpatrick, one of the old "sourdoughs" (early comers) of the Yukon, started a movement to reward Silas. As Hatfield had failed to bring rain and earn his ten thousand dollars, and as Silas, chief of the Moosehides, had succeeded, he said the Yukon Government ought to give the ten thousand dollars' bonus to Silas and Noonan. This, to the tribe, was the last thing necessary to their complete triumph. It was the acknowledgment by the paleface himself that the Indian magic was more powerful than his own, the hallmark upon the tribal efforts to bring rain. Of course, the Indians

were not given the money; but that, to the uncommercial red men was a minor consideration. They had got the glory, which was what they sought.

Two Sundays later the Rev. Adam MacLaren, a Scotch missionary who had been laboring among the tribal villages, but who had been away for a couple of months visiting another district, returned, and proceeded to the village to hold the regular semi-monthly services in the little mission hall that stood near the wigwam of the chief. He waited till long past the hour of the service, but no one appeared. Then, from the other end of the village, he heard sounds to which the place had long been a stranger—the old sacrificial chant that had been abandoned when the tribe accepted the Christian religion a dozen years before.

Frowning, he walked in the direction of the noise, which grew ever louder and clearer. As he turned one of the hill corners he came upon the entire tribe assembled in a great circle, in the middle of which stood a wierd, gesticulating figure arrayed in skins and paint. It was Noonan, the high priest of the old religion, dancing before the resurrected tribal stone of sacrifice, which the missionary thought had been thrown into the Yukon a dozen years ago.

He pleaded with them to come to the mission, but his words fell on deaf ears. For bubbling in a pot over the fire was the body of a white puppy, and presently, when the incantation was finished, they would all squat about in a great circle, each chewing a bone of the sacrifice. For this was one of the most sacred observations of the old-time faith, giving courage, long-life, and luck to the tribe.

The missionary walked slowly back to Dawson. To him it was a tragedy—the upsetting of the results of years of patient work. But in the village of the Moosehides all was happiness and contentment, and many presents littered the wigwam of the high priest.

How I Got My Start

By THOMAS A. EDISON

From the Circle Magazine.

IF I were to name the greatest influence in my life I would say evolution working overtime—yes, I would say working on a double shift. A man grows and broadens like the plan for an intricate piece of machinery. Like the invention the man is made principally and primarily by work. A discovery may be the result of chance. An invention never. The greatest feats of mechanical history have been accomplished by the greatest work. In my life the word "work" looms large and potentous from my earliest recollections.

When I was twelve years old I began life, my working-life, as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. The terminal of the line was at Detroit, where I replenished my little stock of papers and magazines for the next run. This was just before the outbreak of the Civil War. Curiously enough, it was my work as newsboy and a great battle which first turned my mind seriously to telegraphy. This apparently incongruous combination resulted from the following incident:

I found that one of my greatest problems was to judge correctly in advance the number of newspapers I could sell on one trip. If I bought more than I could dispose of, that meant a loss. On the other hand, if I didn't buy enough, that meant so much out of pocket. For some time this problem of judging the weathercock of the day's news was more than I could master. Then I hit upon the expedient of going to the office of the Detroit Free Press, where I had made

a friend of one of the composers, and asking him for proofs of the leading news events in the current issue. If anything out of the ordinary was chronicled I promptly proceeded to make capital of it by buying a larger stock of papers. If the news was dull I bought accordingly. One day I was confronted with the startling report of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, with its long list of killed and wounded—one of the most memorable of the early engagements of the war.

At once I was wildly excited. If I could get the news of the battle to the people on the train and the stations along the line—for my field included the small rural depots, also—what a harvest I would reap! I walked boldly into the office of the circulation manager.

"Let me have 1,000 copies of the paper, to be paid for when sold."

The manager gave me one short, disgusted glance.

"You won't get them unless they're paid for now," he answered, curtly.

I walked out of the office in deep dejection. Here was an end to the small harvest of nickels and dimes I had been picturing, for, of course, I had no money before my sales. Suddenly a desperate inspiration came to me and I mounted the stairs to the sanctum of Wilbur F. Storey, the publisher of the Free Press. He peered at me in silence when I made my request. I had changed it somewhat, on the principle that I might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb. "I

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want fifteen hundred papers," I stated when I had finished.

Would the great publisher grant my daring request? The question was soon answered. Turning to his desk Mr. Storey wrote a few lines on a slip of paper and handed it to me. "Take this down to the circulation room, my boy. I think it will help you."

It did. I got the fifteen hundred copies, and began to realize what a task I had cut out for myself. How was I to let the various stations know that I was coming and what my news was? As I passed the telegraph office the answer came to me. I walked in and had 'an earnest five minutes' conversation with the operator, at the end of which he had promised to despatch the announcement of the battle to the points along my route, together with the fact that I was arriving with the papers, and on my side I had promised to supply him with two magazines and one daily paper free of charge for the next six months.

Our first stop was Utica. When I saw the platform of the station I thought we had struck an excursion party; but it was only the residents clamoring for my papers. At Mt. Clemens there was an even wilder scene, and at Port Huron I sold all the remainder of my stock at twenty-five cents apiece—and wished for more! I had not been daring enough.

I remember that the incident left two distinct impressions in my mind. One was the advantage of the telegraph and the other was the ambition to publish a newspaper of my own. Such was the attraction of this latter idea that I proceeded to put it into immediate execution. Now, it may seem impossible for a boy of thirteen or fourteen, with hardly a cent in the world, to talk of publishing a newspaper. This is how I did it. I found that a set of old type and a battered, much-worn hand press had been discarded at the office of the Free Press, and I managed to secure possession of them. Also, the railroad put an old baggage car at my disposal for a sup-

ply room for my papers and magazines while on my trips. Here I set up my little plant and began the publication of the ambitious periodical which I called the Grand Trunk Herald.

Of course, the journal was a decidedly amateurish affair, about twelve by sixteen inches in size, if I remember rightly, and confined to gossip of the line. I was my own reporter, editor, typesetter, proofreader, and pressman. The railway men took an interest in my venture and soon I began to find myself supplied with a liberal variety of personal items of the Grand Trunk. Notices such as the announcement that the baggagemaster at a country station had broken his leg or that an engine had gone to the shop for repairs or that an excited passenger had lost his baggage might not be of general interest, but they tickled the railway men, and I found my circulation growing, so that I had to hire three boys to help me. I think I was about fourteen years old at the time.

By degrees I found myself printing over four hundred papers, and I began to entertain highly colored dreams of the future. I believe we made over five hundred dollars profit in one year. But our prosperity was destined to be short lived.

I have mentioned that the paper was printed in an old baggage car, which had been given over to my use by the company. On the same train was a conductor whose ill will I had, unfortunately, incurred. One day a bottle of phosphorus, which I was using in some boyish chemical experiments, was upset while the train was in motion. Instantly the car was ablaze and the train in an uproar. The fire was easily extinguished, of course, but the conductor, eager to seize the opportunity to vent his spite, threw me and my printing press and chemicals out on the platform of the next station. My printing-plant was ruined and, of course, my career as a publisher ended. But this was not all.

The conductor, to emphasize his ill will, boxed my ears with such force that he injured my hearing for life. When the train steamed away from the station you can imagine that I was in a pitiable condition.

My mother, however, gave me the basement of the house for a work room, and the railroad made no objections to my continuing my work as a news vendor if I left my chemicals and printing-press at home.

It was shortly after these misadventures that I took my first real step in the electrical field. This was made possible through a curious circumstance. I was still doing my work as newsboy on the Grand Trunk when the train stopped one day at the Mt. Clemens station for freight. As it usually stayed for half an hour I had improved my time by making several acquaintances in the neighborhood of the depot. On this occasion I was strolling about the station when I noticed Jemmy, the little two-year-old son of J. U. Mackenzie, the station master. Jemmy and I were great friends. He was a bright little fellow and we used to enjoy some lively romps together.

I was about to call him when I saw that the train had begun switching. Some cars were left at the northern end of the track while the remainder, some twelve or fifteen, with the engine, were backed on to the freight-house siding. Here a large baggage car was standing, filled with freight of various descriptions and waiting to be coupled on to the train. The engineer's purpose was to give this car a sufficient push to send it down the track by its own momentum until it reached the other section on the northern end.

Of course, Jemmy was unaware of the situation, and when I glanced toward him again, just as the baggage car was started forward, I saw to my horror that he was sitting between the rails directly in its path. It was too late to shout to him. Before he could be warned of his danger he would be crushed under the heavy wheels. With

the little fellow's bright, sunny smile before me I made a desperate resolve. Running down the platform I sprang on to the track before the rumbling car and jerked the boy from under its wheels just in time to save his life. It was so sudden that I didn't realize my own danger and, of course, I didn't take any especial credit for the exploit, for I think that almost any one with any heart would have done the same thing. But it made the father very grateful and he began to think of a way to show his appreciation. He was a poor man and could not give me money. What could he do? Then he remembered my fondness for telegraphy and, to my great surprise and delight, offered to teach me how to become an operator. At last the dream of my boyhood was to be realized. You may believe that I worked hard those days, still keeping on with my duties as newsboy during the regular run and coming back in the evening to take my lesson in telegraphy.

From the very first I think the idea of improving the telegraph was before me. The telegraph line of that period was rather crude and cumbersome. The duplex telegraph was just in its infancy and quadruplex telegraphy was still a dream.

Of course, with my youthful enthusiasm I soon mastered the rudiments of the key and began to make satisfactory progress in the work of operator. Before I was seventeen I was a full-fledged telegrapher and taking as much pleasure in my work, I think, as the average boy of that age gets out of baseball or football. Of course, this kind of life stimulated my mechanical faculties, so that I began to absorb every fact I could find in relation to electricity.

But my love for chemistry would not down, and all of the money I could spare I put into retorts and test tubes and chemicals.

My first invention—that is, the first that brought me to the Patent Office—was an electrical vote recorder, which my boyish dream imagined

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would revolutionize the parliamentary procedure of congress. It was a rather simple contrivance. When the apparatus was installed in the house of representatives each member of congress would find two buttons on his desk, one labeled "aye" and the other "nay." On the desk of the speaker there would be a square frame containing two dials. One was for the affirmative votes, the other for the negative, and below each heading were spaces in which the number of ballots would be indicated. For instance, when a congressman voted "nay," if he were the fifth man, the number "five" appeared on the indicator. If he voted "aye" a similar result appeared on the other dial. Thus it was possible to announce the result of any ballot, however close, as soon as the last tally flashed into position at the speaker's elbow.

I managed to interest a capitalist in the venture and together we journeyed to Washington to exhibit the machine to congress. After the usual delay we secured the privilege of a private exhibition before the usual committee. The machine worked to perfection and I was building all sorts of castles in the air when the chairman turned to me with a smile and said, "Young

man, you have a splendid thing here. It works all right—but that's the trouble. It works too well for us."

I stared at him in bewilderment.

"Don't you know," he continued, pleasantly, "that the only recourse which the minority now has is to delay the vote of an important issue? I presume you have heard of the 'deadlock.' Well, your little machine would make the 'deadlock' impossible. Neither political party would want it, because the one which is in power this year might fall to second place next year. Do you catch the point?"

I did. Likewise I learned a lesson. In future I never attempted an invention without first assuring myself that there was a ready market for it when it was completed.

You ask me for the story of my youth. This is it. As I have reached my majority and have come of voting age, the chronicle of the boy properly ceases. Those days were forty-one years ago, and I would like to add, for the benefit of men in general, that I am working as hard now as I did then. Work is Action, Life. I am glad that I can work, that I love work. I owe all that I am to hard work. It is a thought good to dwell upon.

The Value of Saving

There is dignity in the very effort to save with a worthy purpose, even though the attempt should not be crowned with eventual success. It produces a well-regulated mind ; it gives prudence a triumph over extravagance ; it gives virtue to the mastery over vice ; it puts the passions under control ; it drives away care ; it secures comfort. Saved money, however little, will serve to dry up many a tear.

—Smiles

The Woman Inexplicable

By

H. GRAHAM STARR

THE man paused at the gangway. "Two," he said shortly, presenting his pass. The purser nodded and the man sauntered across the gangplank. The girl turned and faced him.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded curtly.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Impulse," he responded quietly. "The woman in trouble and the man on the spot is it not?"

She frowned. "But how did you know?"

"When a man sees a woman feel in her jacket pocket, take her hand out empty and look wildly around—well, the cause is obvious."

"How did you know I was genuine?"

He suppressed a smile. "I didn't," he responded laconically.

She pursed her lips and the brows drew together in a decided frown. "And now?" There came a slight quaver in the voice.

He had taken a cigar from his case and snipped off the end with a watch chain. He regarded it fondly, looked thoughtfully at the girl and then returned it to the case.

She smiled. "Is that an answer?" she inquired.

He laughed this time, very low and mellow as a man who seldom laughs. "You are an interesting problem," he replied musingly. "I'll suspend judgment."

A slow flush crept into her cheeks. Her lips fluttered to speak and then

compressed firmly. The flush died away and left the childish features pale and wan.

The telegraph signaled "Stand By." The whistle gave a hoarse roar.

"They are casting off," said the man briefly. "Come up on deck. Oh, by the way, have you any—ah—impedimenta?" He regarded her trim figure and observed she had not so much as a pair of gloves in her hand.

"It is checked," she replied briefly. They climbed on deck and found chairs.

"You may smoke that cigar now," she granted, smiling archly. He bowed slightly and accepted her kindness. "I haven't thanked you yet," she went on: "I have been too amazed to do anything. You can easily understand I was in an awkward position."

He nodded shortly and shifted his chair a little to leeward. He could observe her profile when she looked ashore. He crossed his legs and hugged one knee.

"Now, that you open the subject," he commenced, "I would just like to interpolate a remark or two. Because you feel under a bit of obligation to me—only a moral obligation believe me—I do not wish that you feel compelled to let me tarry here. Frankly, if you do not object, I'd like to do so. However, just meet my eyes and I'll take it a signal to leave."

She laughed very softly and looked across the bay.

"You are quite—interesting" she said tentatively. He made a grimace.

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"A more serious question is with regard to your loss," he continued gravely. "Was it just your ticket or—?"

"It was every negotiable thing I possessed," she responded calmly.

"H'm, h'm!" He smoked for an interval in silence. "It doesn't appear to worry you."

She pursed her lips. "For what good?"

"Quite true. Rather unusual feminine logic though. Would you not have been wiser to have waited over a boat? Make some inquiries?"

She shook her head. "No, I must make Buffalo to-night."

"Is your loss serious?" he went on gravely. "I mean can you obtain funds to carry you along?"

"Oh yes, I'll be all right when I reach Buffalo." There was just a trace of anxiety in her eyes. He saw it.

"And how were you calculating to get from Lewiston to Buffalo?" He made the inquiry a little cynically as though accustomed to the vagaries of women. At last she was startled.

"Why—why—doesn't this steamer—?" She commenced anxiously.

"No," he responded simply "this boat does not go to Buffalo, You see she cannot climb the Falls, big as she is."

The girl looked angry. "That is very flippant and unkind." She frowned. It made her look older; a little more self-reliant. "But my ticket was to Buffalo."

He threw away the half smoked cigar and took out an old pipe.

"May I?" he pleaded. She nodded absently. He lit the pipe and then spoke:

"Listen, my dear young lady and please do not be offended. This steamer can only get eight miles up the Niagara River. From there you have to go by rail. Your ticket would provide for the whole trip. Unfortunately, my pass will only take you to Lewiston. You are a stranger in a strange land. If you will trust me we'll soon have you safe on your na-

tive soil and speeding homeward." He awaited a reply. She turned impulsively and placed both hands in his.

"I'm under so much obligation now." A little twinkle came into her eye. "Are you really—can you trust me further?" He dropped her hands and recovered his fallen pipe.

"I give in," he laughed. "The problem is too deep. You may be a school girl winning a bet; an untravelled girl on a trip; or an unscrupulous woman beating your way."

Her face paled perceptibly. He wondered idly how angry she was.

"You think I—might be a common adventuress?" she inquired in a low voice. He shook his head vigorously.

"Certainly not—common."

She looked him calmly in the face.

"If I meet your eyes now will you still go away?" she asked naively. "You have been very rude."

He slapped his hand on his thigh. "No, by gad! I'll solve the problem."

"You said you had given in."

"That is evidence for the Crown." he laughed. "It is too sharp for a school girl."

"The Crown?" puzzled.

"You forget I am a Canadian."

"Oh," she laughed, "that accounts for you being so rude."

"Are Canadians rude?" he inquired in surprise.

"Well, Englishmen are, and that is the same thing, is it not?"

"God forbid!" he prayed devoutly. "Englishmen need to stay at home to be appreciated. But you are wrong. I meant the other problem."

She looked surprized. "Other?"

"How you will get over the Falls."

The big steamer had left the ill-smelling bay far behind and was plowing at magnificent speed almost into the sun. At his last words the girl gazed pensively at a passing vessel. She rested her chin on her hand.

"Isn't it ideal?" she murmured softly.

"Little fraud!" He chewed savagely on his pipe-stem; she caught his

eye and he laughed. "Well, we'll not cross the bridge till we reach it."

She did not reply but gazed thoughtfully across the undulating water. A ship's officer in blue and gold strolled by. He looked rapidly from the woman to the man, paused and then sauntered by. Neither spoke for some time. Finally the girl spoke musingly:

"Isn't it a strange state of society that a woman should feel nervous in the presence of a man not vouched for by some responsible person?"

He smiled whimsically. "Or a man should be suspicious of a strange woman."

She gave a gesture of repugnance. "Let us drop all this word play," she cried plaintively. "It seems as though all my life—" She stopped. He regarded her thoughtfully.

"I wonder if that is the real woman—the one who was interrupted!"

She shook her head impatiently. "I don't know. How can men hope to understand women—when we cannot understand ourselves?" There was just the trace of complaint in the voice. He gave his characteristic shrug but remained silent.

"Won't you tell me your name?" she inquired. "You must be a pretty big man to hold a general pass on these steamers."

He smiled grimly. "You won't laugh?"

"At what?" amazed.

"At my name."

She laughed musically. "It must be pretty terrible!"

"It is," he growled. "My name is Machillipeckinac."

"What!" Her eyes were big in wonder.

"It looks worse on paper. I do not carry cards. I would need a sign board. I never married on account of it. It really is not hard to pronounce when you get used to it.

"Neither are clams hard to eat—when one gets used to them."

He smiled. "I'm sorry you don't like clams."

"But I do," she replied quickly, "only I had to become accustomed to

them. You must be a big man with that name and a pass."

He shook his head. "No, my dear lady, I am not big." She had not volunteered her name. "I am to that city back there what your Jerome is to New York—with certain reservations." His tone was regretful. She shivered a little. "Are you cold? Would you like a cup of tea?" Suddenly a blank look swept across his face. "Good Lord, child, have you had any luncheon?" He banged the rail with his fist in self contempt. She looked up a little timidly and shook her head.

"I was going to lunch on board—" She checked herself painfully. Five minutes later they were in the magnificent saloon of the palace steamer.

The big boat was in the river when they reached the deck again. He lit another cigar and she carried a new bloom in her cheeks.

"Come up on the hurricane deck," he suggested. "We can see both shores from there. It's a beautiful trip." So they scrambled up the narrow staircase to the upper deck. Brock's Monument reared itself in the distance; and beyond, seeming to cling about the huge column, hovered the filmy mists of the Falls. One could throw a biscuit ashore in places so close did the big pleasure steamer pass as the deviations of the river demanded. On the right an occasional home displayed the Union Jack; on the left, the picturesque folds of Old Glory. The girl regarded it all rather apathetically. She turned desperately to her companion.

"I owe you for my passage, my luncheon and now there is nothing for it but to call on you for my ticket to Buffalo. I would not dare do all this if I hadn't that awful name of yours on my card and know I can wipe it all off again."

He mused a moment to himself.

"It always looks so beastly to have money exchange hands between men and women," he replied thoughtfully. "Of course, I intended to see you

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thro. I'll go up with you and secure your ticket."

A weary smile came to the girl's face. She faltered a little. "You don't trust me? Well, I guess I cannot blame you much."

He raised a hand in protest. "Please! You know different. I would hand you over the necessary funds, only there are about fifty eyes on me speculating as to your identity." She glanced about nervously. "My life belongs to the public, you see, and," grimly, "they watch me carefully. There are plenty after the job. Besides, tho I say it last, I do not wish you to be insulted as soon as I leave you."

Her head drooped. "I—I was unkind. Forgive me! You think of everything." She swept him a lightning glance. He failed to interpret it then; later, he knew it was pity.

The porter commenced shouting an unintelligible jargon. She looked to him for explanation.

"Your baggage is checked thro?" he inquired.

She nodded.

"Then you need not bother till you get home."

A strangely melancholy look came to her eyes. She gave her head an impatient shake.

A man in a quiet uniform ambled towards them, casually scrutinizing the passengers. His eyes were sharp and active, his expression lazy and careless. His glance fell on the couple talking by themselves near the pilot house. He crossed the deck and paused. The girl was looking ashore. Her companion looked up and smiled at the officer. The latter bowed and passed on. He indicated the retreating man to the girl.

"His duty is to keep out undesirable citizens," he remarked. She shrugged her shoulders. They were tying up at Lewiston.

Machillipeckinac and his companion laboriously climbed the steps to the station and traversed the incline.

"It is like a hen walk, isn't it?"

said he disgustedly, as they paused at the top to recover breath.

"It's pretty bad," she admitted, breathing heavily. "You seem to be very well known here," she added as a fourth man saluted them.

"Only officially," he answered shortly. "Our malefactors usually drift this direction." He glanced at his watch. "Five o'clock! You will hardly make Buffalo by dark on the International, tho it's a pity to miss the trip. What do you say?"

"Oh, I want to get—home—as soon as possible—please." She faltered and her voice was husky.

Five minutes later she was seated in her carriage. He handed her the ticket wrapt in a bank bill. She looked up at him gratefully, but puzzled.

"You may need it for emergencies." He hesitated a moment. "You'll not entrust me with your name?" he continued, regretfully.

Her eyes met his beseechingly. "Oh, I know how selfish it seems, but—but—you will understand some day."

He bowed with a touch of dignity. "At least you will let me know of your safe arrival?"

She started perceptibly. "Oh, yes—of course! Why, I have all this money to return!"

He sighed softly. A bell rang and the train commenced to move. She extended her hand hurriedly; he pressed it slightly, gently, almost reverently. She looked around; he was gone.

She smiled to herself—a trifle sadly.

Thro the blue haze of tobacco smoke Machillipeckinac eyed the morning mail with cynical disfavor. He knocked the ashes from his pipe with unnecessary violence and slouched down in his desk chair. During a whole week he had scrupulously inspected all mail matter that had entered his office in a constantly waning hope that his confidence in the Unknown had not been misplaced.

"I hate to be buncoed," he had growled to himself a dozen times a

day; but he knew he was hiding his head in the sand.

He deposited the official documents on the floor with a sweep of his arm and reached for the push button. His eye caught the pale blue envelope lying face down on the carpet, and his arm deflected its course to the floor. He disengaged the dainty envelope from under the flap of the larger one, drew a deeper breath and tore it open.

There were several enclosures that he shoved to one side and then unfolded the letter. After the preamble of conventional thanks the letter continued:

"I refrained from telling you my name because I could not lie to you and my correct name I dared not reveal." He broke off to look eagerly at the signature. The sheet fluttered from his fingers. The pupils of his eyes dilated slightly and he looked vacantly into space for an interval. Then he picked up the letter and continued reading:

"Do not judge me too harshly, my friend. Manlike, you will be angry at my deception, but, after all, I am trying to be honest with you. You have the unique distinction of being the only man who has caused me to feel the degradation of my work. I do not wish you to feel I have any compunction in depriving the Government of a portion of the revenue; but I despise myself when I stoop to use the qualities given me to deceive such men as you in the execution of my duty to the firms for whom I work.

"I recognized you from a newspaper photogravure the instant you came to my assistance. At least, he just in the knowledge that it was quite unpremeditated. I had lost my

ticket, but I had heaps of money, only it was—well perhaps you understand the sex to the extent of appreciating the inference. Anyway, I accomplished my desire and you became my escort. There were several narrow squeaks that would have nailed me but for your presence. My home is the World, my friend. I live at the public expense; probably I shall die so. I do not like to look too far into the future.

"I had nearly twenty thousand of sparklers in my stockings. Of course, that Niagara dodge is rather new. You see, it is a cinch to get them into Canada. The game became exciting when I had to cross the Border. I am taking the liberty of sending you a share on my commission, as well as my personal debt to you. Please accept it. You helped me—and it is not your Government that suffers.

"With sincere regrets that our paths are constantly diverging—and please believe that to be true.

"Most gratefully yours,

"DELLA LAWRENCE."

He dropped the sheet slowly to the desk. "The cleverest little smuggler in the game," he muttered, "and I the scapegoat." He picked up the two orders. "Enough evidence to hang me," he murmured thoughtfully, as he slowly tore them up. "I don't know, but I suppose that will eventually get back to Uncle Sam's coffers." He gave a short laugh. "Well, I'll charge it up to experience."

He sighed heavily as he tore the letter up and rang for his stenographer. The wheels of the law must grind on, even if the cogs do sometimes snarl.



A Plea for Less Coal

By GEO. ETHELBERT WALSH

From Lippincott's Magazine

EVERY time the fire is shaken and replenished with coal, or the dusty ashes are removed from the grate, a great cry of human discontent arises in the land, and an old protest is recorded anew against one of those "necessary evils" of which there seems to be no end. Why did nature—so perfect and accommodating in most of her beneficent creations—stumble so lamentably in the fuel problem? Could she not have invented some product of land or water that would yield us light and heat without unlocking all this dust and soot and smoke and ashes? Even the old-fashioned wood-pile, with its clean, sweet pine logs and hickory sticks, was better than the dirty coal-bin, but, as if grudging us this simple solace, nature shortens the wood supply, so that we are forced back upon the refuse of the carboniferous period. And now is sounded among us the tocsin reminding us that it is our duty to plant trees for the next generation. If somebody had only thought of this earlier, what an amount of clean, spicy wood we might burn in place of the black, sooty coal!

But, to return to nature's shortcoming in not providing us with a suitable and accommodating fuel; it is a question that must be considered in the light of present-day discoveries and transitions. The problem is as ancient as the story of Prometheus and his fire stolen from heaven, receiving the attention of each succeeding generation, but in no two countries is it alike. It

may mean the growth and extension of peat bogs in Ireland, the general supply of dried bones and mummies in Egypt, the probable depth of the coal-seams in Europe and America, and the growing of corn-cobs and grain in the western part of our country. The Eskimo considers the whale and seal fisheries, and counts his fuel problem solved if the one blows and the other bellows on the ice before his hut. The Indians of British Columbia lay up their dried salmon for food and fuel, and give no thought to coal or wood. It is recorded by travelers that on the coast of Scotland the petrels are turned into lamps and stoves for heating and illuminating purposes, and in the suggestive words of one, "They burn well and diffuse around a delightfully appetizing odor." In the Black Forest the pine-cones provide fuel for a large population; but the benighted inhabitants of India, Peru, and Asia Minor utilize dried offal and manure for heating and lighting purposes.

We have reached the age of reason now, when old superstitious fears can no longer frighten us. Fortified with scientific truths, we do not cringe before the manifestations of Nature. We know—crafty old dame that she is—that she cannot altogether starve, or freeze, or drown us out. Her most violent moods can be rendered ineffective; we may suffer a little from them, but they cannot universally kill and destroy. Moreover, we know that she is bound to support all the popula-

tion that care to be born on the globe, and that she has latent forces in her that will add tremendously to our comfort and pleasure. So we do not look the future in the face with dread, and lament the coming of the age when man must starve or freeze to death. People who tell us of the probable failure of the coming crops to support the teeming millions are answered pertinently: "When the time comes, we shall find some new way to increase the food supply." And those who predict a fuel famine in the near future are answered likewise: "When the coal gives out, we shall not need it any more; we shall have other fuel."

England had her spasm of fear years ago. The alarm was spread broadcast throughout the land that the coal mines would probably be exhausted in the near future. Royal commissions were appointed to investigate, and they variously estimated the duration of the coal supply from two hundred to twelve hundred years. Then what?—well, everybody was congratulating everybody else that they were not born two hundred years later. Mother earth is a good place to live on under present conditions; but without coal it might be a little too chilly and uncomfortable for our blood.

But this first fear of a coal famine in England was before the days of modern steam manufacturing—before ten thousand steam-engines began to consume coal at the rate of millions of tons per annum. The sudden expansion of steam-power manufacturing alarmed the people once more. The consumption of coal leaped upward at a tremendous pace—from 27,000,000 tons in 1816 to over 50,000,000 in 1850, to 84,000,000 in 1860, to 112,000,000 in 1870, to 147,000,000 in 1880, and to 200,000,000 gross tons in 1894. In 1905 the coal mined in Great Britain reached the enormous total of nearly 240,000,000 tons. Once more royal commissions investigated the question, and alarmists proclaimed loudly that the coal famine was ap-

proaching. It looked very much as if such a state of affairs was coming to pass. People looked upon a scuttle of coal with more concern; the black, sooty fuel had assumed an importance in their minds never before attained. The conclusion of the discussion was finally announced, and people turned pale at it; the worst seemed to be at hand. At the same ratio of increase in consumption, it was said, the coal would be exhausted in a few centuries. Here was a definite limit placed upon the fuel, which every living person could grasp; it might not interfere with their comfort—for few would live a century—but their descendants would receive an inheritance of coal more limited than our inheritance of wood. It was not a pleasant outlook for the future of manufacturing England.

True, there were coal seams and mines in other countries—in Australia, the United States, South America, Africa, and Russia; but these were not England. Besides, many of these countries were forging rapidly to the front as users of coal. In order to supply the demand for coal in our own country, the output of the mines kept pace with that of England. In 1880 it was over 71,000,000 net tons; in 1889 it had risen to 141,000,000; in 1893 to over 182,000,000, and in 1905 to over 350,000,000. The demand for coal to supply heat and power increased nearly as much in Germany, Belgium, France, Russia, and Austria. The consumption presented the unpleasant aspect of enlarging rapidly all over the civilized world, while the supply remained fixed—a certain definite quantity.

But why is there less concern and less fear about the coal famine to-day than back in the sixties and seventies? England's coal mines have reached a depth of over 3,400 feet already, and the cost of mining will increase proportionately as the fuel is taken from lower seams and strata. Already the expense of mining has reached a point where it pays American shippers to send some of their surplus coal across

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the ocean. In the face of such adverse conditions, the wonder is that we hear less fear expressed about the coal famine, especially in manufacturing England, the country that will first feel the pinch.

The reason for this is not far to seek. It is the difference in the teaching of science that has slowly developed among us in the last quarter of a century. It is the optimism of science. We have just learned to take courage at Nature's teachings, and to read her aright. The spirit of the age is to hope and expect more—not less. Nature provides enough for all, if we can only find it. She may be cunning enough to hide it from us for many decades; but, knowing that it is here somewhere, every one takes courage and pursues the search.

Fuel for light, heat, and power! There will be enough for thousands of generations yet to come. The coal mines may become exhausted, but the fuel will be around us in the form of gas, solar heat, or atmospheric changes. The coal epoch is merely preliminary to another grander, cleaner, and more comfortable period of utilizing Nature's stored-up forces of heat, power, and light. For coal, after all, is merely stored-up energy—the surplus power of the carboniferous period, laid down in the bowels of the earth for us to utilize. And even as we are making use of these vast deposits, Nature is wisely secreting new power and energy; it may be in the gases of the air or in the invisible electricity of the earth and clouds, but it is here somewhere. When it is finally unlocked we shall have occasion to laugh at our fears of a coal-famine.

This optimism of science is a superb thing! It gives us courage on the very brink of disaster. No one yet knows the truth of the fuel problem; we have only inklings of it; we see flashes of great discoveries that may revolutionize the future. But so far we are dependent upon the coal mines, and for aught we know it may be centuries before we can discard this dirty, clumsy product of the earth for

making heat, light, and power. There is even the possibility of its being the one essential for the comfort of the human race, and our teachings of science may be all wrong. But so confident has science made us that it would be difficult to convince anybody of it. We have grown too bold to let fears of this nature trouble us. We believe in the future tenancy of the earth; and, hence, instead of worrying about getting enough out of it for the bare necessities of life, we plunge in and demand pleasures and luxuries that never before seemed possible.

It was feared at one time that the rate of coal consumption would soon outgrow the rate of production, and there was talk of curtailing the use of coal in many industries. But the inventor proceeded to make coal-mining machinery which lessened the labor of extracting the raw product from the earth and increased the output tenfold. England to-day bases her hope of extending the period of her profitable coal-mining upon the invention of machinery that will compensate for the added cost of deeper mining. In America coal-mining machinery has doubled and tripled the output. A coal-digger cuts and extracts the coal from its bed as fast as three or four skilled miners could formerly do; it falls automatically upon cars, which swing upward like elevators to the light of day, and deposit their contents into chutes. Down the sooty mass tumbles to the breakers, where it is pounded and broken into sizes suitable for commerce. Thence it slides on to the washery, and comes out at the other end to be dumped on cars. The cars quickly cross the country to some river or bay where canal-boats are waiting. The transference from cars to the boats, and from the boats to the wholesale and retail dealers' coal-yards, is performed automatically. Even when the coal comes into our homes it is shot down chutes into the cellar, and not carried there in buckets and baskets as of old.

And yet for all this simplifying of

labor, this invention of machines to reduce the dust and ashes, nobody likes coal, and we all pray for the time to come when its use may be abolished. It is not a popular article of commerce; it is clumsy and dirty fuel, and in this age of invention and discovery it seems woefully out of date. It is not new machinery to increase the output that we are longing for, but the discovery of some new method of obtaining heat and power.

Over ninety per cent. of the coal that we use goes into smoke and ashes, and less than ten per cent. of its energy is utilized—some say five per cent. At any rate, we are inclined to agree with the figures when we see the smoke rolling up from a factory town, or watch the clouds of dust and ashes that sweep from the basement of our own houses when the wind is at an unfavorable quarter. Surely, so long as we must use coal, something must be done to abate this nuisance. Science has been telling us that much of this waste can be avoided, and that the smoke and dust can be consumed. The waste problem has been attacked seriously and successfully. More perfect combustion has been obtained; improved appliances have been invented for saving and transmuting heat into energy; and machinery has been made that recuperates and utilizes the so-called exhausted energy. These improvements alone are worth millions of dollars to the industrial world, and they reduce the consumption of coal by many millions of tons throughout the world for the performance of a given amount of work.

But the coal dust, the soot, the ashes, the stifling smoke still remain. In part we have solved the problem by steam-heating and electrical plants, which conduct the heat and energy a long distance under the streets of our homes and public buildings. The amount of nuisance has been reduced, and its area restricted. Nevertheless, for the majority of humanity there is coal still to be used, and there are ashes to be taken up, much to the

detriment of our tempers and of the appearance of our home.

All these improvements are encouraging; they point to an amelioration of present fuel nuisances. But we belong to an age that demands magical performances. Nobody is satisfied with these attainments. The optimism of our science leads us to believe that greater things will soon happen. We are bent upon abandoning the dirty coal for some cheaper, cleaner, and more suitable fuel. We believe that Nature gave us the coal mines for a temporary use—merely to carry us over a period when we were learning to harness the tides and the winds, and to unlock the secret of gases. Shall we ever realize that utopian age when a silent, secret agent will enter all our houses and yield us power, heat, and light by the turning of a knob? Very few doubt it. And that agent will not be coal, nor will its power be derived directly or indirectly from coal. When it comes, the vast coal mines will become as useless and valueless as clay pits—more so, for clay will still be made into bricks.

Our optimism should not carry us too far, however; we should halt and consider facts. The time may be far distant when such expectations can be realized. The sources of our power and heat are the same to-day as they always were; but we are gradually learning to utilize them. Water is still the great primitive power; but we change its form and call it electricity. The contraction and expansion of the air were simple problems to the ancients; but we use power, derived from coal, to contract it mightily and call the resultant stored-up energy "compressed air." The winds of the heavens have always played an important part in the commerce of the world, and so eminent an authority as Lord Kelvin predicted that when the coal-fields of England and other parts of Europe were exhausted, large wind engines, driving electrical generators, would be in general use, storing up energy in batteries to be drawn on as needed. We know not what the winds

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may yet yield in the way of power, energy, heat, and light.

Then there is the great eternal, widespread solar heat—a power so great and general that we cannot measure it. Can this energy be collected and distributed at will? Can it be harnessed as we have harnessed Niagara, and be made to labor for us like any menial? This leads us to the consideration of the gases of the air and earth and water—tremendous powers for good or evil, temporarily imprisoned in forms that are rendered harmless and ineffective. Once

loosen them, and they become our friends or enemies.

It is commonly said that animal power for work and locomotion has had its day, and that the horse is soon doomed to disappear, except for pleasure. May we not with equal cogency predict that coal has also nearly had its day as a fuel, and that it will soon disappear from our mechanical and industrial life, leaving our homes brighter, cleaner, and more cheerful, and our cities purer and healthier, by the absence of our present vitiated and gas-befouled atmosphere?

THE Indomitable Man.—Genius is really only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. Many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

Electrical Review.

The Necessity of a Business Training

By

A. S. FORBES

IF THE cheap defence of nations is education, then one of the greatest adjuncts to a young man's or young woman's success in life is training. As business competition grows keener and the struggle for supremacy more fierce with each succeeding generation, the institution or organization which steadily forges to the front and comes out ahead is the one that has the best, most thorough and progressive system. By system is meant foresight, the saving in little things—a plan whereby nothing is allowed to go to waste, where even a cent or fraction of a cent counts and where the output is produced at the lowest possible cost. System includes economy of material, labor and operation—in fact, practically everything pertaining to business. It is a broad, comprehensive term—a sane, cheerful word if it is only viewed in the proper light. What does system stand for? It incorporates all departments of business administration, from the bookkeeping to the banking, from the purchase of the supplies in their raw state to the delivery of the finished article in the hands of the consumer.

Unless they have to, few persons seem to learn system, which may be translated as business. They apparently think that recognized standards may not be necessary or adaptable to their individual cases, that they can create a plan in every way suitable and adequate to meet their own particular needs which, perhaps, are not

extensive. That is the trouble—a false conception of things. One young man says, "I am going in for medicine or law, politics or the civil service, engineering or dentistry, teaching or advertising. I am not embarking in a trade. I do not intend to open a shop, establish a wholesale house, operate a mill, or run a factory. Why should I waste my time and delay matters by securing a business training or education? I know enough to take care of my salary and why should I take up such dry, and to me uninteresting, subjects as bookkeeping, accountancy, banking, commercial and joint stock law, business practices and short cuts, stenography, telegraphy, typewriting or penmanship. None of these will in all likelihood ever do me any good. I could not possibly make use of a single subject that you mention in connection with the career or profession which I have outlined for myself."

Thus many a young man, and even young woman, has spoken. The other day the head of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in its line in Canada said, "We are anxious to have agencies in every town and city of the Dominion, and yet many excellent openings go begging, simply because we cannot get the right men to fill them. They may be splendid salesmen and equipped in many ways to assume the work, but they have little or no idea of business methods. In other words, they have not been

able to save any money. I am not preaching personal economy, but my experience teaches me that a young man who has never been able to save some money himself, will, generally speaking, never do it for other people. When a young man applies to me for a position as manager of a branch establishment, one of the first questions that I ask him is, 'How much money have you saved?' If after, say five, or ten years' experience in any line, he answers, 'None whatever,' I do not entertain his proposition. I do not care so much what the amount is, whether it is one hundred dollars or one thousand, if he has only saved something he is going to make more money for himself and also for us. We do not ask him to invest this money in our goods. We simply want to find out what his management of his own affairs has been. If he has put by or profitably invested some money it demonstrates that he has some idea, at least, of responsibility, method, system and business practices."

When in a large clothing house the other day the managing director told me that they would never have made a success of their business if they did not have economy of time, talent and service down to the finest point. He attributed their great success over other firms, not so much to the superiority of their products, perhaps, as to the known, definite, exact methods which they had incorporated in all departments of their enterprise. "There is too much laxity in that little word 'about,'" he added. "You ask one of the heads of an old established firm what it costs them to make and market such an article, and he will say 'about seventeen cents.' Question him about something else—what expenditure it entails; to get out a certain thing and he will answer, 'On the average a little more than seventy-five cents.' Now there is a big loophole in that little word 'about.' It is a lazy term,, indicative of either indifference or a lack of positive and definite knowledge. We know the

cost of everything entering into the manufacture of our products down to the smallest fraction of a cent, where we are making the most money and where we are running behind. You often read of a business that has apparently flourished for years, going down. You are surprised some morning when you see in the newspapers that 'Smith & Company', who have been in business for thirty years, have been forced to make an assignment. You marvel at the reason—so do others—and exclaim, 'I thought they were one of the soundest and most progressive houses in their line.' A scrutiny of their methods will,, in the great majority of cases, reveal that there was an absence of perfect system, of scientific and exact methods of managing, marketing or collection, of ascertaining manufacturing and selling cost. In some lines there has been a leak going on for years. It may not have been noticeable, but in the end it has worn a hole in the barque and the ship has gone down. In plain language, there has been guessing somewhere. There is a little rodent called 'about,' and it gnaws its way through the whole structure."

My views may be somewhat radical and revolutionary, but I contend that any young man or woman, starting out in life, should have a business education, no matter what sphere he or she may intend entering. They are fortified by reason of such equipment all the more against the day of adversity or misfortune. A sound business training tells every time. Whether a youth is going to be a minister or a mechanic, or a girl, an artist or a housewife, he or she is much better fitted for the duties and responsibilities of everyday life by the possession of a knowledge, even if it be slight, of business, banking and accountancy, I have seen men eminent in letters and surgery who did not know the difference between a negotiable and non-negotiable note, who did not know how to make out a sight draft, obtain a letter of credit, negotiate a loan, or place a deposit in the bank,

and, even when a cheque was made out to order, would have to be told every time that it must be endorsed before they could obtain payment. How many men have shipwrecked an otherwise bright career by not being able to manage their own affairs. The world is lenient toward genius and often excuses incompetency in certain lines, by saying that he or she was no manager or had not the remotest idea of business. Whose fault is it but that of the person himself or herself? We all have a certain relation to business, no matter in what calling or profession we may be engaged. Canada has not a titled nobility or landed aristocracy, and the business of everyone is that of making the best living possible by fair and honest means. All can surely make a better living by a little training and preparation, and, yet it is astonishing the number of able, intelligent and otherwise prudent people all round us who know next to nothing about business. Start them in a store and they could not open a set of books any more than they could a burglar-proof safe without knowing the combination. There are others, who have been conducting establishments of one kind or another, who cannot tell whether they are running ahead or behind. The only awakening they have is when foreclosure proceedings are instituted or some creditor makes a demand for an assignment or winding-up of the concern. All of us have more or less to do with business, whether we are employed in commercial pursuits or not. A good business education helps a man or woman in every way. It makes a mechanic a better manager of his own affairs, it enables a professional man to take a wider and more appreciative outlook of things, and it aids the artist or poet, the painter or the sculptor, to have a larger understanding and grasp of what is going on around him. A knowledge of business, its methods and practices, its system and standards, aids a man or woman in every way from the pur-

chase of a home and ordinary household supplies to the banking of money, the making of loans, the purchase of bonds and stocks or investments in securities and shares.

Nearly every educational institution teaches bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, commercial law and business practices, but, perhaps, a student has not the time or money to attend one of these colleges. To meet just such cases as these, business colleges and correspondence schools have been established. If a student is not able to attend during the day there are night courses where, for several evenings in the week, instruction is imparted by trained and thorough experts for a mere nominal expense, so that the question of "I cannot afford it" cannot be conveniently raised. These schools are ably managed and are eager to do well by those attending them. If the student is earnest and sincere, diligent and anxious to make progress, he or she will be able to get much valuable help and information which cannot fail to assist in the work of qualifying them for higher positions or making them more wideawake and responsible citizens.

The main thing is to select the right school. How can you find that out? In a variety of ways—by asking the graduates of the course and training, by their record for success and by the reputation which the school enjoys in the community. As a general rule, it is advisable to guard against institutions which make too extravagant promises and hold out hopes and inducements like those advertised in connection with a fire sale or bankrupt stock purchase. Happily, there are few, if any, of these establishments in Canada and the animating principle of all progressively directed and successful business institutes is to give practical instruction and training and to help young people on the high road to business success, equipping them to hold their own in the great world of labor and achievement. These schools fill a gap and supply a present-day need in very much the

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same way as public and traveling libraries minister to the general and universally implanted desire to read. They are doing a special work for those who cannot afford to take long courses in other institutions, or who have to pursue their daily calling while striving to fit themselves for something better. Every man or woman cannot own a representative collection of books. Public libraries meet a special want, and so do business and correspondence schools. If you visit a large office in any centre you will find a small army of bookkeepers, accountants, stenographers, typewriters, confidential clerks and heads of departments at work. A census of the staff would show that the greater proportion of those engaged had, at some period or other, attended a business college or institution where they got a start in the right direction. This is the best and strongest testimony to the solid, practical and valuable course these schools are affording. They have fitted thousands to earn a good living for themselves and have educated many others, who possessed few, if any, advantages, in the shortest, most direct and beneficial way of earning their own livelihood or a better one than they did before taking advantage of the instruction imparted. Of course, some

graduates may turn out indifferently. There are faults and flaws in all products, whether in the manufacture, or the finished article itself, in every large establishment, be the output boots or shoes, overcoats, hats, furniture, jewellery or young men and women. But all who will give the necessary time, industry and attention to the purpose in view, are likely to succeed, and the showing made by the great majority is such as to inspire confidence and invite the closest inspection. As results count and practical demonstrations are in evidence on every side, there cannot be any doubt that business colleges and correspondence schools are institutions for which there is great need. There is merit in the courses outlined by them, and they should be given the credit of solving a problem appealing to all more or less,—the necessity and advisability of everyone having an acquaintance with business methods and system and those great underlying principles which govern the success and administration of any undertaking, whether it is a departmental store, a corner grocery, or a factory, the control and management of a house, a home, a block of property or even one's own personal and private affairs.

Work

FOR there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair? Work, never so Mammonish, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done with itself leads one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

—*Thomas Carlyle*

Millions Invested for Fun

By ROBERT SLOSS

From Van Norden's Magazine

FORTY million dollars invested in the business of making Americans think they are having a good time for a nickel or so in summer! Forty millions transmuted mostly into mechanisms to produce care-free laughter! And that does not include the princely sums lost utterly through past failures to please our capricious summer populace. Forty millions represent the net standing investment after some sixteen years of effort to amuse the masses in warm weather. That is a new thing even for the New World.

For generations the Latin races have had their love of carnival and given themselves up to it at stated intervals, as in Venice or our own New Orleans. The local fair, with its raree-shows and more serious exhibits, is nearly as old as the Anglo-Saxons. But it remained for America to evolve an institution wherein the combined spirit of fair and of carnival might gratify the many people at all moments throughout "the good old summer time."

Kenosha Park, established at Danbury, Conn., in 1887, claims the distinction of beginning this development, but the summer amusement park gained its real impetus from the Columbian Exposition of 1893. That was America's first national show since 1876, when the Centennial was conducted with exemplary seriousness in the Quaker City. Chicago's "Midway" woke up the latent American desire for relaxation with some smack

of abandon in it, and keen-witted showmen were quick to seize the opportunity. Since then our expositions have come thick and fast, with varying financial success. But such costly pageantry as was spread to view in Buffalo, St. Louis, Jamestown, and is now repeated in Seattle, but serves to whet a popular appetite, in response to which have sprung up more than 1,500 permanent pleasure parks in the United States and Canada, together with a legion of country fairs, any one of which would surely put a showman of the past generation to the blush.

Into this development has entered also the remarkable growth of our urban and interurban trolley, which now divides the field pretty evenly with private capital in the ownership and operation of amusement parks. Willow Grove, at Philadelphia, is perhaps the most notable of the instances where a traction company can afford to run a resort at a loss, because of the additional fares its existence adds to their summer business. Thus financed in one way or another, the summer amusement industry has come and attracted to it a legion of laborers and corps of managers and inventive geniuses to enable it to "make good" with the public.

When told that this development is new, there are many who will hark back to Coney Island. True, the fame of New York's unique pleasure ground was world-wide long ago, but it, too, has suffered more than a sea change

since 1893, till to-day it best of all exemplifies the rapid rise of the new summer amusement industry. Twenty years ago Coney Island was in the clutches of a band of political crooks, whose attitude was voiced by John Y. McKane's famous utterance, "Injunctions don't go here," Then the Island was a strip of sand, with a few tented side-shows and innumerable pickpockets, confidence men and thugs, who battered on all who ventured within their reach. Now it presents to view our most stupendous investment in the new summer amusement industry, while the value of its leaseable spaces has increased between 1,000 and 2,000 per cent.

Such a development could not have come about unless pioneered by men of peculiar ability, and should Coney Island sink into the sea to-morrow, their names would still be writ large on the historical pages of the popular amusement world of the present, in an immeasurably greater degree than Barnum's was on that of the past. The keen scent of these men for the wind of popular favor, coupled with their ingenuity, inventiveness and "nerve," have made them the genii whose magic touch has called into being in a few years the vast modern business of summer amusements. To glance at the careers of but a handful of them is to understand the magnitude to which that business has grown.

Now, as in the past, the business is chiefly concerned with providing rides, sights and sensations that will draw the crowd and cause them to give up their small change. But when we come to analyze the multiplicity of modern devices which fall under one or the other or all of these categories, we begin to appreciate the change that has been wrought.

Our grandmothers can attest the antiquity of the ride.

As little girls they used to watch for the occasional visits of the little merry-go-round, with its four wooden horses, drawn from town to town by a horse which furnished the power for its pleasurable motion. Now we

lure our grandmothers up in the Ferris wheel, in the circular swings, and even persuade them to "shoot the chutes," or venture with us and the children on one of the many systems of pleasurable locomotion designed to accommodate the entire family.

These have overshadowed but not superseded the carousel. It remains one of the permanencies of the summer amusement business, even if grandma does shake her head at its modern elaboration even in Coney Island, whose fabulous rents for space do not yet make it unprofitable to operate it there.

It may have been some deep-seated human appeal in the flying horses which enabled George C. Tilyou to adapt them so successfully to "The Steeplechase," another form of ride which has become a classic among summer amusements and made a fortune for its inventor. Tilyou has been at Coney Island since he was three years old, and he has had a most eventful career. During this time he has made and lost several fortunes. In youth he sold souvenirs, drove a hack and dabbled in real estate. He built the first theatre on the island, and ruined himself fighting John Y. McKane. He began again in the real estate business, and with the first \$1,000 he could save he built the first Steeplechase, in 1897, and around it gradually built up the first amusement park in Coney Island. In time he built up similar amusement parks at Rockaway Beach, Bridgeport, Conn., and a pier at Atlantic City, besides instaling steeplechases on leasehold at Paris, San Francisco and Chicago. The simple invention has turned the first \$1,000 cost into a fortune of \$5,000,000 for its owner in twelve years.

Thirteen years before Tilyou gave shape to his Steeplechase idea, there was opened in Coney Island a different sort of gravity ride by another man, also new in the amusement business, L. A. Thompson, broken in health from the business management of a knitting factory equipped with

machines of his own invention, had gone to Arizona to recuperate. There the idea of the Switchback Railway came to him. He repaired to Coney Island and put up his first equipment at a cost of \$3,500. The receipts on the first day were \$684, representing the nickels of 13,680 passengers. Soon afterward a company was formed with \$350,000 capital, which has carried the invention into amusement parks throughout America and Europe. From the number of passengers carried per season, averaging 7,000,000 for the roads owned by the company, the profitableness of the enterprise may be gathered. A scenic railway costs as low as \$20,000 to instal, the most expensive and elaborate one being at Willow Grove, Philadelphia, and costing \$100,000. The scenic railway was another device that "caught on," and its modern elaboration of effects, extended course, block signals, braking and numerous other safety appliances render its construction an engineering feat of no mean magnitude.

The invention of these two early amusement devices successfully combined the sensation with the ride. It was reserved for two other men to lift the "sights" from the level of the catch-penny side-show into marvels of spectacular effect. Elmer S. Dundy was clerk of the United States Court at Omaha when the exposition of 1898 was being planned for that city. He became financially interested with some showmen to establish Midway devices there. Frederic Thompson, an impecunious youth of twenty-four, came to Omaha to get a concession for a show identical with one in which Dundy was interested. Dundy had the "pull" and got the concession, but he was keen enough to see that Thompson had the best development scheme, and offered to pool interests with him. Both men made some money, but Dundy lost most of his in the following hold-over season of the exposition, unwisely opened for a second year. Dundy concluded that as he had lost his money in the amuse-

ment business he must get it back there, and in 1900 he resigned his clerkship in the United States Court and set out to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. There he met Thompson again, and the firm of Thompson & Dundy was formed.

Thompson says he conceived the idea of Luna Park at Buffalo, but the first venture of the new firm was the "Trip to the Moon," which they installed on leased ground in Coney Island and which proved startling enough to the amusement fraternity. Immediately there was a rush among showmen to get in on this new form of summer amusement, and in 1903 Thompson & Dundy opened Luna Park, where a dozen such enterprises were installed as side shows and a free circus and other attractions compensated the visitor for his general admission fee of a dime. But the firm did not do this out of their previous profits. The previous year Thompson had been living on ten dollars a week, but they had the nerve to borrow \$800,000 for the enterprise. On the day the park opened they had just \$22 left to make change with—the last of a million dollars invested. A few days later when there were skeptical rumors that Luna Park was going to go broke, the partners loaded basketfuls of bills and coin on wagons to the amount of \$65,000 and paraded through Coney Island. It was spectacular, but the Island is used to the spectacular and it had the desired effect.

In the hands of such men as these have summer amusements become an industry worthy of the name. Now it has its own trade papers, every issue of which records a score of patents for new devices. Most of these are offered for sale to the successful managers, and most of them are turned down either because the idea is not new or is so elaborate that it would cost more to carry out than could possibly be earned by it. If the inventor has nerve and can get the capital together, he rents space somewhere and either sinks his money

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at the beginning of the season or at the end forms a company to manufacture the device for every park that will devote space to it. Such companies usually fail the second season through a failure to estimate wisely the element of change in popular fancy.

For the management of the modern amusement park has become a most exacting pursuit, and the man who is running one has little time to take his eyes off the main chance for immediate profits. He must justify his investment in a season of 72 days, on each of which the attendance between 3 to 8 p.m. tells the tale. A wet season like that of 1907 may automatically reduce park receipts throughout the country from the average normal 35c to 50c per capita per day to the ruinous rate of 15c to 10c. And the park manager knows almost hourly how things are going, for the effort to eliminate the swindling and graft and haphazard methods of the early days, resulting two years ago in the formation of the National Association of Park Managers, has raised the standard of business control and accounting almost to that of a bank.

Nevertheless, the industry remains the most uncertain of speculative endeavors, and an amusement man can never rest on his laurels unless he quits the business. So rapidly of late has the public acquired the taste for spectacle that those who have fed them on it find it necessary to surpass themselves each season. No longer is the summer crowd content to sit in a little theatre and watch a miniature reproduction of the Johnstown Flood or the Galveston Disaster. They want the life-sized reality. They had to dig up the largest pumping apparatus in the world, lying idle since the St. Louis Exposition, but now providing the 62,000 gallons of water that must be released every hour for the sake of realism for one show at Luna Park. Likewise a tre-

mendous double stage and a wireless equipment in charge of Jack Binus is necessary to show a sea collision similar to that of the ill-fated Republic. Across the way in Dreamland the whole Creation and the Fall of Man is shown on a stupendous scale.

Only at Coney Island would such fabulous investments stand even a chance of being profitable. Not even London's Earl's Court can count on the peculiarly amusement-hungry crowd that has ever regarded that little strip of sand as its Mecca. And nowhere else is the temper of an amusement crowd quite the same as at The Island. The success of Tilyou's Steeplechase Park attests that fact in sharp contrast to the elaboration of Luna and Dreamland.

Tilyou's principle has been to provide devices with which the crowd could amuse itself through active participation in the fun. The sensation rather than the spectacle predominates in his huge Pavilion of Fun, where more people can be sheltered under one roof than in London's Crystal Palace. Everywhere apparatus for the playing of harmless practical jokes and for placing all who venture on them in more or less ridiculous situations keep alive a sort of refinement on the spirit of the older Coney Island which Mr. Tilyou has studied so closely.

It is expensive to do even that. A man who rebuilds an amusement park after an uninsured loss by fire of \$1,000,000 and who buys outright the entire electric lighting plant of a large town can scarcely be said to be running under light expense. But he has developed his business with devices that cost comparatively little to operate, and the wisdom of following his own bent is proven by the fact that even during the season, in the middle of which he was entirely burnt out, approximately 3,000,000 people romped through his amusement park.

The Delight of Dress

From the Spectator.

THE average woman has found delight in dress from time immemorial. Civilization has done nothing to eradicate this primitive instinct from the feminine heart. To the idle few it is a business; to the busy many it is a hobby. Now and then we hear a woman say that she wishes she never had to think of new clothes and could dress in cast-iron. This, as a rule, is a mere expression of irritation,—she has bought something which disappoints her, or had to go without something she would like. A man whose dinner is not to his taste may say that he would like to live on essences put up in tabloids, but he does not mean it. But, it may be said, surely this is a sweeping indictment to bring against the vanity of women. On the contrary, we believe that only a very slight proportion of women in any class are vain, though those few make in all classes a great show. Their small minds are concentrated upon themselves, and they will sacrifice anything for personal adornment. They are weary unless they are being admired. Their chief object in life is to pass time, the marks of whose passage constitute their chief dread.

But many emotions besides vanity tend to the love of dress. If we begin at the bottom of the scale, dress is the commonest and most easily recognized mark of social distinction. All respectable people below a certain rank desire that their clothes should adorn not only their persons by their station. A poor woman who makes an effort to dress herself and her children conspicuously well is making an effort to live up to a high standard.

Of necessity she must think a great deal about the matter. She must work, consider, and plan, and, feminine human nature being what it is, and cheap clothes being what they are, she will not only think of what is suitable, she will sometimes spare a thought for what she imagines is fashionable. Otherwise she would get no pleasure out of her duty in this respect. As much care and thought is not infrequently bestowed upon a young servant's first outfit for service as upon a fashionable trousseau. Her mother desires that the little housemaid's Sunday hat should be the shape "that they are wearing," and her skirt of the newest degree of fullness or skimpiness, shortness or length. "I do love to think of Florrie in her new clothes," said a poor woman to the present writer a week after her eldest girl had gone to her first place. The little girls of the poorer classes learn very early to love smart clothes. They connect them so much more directly than richer children with all that is pleasant, with outings and treats and Sunday dinners and the thrill that accompanies a gift. Clothes and sweets are the favorite presents of the poor. They cannot afford to buy toys. Such little girls as grow up to be factory hands certainly keep the love of dress to an unfortunate extent; but the feminine mind cannot content itself with work for its own sake. Women are very industrious, but their natural work is irregular and full of variety. A factory girl's life would be unbearably monotonous but for her pleasures, and perhaps the most innocent of these is dress. Hu-

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man nature bids her try to attract her young man—there is no special vanity in that—and the desire to spend a little money on something not altogether useful is only the lowest form of the aspiration which forbids men to live by bread alone.

To a very great number of educated women the thought of dress is a relaxation of mind, and for very many the money they spend upon dress is practically the only money with which they feel free to do as they like; and, after all, that is one of the greatest pleasures money can give. Most women have a good deal of domestic anxiety, and very many are rather short of outside interests. It is no more waste of time to consider a dress than to smoke a cigar, and shopping is often an object for a walk, and always a change of scene. A great many professional women and some hard-worked mothers of families appear to give no thought at all to their attire. It is not that they despise clothes. They are overworked, and have probably no recreations or hobbies. Those rich and idle women who are commonly described as "smart" have, we admit, an inordinate love of dress. We doubt, however, whether they are specially vain in the ordinary sense of the word. The average of looks among such people is very high, and they all dress much alike.—Beauty stands out more conspicuously among poorer people.—The "smart" have, of course, a great corporate opinion of themselves. They seem to regard themselves as apart from the world at large. But their delight in dress has more to do with an artificially high standard of comfort—to alter the old saying, a sense that rich people are scarce—than with anything that can actually be called vanity. The word "shibboleth" is the master-word in their vocabulary. They want to live as the world cannot live, to talk as the world cannot talk, to dress as the world cannot dress.

On the whole, we think that pleasure in dress is a good thing, but its consideration is one of those amuse-

ments which, to be profitable, should be enjoyed in person. The present mania for reading about clothes seems to us unnatural, and not a good sign of the time. All the newspapers have fashion articles; even the Times has begun to provide for this new requirement of the public. The next thing will be that telegrams from Paris dressmakers will occupy the stop-press space in the evening newspapers. Who is it that takes pleasure in reading these effusions? Surely it must be the half-educated, and they are as a rule rather poor. Why should they gloat over accounts of the interiors of the dearest Bond street shops and descriptions of "models carefully guarded from cheap plagiarizing eyes?" Why, too, should they want to read about such "reach-me-downs" as they can see every day in Oxford Street, which are described in a penny contemporary in an article signed by a well-known writer on fashions as being of "that superior order of sartorialism that amiably submits to slight alterations," and which the same writer assures us are "within the purview of an average dress allowance?" Is it a literary taste, or a taste for dress, which is gratified by the reading of the following strange description, also from a signed article in a penny paper?—"A quantity of tastefully disposed black braid ornamenting the coat, which after effecting a bolero movement in the front graduates off into long graceful lines down the back." Surely even to a practised feminine eye accustomed to visualize from a fashion article that picture called up is not clear. Who could go to a shop and ask for such a thing? Do the fancy names for common colors supply simple people with the pleasure derived from puzzles? Why is a light blue called a "persuasive Parma," and why are satin dresses said to be "built?" Why is a new shop described as a "constructive event?" Who likes this language? The most ardent devotee of dress in practice may well stand aghast before the theory.

British and American Ambassadors

By SIDNEY BROOKS

From The Fortnightly Review

OF ALL diplomatic posts I have often thought the pleasantest in most ways and the most exacting in some is that of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Whoever holds it gets infinitely nearer to the realities of English life than the representative of any other country. He is treated from the first as a national guest whom it is a delight to honor, rather than as an official emissary. The mayor and corporation of Plymouth or Southampton board his vessel in the bay, and, even before he lands, convince him that the British people have no intention of surrendering him to the Court, Whitehall, and the West End. Nothing, indeed, could well be more significant or of better omen than the semi-official, semi-popular greetings that are extended to each new American Ambassador on his arrival. They are local in form but national in the feeling behind them. They have become, in fact, a custom of British public life, and a custom of which the full meaning is to be found in its singularity. So far as I know, nothing like it exists anywhere else. No Ambassador to this or any other nation is similarly honored. For the representative of a foreign power to be feted on his recall in the capital of the state to which he is accredited is common enough. But for the representative of a foreign power to be hailed with welcoming words at the moment of his arrival, before he has even presented his credentials, before he has given any token either of his

personality or of his diplomatic policy, this is an experience which, alone among the diplomats of the world, is enjoyed by the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. It is intended, I need hardly say, to be precisely what it is—a unique compliment, a distinguishing recognition on our part that Great Britain and the United States stand to one another in a special relationship such as unites no other nations on this earth, and that between them some departure from the merely official attitude is of all things the most natural. It would be against the grain of national instinct if no distinction were to be made between the American and other Ambassadors. Popular opinion separates him at once from his colleagues of the diplomatic corps. He is the only one who reaches the mass of the people. The ordinary Londoner, who could no more tell you the name of the Italian or German Ambassador than a New Yorker could tell you the name of the Lieutenant-Governor of Kansas, would not only answer correctly if you asked him the name of the American Ambassador, but would probably rattle off Mr. Whitelaw Reid's predecessors as far back as James Russell Lowell. He is the only one in whom the people as a whole have any interest. From the day of his arrival he becomes an intimate part of English society, and a still more intimate part of the world of English art and letters and public—by which, of course, I do not mean political—life. Other Ambassadors

may be as lavishly entertained, may be able to show as full an engagement list, may dispense in return an equally brilliant hospitality. But the quality of the welcome extended to them differs altogether from that which greets their American confrere. He alone gets behind the scenes, is shown the best of whatever England has to offer, and becomes at once a public character. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One hears, perhaps, once in a lifetime of the Russian or German Ambassador being asked to lecture before an educational or philosophical society, or invited to a literary dinner. However great their command of English, they still stand outside all but a fraction of the national life. The public knows nothing about them, and does not care to know anything. They are what the American Ambassador never is—they are foreigners, and treated as such. A paragraph in the Court Circular is enough to announce their advent or recall, while their American colleague, on his arrival as well as his departure, receives a full-blown editorial salute from the entire London Press. The one is merely an incident of officialdom; the other is a national event.

The office is a peculiar one in many other ways besides those on which I have already touched. The United States possess some offices in Victoria Street that call themselves an Embassy, but it has no Ambassador's residence. It acts with republican severity on the theory that all work and no sleep, let alone play, makes a good Ambassador. It provides him accordingly with a desk-chair, pens and paper, and the paraphernalia of his official business, but takes no account of his human longing for a bed, or a roof over his head, or anything that might serve him as a temporary home. These are luxuries he is expected to furnish out of his salary, and the fixed and inclusive salary of all American Ambassadors is £3,500 a year. Out of this they have to pay their own house-rent, as

well as all private living expenses. This was never a very satisfactory arrangement, even in the days of the modest scholar-diplomat, of men like Bancroft, Lowell, Motley, and Washington Irving, men, that is to say, of comparatively moderate means, who were appointed and welcomed on the strength of their literary laurels, and from whom nothing in the way of a grand establishment was expected. But standards have altered considerably of late years—partly because all the American Legations in the chief capitals have themselves been promoted to Embassies; and the consequence is that only very wealthy men, who are prepared to pay from £10,000 to £30,000 a year out of their private purse, can afford to accept a first-class Embassy, and to keep up the state that the diplomacy of to-day insists upon. In one capital you will find an American Ambassador living in a palace, the rent of which exceeds his official salary; and in another you will find him worse housed than the average representative of a Balkan State. One must remember that in the American diplomatic service there is little security of tenure, no regular and recognized system of promotion, and no pensions; and that all appointments are made by the President from men of his own party, and are liable to terminate at a moment's notice when the other side comes in. Diplomacy, in fact, in American eyes is rather a diversion than a career, and many of the highest posts in the service are given to men who have no official training, but who like to round off a successful political, professional, or business career by a new and pleasant experience. This, again, helps to limit the Ambassadorships at the great capitals to men of wealth. Moreover, my impression of the majority of Americans in Europe is that it gratifies them to see their Ambassadors resplendently housed and maintaining a generous social state. They do not want their representative in London to live in West Kensington or in the French or

German equivalents of West Kensington, but on the Park Lane or the Charlton House Terrace of the city to which he is accredited. It gives them, so far as I can judge, a real pleasure to feel that the American Ambassador is more than holding his own in the social game, and that on all occasions of public or semi-public display, and in all the outward embellishments of life, he plays an elegant and conspicuous, and even brilliant, part. If the Americans in Berlin, for instance, had been polled a year ago I do not doubt they would have voted to make Mr. Charlemagne Tower Ambassador for life; and they were probably just as disappointed as the Kaiser himself when Mr. Tower's successor turned out to be a gentleman whose tastes were those of a student and a scholar, and whose resources made it impossible for him to follow in Mr. Tower's footsteps with the same assurance and éclat. In regard to the London Embassy, the case is even more embarrassing. The last three American Ambassadors have all been men of very large private means, which they have spent ungrudgingly in their country's service. They have accustomed both Englishmen and Americans to a certain style and scale of doing things; and the transition from a millionaire to a man of moderate means, whether wholesome or not, would undoubtedly entail a certain amount of social and political inconvenience and unfairness. But that is not the limit of Mr. Taft's embarrassments. There are plenty of men in America who are millionaires, but who have not the social, literary, and intellectual qualifications that we have come to expect as a matter of course from the American Ambassador; and there are plenty of men who are amply endowed with these latter qualifications but who are vexed by the external want of pence. To hit upon the individual who combines both sets of requisites is no easy matter. That Mr. Taft, however, will succeed in discovering him I make no doubt. We always think that no

American Ambassador can be so good as the one who is just leaving us, and we are always proved to be delightfully wrong; and the Americans themselves are justly jealous of the fame of their London Embassy, and have no intention of lowering its unexampled prestige.

I have long held that the kind of man who should represent Great Britain in the United States is the kind of man who for the past two generations has represented the United States in Great Britain. Times have changed since Sir Stratford Canning described the Washington Embassy as very pleasant socially, but not requiring any great talents politically. During the past ten or twelve years the office of British representative at Washington has been in many ways one of the most exacting in the service. I know, indeed, of no post which makes so insistent a demand on the level-headedness and adaptability of its occupants. I say occupants, because in Washington less than in any other capital can the British Ambassador's wife be dissociated from her husband's failure or success. The prestige of the British Embassy will often depend more on her social flexibility than on her husband's merits as a diplomatist. Very few Englishwomen, so far as my observation goes, are happy or popular in the United States, or know how to take Americans, or can help being jarred, and, what is more, showing that they are jarred, by the thousand and one little differences between English and American social standards and ways of doing things. The wife of the British Ambassador has to accommodate herself to a social environment that is all the more difficult to gauge because of its similarity in general outline and its dissimilarity in detail to what she is used to at home or in the capitals of Europe. It asks a very high degree of tact and self-control sometimes to accept persons and things as they come without comment or surprise, and to recognize that what would be counted easy-go-

ingness or curiosity in London may in Washington be merely a novel token of friendliness and interest. A British Ambassador's wife in the American capital has always to bear in mind that in matters of social usage the English and Americans, while aiming at the same mark and meaning essentially the same thing, often behave and express themselves in opposite senses. Not every British Ambassador at Washington has had a wife who possessed these qualities of perception; and more than one hostess at the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue has passed her time, like Lady Barberina in Mr. Henry James's incomparable tale, in a state of hopeless alienation from, and misunderstanding of, her new surroundings. When this is the case the result is retroactively disastrous because Washington resembles nothing so much as a whispering gallery, its society is small, exceedingly intimate, and enjoys a highly specialized code of etiquette that is all its own, and a mistake, especially a mistake on the part of the British Ambassador's wife, becomes public property at once. I count it emphatically not the least of Mr. Bryce's qualifications for his post, and not the least among the causes of his unequalled success in it, that a mastery of all these social nuances and minutiae is with Mrs. Bryce a matter of instinct. To a bright and keen intelligence and a fund of real humor she unites a thorough knowledge of American life and of the American people, a disposition that has inherited more than a touch of American vivacity, and a sure command of all the arts of social success.

But if the conditions thus impose on the wife of the British Ambassador an unusual degree of diplomatic wariness, the Ambassador himself has to be doubly on his guard. For one thing, he finds the duties of his office carried on in a glare of publicity that in Europe is not only unknown but unimaginable. For another, there is always a party in the United States anxious to score a point against Great

Britain, and there are always votes to be won—though not many, happily, in these days—by an anti-British campaign. Our Ambassador, therefore, has to practise in the sphere of politics the same tactfulness and discrimination demanded from his wife in the sphere of society. He must be ever ready to make allowances; he must constantly remember that America is the exception; he must know what to discount. This is a kind of knowledge—like the not less essential knowledge of all the intricacies of the American system of government—that can hardly ever be gained by instinct or picked up by a few months' study. It is the sort of knowledge that only a man with a prolonged and intimate acquaintance with the United States is likely to possess, and that the official type of British diplomatist, pitchforked into Washington from one of the capitals of Europe, is not only most certain to lack but to be unable to acquire. But what, above all, is necessary is that the British Ambassador should have the instinct for taking the Americans in the right way. If he has that he has the one thing needful. If, on the other hand, he confirms the average American's worst suspicions of British angularity and reserve, if he seems stiff and self-contained and unable to let himself go, if he has not a natural sympathy with the American people and with the spirit of their social life, his abilities are as good as wasted. But a man who can take the Americans as Lord Grey is taking the Canadians may be very sure that the term of his Ambassadorship at Washington will pass pleasantly for himself and profitably for his country. It is because I have believed men of this stamp and flexibility to be more easily come by outside the official service than in it—Lord Dufferins do not grow on every diplomatic tree—and because I have felt that the British Ambassador in Washington should stand out among his colleagues, should be distinguished by attainments other than diplomatic, should be qualified to mingle in Ameri-

can public life, and should be a man whom Americans would honor without reference to his official position, that I have long argued in favor of filling the Washington Embassy from outside the ranks of the professional service.

The experiment has been twice tried and has twice succeeded. Sir Julian Pauncefote went to Washington without any previous training in diplomacy, and by the sheer frankness, honesty, and manliness of his bearing wore down that all too flattering suspiciousness of British diplomacy that fifteen years ago was an American obsession. Mr. Bryce in the last two and a half years has done even better. Indeed, Mr. Bryce appeals to my judgement as the perfection of the type of man who should always represent us in Washington. The appointment, as every one who knew both Mr. Bryce and America foretold, has proved an ideal one. He sailed for New York, of course, with many advantages in his favor that none of his successors is ever likely to possess. He was not only known to Americans but more intimately known and more highly thought of than any other Briton. For twenty years at least no one on this side of the Atlantic has had one-half of Mr. Bryce's influence on American opinion.

I cannot better summarize Mr. Bryce's achievements as Ambassador than by saying he has adapted to American conditions the example set by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Hay, Mr. Choate, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid in England. The past two and a half years have been a continuous record of political and social success. Mr. Bryce has negotiated and carried through some six or seven important treaties. He

has practically wiped the slate clean of every contentious issue. More than that, he has won the confidence of Canada and Newfoundland. He is the first British Ambassador at Washington who has visited Ottawa during his term of office. He is the first who has secured for Canada a recognized status in the conduct of Anglo-American diplomacy. He is the first, in short, who has done something tangible towards disabusing the Canadian mind of the notion that the British Embassy at Washington exists to cultivate American goodwill at the expense of Canadian interests. But, above and beyond all this, Mr. Bryce has broken all precedents by declining to confine himself to the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue and his official summer residence in Massachusetts. He has made a point of seeing something of the country and its people. He has established himself as an intimate part of the world of American letters and of the yet larger world of public endeavor. He has delivered addresses at meetings, congresses, and universities. He has attended political conventions; he has received honorary degrees. He has openly shown his passionate interest in all that touches on American life. For the first time the British Ambassador in Washington occupies a position analogous to that of the American Ambassador in London. He is at last a distinctive figure; he has ceased to be a mere name to the masses; he is marked out from his colleagues in the diplomatic corps in ways and to a degree that represent and correspond with the special relationship that exists between the two main branches of the English-speaking peoples.

THE moving finger writes, and having writ
 Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
 Can lure it back to cancel half a line:
 Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it.

—*The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*



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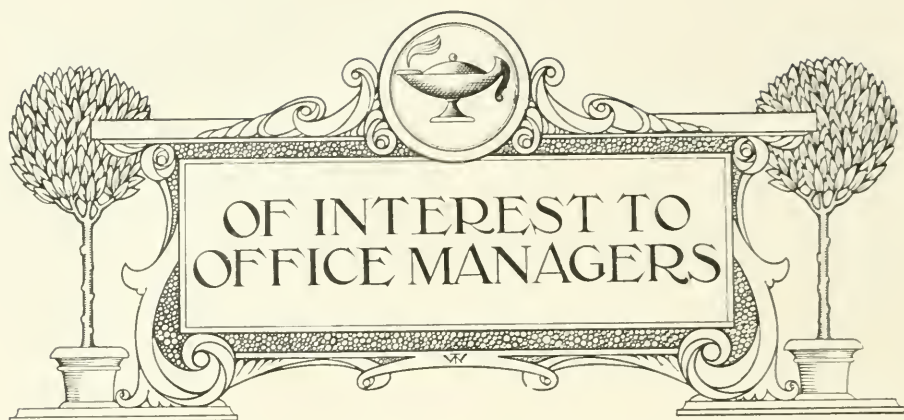
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H Manual craft that implies no thought or ingenuity
stands very low. A man who simply shovels,
exercising neither skill nor intelligence, who does mere
muscle-work, is at the bottom of the scale. A man
that thinks how to shovel goes higher in proportion to
the thought which he adds to the physical exertion.

—Henry Ward Beecher



New Elapsed Time Recorder.

FOR years there has been a demand for a machine that would accurately compute and print in plain figures the elapsed time on different jobs. Until now no such machine has been available. After four years of exper-



International Elapsed Time Recorder.

iments and actual working tests the International Time Recording Company of 25 Alice St., Toronto, have completed a machine which will do this work.

This machine is designed specially for cost purposes. It prints the starting time, the stop-

ping time and the elapsed time in plain Arabic numerals on one line. There can be no mistake about the accuracy of the result as it is mechanically impossible for the machine to err. Nor is it possible to place the card in the machine so that an incorrect result is obtained.

The device is operated electrically, the impulses being furnished by a master clock. This may be located anywhere in the building, preferably in the office, as it will be less affected by vibration and dust. This clock transmits electric impulses each minute all through the building to the various elapsed time mechanisms. Thus all the machines are exactly the same time and cards may be registered in on one machine and out on any other and correct results obtained.

The mechanism is about 9 inches square and may be placed on a work bench, on a pedestal or it may be sunk flush with the top of the bench or desk. The flat cover has two openings or slots for the insertion of the cards. One opening is marked "in" for the first record of a job, the other "out" for registering when the job is completed. There is also an aperture in the cover through which may be seen a series of indicating wheels showing exactly the time of day. There is only one handle to be operated and, therefore, no confusion can occur in the mind of the operator as to which handle to pull.

The cards used in the machine may be of any length desired but can only be of one width, 4½ inches. In registering in the card is placed in the front or starting slot and the lever pulled over. This prints the starting time at the top of the card in the space to the left. At the same time four small holes are punched in the card which individualize the record. After a job is completed the card is placed in the rear or stopping slot, the lever pulled over once more and the stopping time and actual elapsed time are both printed on the card by one pull

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

IN		OUT		Elapsed Time
AM	7 56	PM	3 11	
Shop Order No. 17632				6 hr 15 min
Operation <i>Milling</i>				
Article No. 301 C				
Lot No. 6				
No. of Pieces... 50				
Employee No. 273				
Date Feb 21-09				
Time 6 hr 15 min				
Rate 20c				1.25
Cost				

Fac-simile of Record Card made by new Elapsed Time Machine. First registration to left shows starting time, second registration stopping time; third, to right, indicates the elapsed time.

of the handle, thus enabling anyone to compare the two records and prove the accuracy of the machine for every record.

One of the salient features connected with this device is its ability to compute only the actual time worked in the factory irrespective of the times of registration. That is to say, in a factory working ten hours a day from seven to twelve and one to six the elapsed time will only be computed during these hours. Any registrations made before seven o'clock will not begin to count elapsed-time until that hour, and the computation of elapsed time automatically stops at noon to be resumed at exactly one o'clock and then continues until quitting time at night, when again it stops automatically. The clock movement, however, does not stop, but always shows the correct time exactly the same as the master clock and is entirely unaffected by the elimination of the non-working hours in figuring the elapsed time. The machine can also be set to record overtime at night if so desired.

In case work on a given job is not completed on the day it is begun, it is not necessary to ring out on the elapsed time machine until the job is completed as the machine computes up to 100 hours. A job beginning on Monday and running through the week until Saturday night, when it is finished, may be registered on one card, or even for a longer period up to 100 hours.

On the International Elapsed Time Machine the registrations may be made as soon as the workman is ready to go to work, irrespective of the actual starting time, and therefore, no time is lost by the workman waiting for a chance to ring in, but the elapsed time will

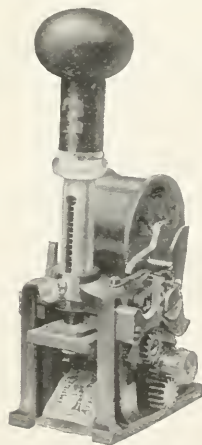
only be figured from the hours when the men should actually begin work. For example—a workman might register on his job ticket at ten minutes to seven o'clock, but the elapsed time would only be calculated from seven o'clock, the actual time of beginning work.

The machines are wired in multiple and any number of machines may be operated by one master clock. Machines may be added or removed from the circuit without interfering with the working of the other machines.

The value of this machine to any manufacturing business is at once apparent. The red tape surrounding the cost department is done away with. There are no deductions to be made from the elapsed time as indicated on the job cards. Nothing remains to be done but to post the time to the proper order sheet and compute the amount earned. The data thus obtained is absolutely accurate. No chance for any of the ordinary mistakes. The work in the cost department is so largely reduced that the services of cheap clerks who usually make the expensive mistakes can be dispensed with.

Envelope Stamping Machine.

A little device being placed on the market by the Drummond, Ludlow Co., 114 Liberty St., New York City, weighing but one pound and a half, and about 6½ x 3 in., takes a roll of five hundred stamps placed in the magazine and stamps these one by one on envelopes by action



Envelope Stamping Machine.

of the handle returning from the base plunger through an appurtenance underneath in a small tank containing water, with a wick about the length of a stamp (½ of an inch wide.) All the operator has to do is to push down the machine on the envelope and a stamp is affixed, the wetting, cutting-off, and affixing being done with one pressure of the hand. This unique appliance saves the inconvenience of having to take off stamps single, and moisten them either

by tongue or sponge, and it is claimed that stamps can be placed on mail ten times faster than by hand.

Upon these machines being submitted to the postal authorities, at Washington, the Government immediately authorized the issue of stamps in rolls of five hundred, so that business firms would be able to make use of the device. Negotiations are now on with the postal authorities at Ottawa, to have them do as the United States Government have done. The advent of this machine will naturally depend upon the Canadian Government putting up their stamps in rolls the same as the United States Government are now doing.

Capturing the Market.

At the beginning of the year, the Wales Visible Listing and Adding machine was put on the Canadian market and, as anticipated, has met with marked success. This machine is simple and convenient, and to demonstrate their

confidence in it the manufacturers offer to place the convenient appliance in any office on 30 days' trial. If it does not prove satisfactory, one may send it back at the expense of the firm and no question will be asked. During the period when it is on trial any other machine can be used and compared with it. The Wales possesses eleven exclusive features which save lots of time and trouble. Among them may be mentioned perfectly visible printing, visible totals, flexible keyboard, column space bar, automatic clear signal, adjustment for a carbon copy, bell signal and item counter, eliminating keys, and several others. It is claimed that the Wales is the only machine which upon the pressure of one small key, will add without listing, and upon pressing another key will list without adding. The Wales is now in almost every country of the globe. Mr. E. Avery, late managing director for the Burrows Adding Machine Co., in England, has recently taken up the agency for the Wales Adding Machine Co., in Belgium, with headquarters "94 Rue Place Royal, Place Stephanie, Brussels."

A little more patience, a little more charity for all,
a little more devotion, a little more love: with
less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of
pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the
future with more faith in our fellows and the race will
ripen for a great burst of light and life.

—Fra Elbertus

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EAT—
NOT TO
KEEP

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Financial Post of Canada

it is only necessary to state that it is growing in a thoroughly gratifying manner, with the result that the *Post* has become the national, and at the same time an international, financial newspaper.

CIRCULATION—Not long ago a single week's subscription returns of the *Post* covered seven provinces and two foreign countries. The United States boundaries of another week's returns were Massachusetts on the east and California on the west, and in Canada the Maritime Provinces and the Great Lakes.

Subscriptions have been received recently, too, from France, India, Holland, the Fiji Islands, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and lastly from Madrid.

AND IN ADVERTISING—The *Post*, every *two* months this year to date, has equalled its fine increase for the entire *twelve* months of 1908.

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A HILLSIDE GORGE

Painting by HOMER WATSON, R.C.A.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVIII TORONTO SEPTEMBER 1909

NO 5

How the Governor-General Earns Salary

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

\$50,000 a year! Does a Governor-General of Canada earn such a salary? Can he live on it?

Those but little acquainted with the functions of a Governor, his daily duties, his obligations, social and otherwise, the demands made upon his time, his hospitality and his purse, will naturally declare offhand that, in a young and by no means wealthy country like Canada, no man, in a purely administrative arena or gubernatorial capacity, is worth anything like this sum of the people's money. They will concede perhaps that, in an exalted executive position in a big business concern like a chartered bank, a railway corporation, or an insurance company, a man may hold an office in which his ability, foresight and judgment are worth \$50,000 annually to the interests he serves.

And yet \$50,000 is not all! A Governor-General is provided with an official residence known as Rideau Hall. It nestles among many cedar and pine trees to the east of the Rideau River, and is a place of tall chimneys, gray

walls, and inartistic extensions. The property was formerly the home of the Hon. Thomas McKay and was bought by the government in 1864, as a dwelling for vice-royalty. Since the building was acquired it has been considerably added to by the Government and various Governors-General until to-day it is a quaint, picturesque and interesting structure, but one scarcely in keeping with modern styles of architecture or the demands of its eminent occupants. The cost for all repairs and nearly all additions has come out of the public exchequer, while the furnishings are almost wholly provided by the purse of the people.

In addition to all this the representative of the Crown receives several allowances. There is, for instance \$8,000 granted annually for the heating and lighting of Government House, while the salaries of the staff are for the most part borne by the nation. A few years ago the travelling concession was raised from \$5,000 to \$25,000 a year. Thus expense is piled up and the ratepayer in a demo-



RIDEAU HALL

THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNORS-GENERAL OF CANADA

cratic land like Canada—young in years, full of life and hope, rich only in resources rather than cold cash—stands back, rubs his eyes and wonders where the disbursements for officialdom are going to end. Is it worth it? Can the country stand such a high figure for royal representation? Can it financially afford such a costly part of our legislative system? Along with the furnishings, maintenance and repair account of Rideau Hall it involves the Dominion in an expenditure of something like \$125,000 a year.

In the early nineties, when the Liberals did not occupy the treasury benches, Hon. James McMullen, would rise from his seat in the Commons Chamber, for he then represented North Wellington, and, with the Auditor-General's report on his desk, would by warning finger and in a raucous voice, thunder against the heavy outlay. He knew all about the quality, price and number of the nap-

kins, towels and tablecloths purchased for Rideau Hall, and whether they were needed or not. Such petty affairs were discussed on the floor of the House by a few bitter partisans, but to-day appropriations in that direction are seldom if ever called into question, unless it be an expenditure of several thousands in the estimates for an extension to the building, which, if it were not occupied by viceroyalty, would be referred to as a "thing of shreds and patches."

Why the change? There are many reasons. One is that Canada has become a nation, the people are more liberal in sentiment, broader in outlook, and more prosperous in pocket. They recognize that the scale of living and entertaining has increased, and that the representation in its ability, activity and efficiency has been strengthened. A Governor-General is not a stranded peer nor an impecunious aristocrat temporarily out of a job, sent out by the Imperial authorities to



HIS EXCELLENCY EARL GREY, P.C., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O. AND STAFF

STANDING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—Col. Sir John Hanbury-Williams, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., Military Secretary; Arthur F. Sladen, Esq., Private Secretary; Viscount Lascelles, A.D.C.; Capt. D. O. C. Newton, A.D.C.; C. Leveson-Gower, Esq., Comptroller.

a colony at a fat salary, to bow officially before parliament twice a year and socially on many occasions, to act as a sort of rubber stamp on official documents, a drawing card at smart functions, and enjoy the best in the land at the expense of "tax-payers," as some persons dearly love to call themselves.

Serving the country and its people in the capacity of a direct representative of the reigning monarch is a serious business—a highly responsible post—but still the question crops up, does a Governor-General of Canada earn his salary? Can he live on it—how expensive are the entertainments that he gives, how many do tradition and precept impose upon him, and in general how does he conduct himself and put in his time during the term of his official residence in the Dominion?

The Governors-General of Canada since Confederation, which may fit-

tingly be termed the birthday of the Dominion, have been Viscount Monck, Lord Lisgar, The Earl of Dufferin, The Marquis of Lorne, The Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Stanley of Preston, afterwards the Earl of Derby, The Earl of Aberdeen, and The Earl of Minto. The present incumbent is the Right Honorable Sir Albert Henry George, Earl Grey, who was appointed in September, 1904, and sworn in as administrator on December 10th of the same year. In the natural course of events he would have followed the precedent established by his predecessors, with the exception of Lord Dufferin and Lord Minto, and retired after holding office for five of the six years of his appointment. His tenure of Rideau Hall was sometime ago extended another year, making the full term, which is a strong compliment to his personal qualifications for the office and an appreciation of his splendid

work in connection with the Quebec Tercentenary celebration and other occasions wherein he has done much to solidify Canadian national life.

A reference to the staff, who assist His Excellency in his administrative and social duties is interesting. In personnel, it consists of the Secretary to His Excellency and Military Secretary, Sir John Hanbury-Williams; the Aides-de-camp, Captain Newton, Duke of Cambridge Own, Middlesex Regiment; Lieut. Viscount Lascelles, late Grenadier Guards, and Captain Fife, The King's Royal Rifle Corps; the Comptroller of the Household, Mr. C. Leveson-Gower; His Excellency's Private-Secretary, Arthur F. Sladen; Assistant Secretary, Chas. Jones, I.S.O., and civil service clerks, Messrs. Walker and Pieriera. The official duties of Sir John Hanbury-Williams, who has an office in the East Block adjoining that of the Governor-General, are to supervise and reply to all official and military communications, foreign despatches and correspondence, and other matters of an executive and diplomatic character. The Private Secretary to His Excellency, Mr. Sladen, in conjunction with Sir John has charge of the regular mail matter and acts in both an advisory and confidential capacity. For instance, many invitations are daily received asking the Governor-General to lay corner stones, to open public buildings, hospitals and charitable institutions in various cities and towns, to attend important educational, scientific, historical and other gatherings, to officially inaugurate fall fairs, to visit different centres on the occasion of old boys' reunions or local celebrations, to address Canadian clubs, to be present at convocation exercises of colleges and universities, and to preside at many other functions. Whether or not the representative of the Crown accepts depends largely upon the nature and character of previous appointments. All these and other relative matters are carefully weighed and all necessary information presented by the secretary

when the invitation is laid before the Governor-General. A social calendar is kept by the secretary. The dates for the present and many months ahead have to be consulted and His Excellency acquainted with what engagements he already has in hand. It then rests with him as to his compliance or otherwise with the requests. Decisions are not hastily reached, as many things have to be taken into consideration. Sometimes the date mentioned is too far distant for a definite answer to be given. However, once accepted an engagement becomes a fixture, the day on the diary is marked off and nothing is allowed to interfere with the arrangement for that occasion. If the affair is an out-of-town one all necessary details for the itinerary, transportation, etc., are made by the Comptroller.

There are certain fixed social functions, which precept and tradition declare as inviolable obligations on the part of a Governor-General. These constitute a list of gayeties that invariably come off at Rideau Hall during a session of parliament. Among these are the State Dinner—on the King's birthday, the drawing room in the Senate Chamber at the opening of parliament, a State ball held usually in the month of May and His Excellency's levee on New Year's Day. Then there are dances at Christmas time, skating and tobogganing parties every Saturday afternoon in the winter season, dinners and other brilliant entertainments. The number of musical and dramatic events held under "Vice-Regal Patronage" is almost appalling. This rather formidable roll of festivities constitutes only a comparatively unimportant part of gubernatorial obligations, or, perhaps, business would be a more applicable term. It is not alone in the Capital that the Governor-General entertains. Montreal, Toronto, Quebec and other cities have claims upon his consideration. Twice a year he usually spends several weeks in Canada's commercial metropolis occupying the handsome residence of Lord Strathcona where



HIS EXCELLENCY EARL GREY, P.C., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

receptions and dinners are held aplenty. A house is generally taken in Toronto during the spring meet of the Ontario Jockey Club when Their Excellencies are at home to hundreds and visit institutions of learning, public charities and places of interest. The Citadel at Quebec is often the temporary abode of the representatives of royalty and the scene of much hospitality on their part. When the Vice-Regal court is transferred to any of these cities the staff and several attaches of the household are necessarily included. It may incidentally be observed that the expense of this constant round of social attractions—at the Capital and other cities—is personally borne by the Governor-General. Not a dollar comes out of the national exchequer.

Regarding the patronage of entertainments this is, of course, quite voluntary. As a general rule, Their Excellencies give their patronage to any concert, recital or dramatic performance of a deserving charity, or to any talented professional or amateur artists of any kind. In doubtful cases patronage is not given. It is, however, often extended when Their Excellencies cannot be present. By this is meant that patronage does not imply they will be there in person, but it does mean that they approve and encourage the object or character of the enterprise, with the inevitable result that the attendance and interest are invariably increased.

When a Governor-General leaves Canada, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, at once become the Administrator and a proclamation is issued to that effect vesting him with all the necessary power and authority to serve in his stead. The Administrator receives one-quarter of the gubernatorial salary, the other three parts going to the Governor-General. At one time it was the Commander of His Majesty's forces in British North America who acted as Administrator in the absence of a Governor, but as he was at Halifax, this frequently caused considerable

inconvenience. Several years ago this was changed and now it is always the Chief Justice of Canada who is entrusted with the duties. Should the Chief Justice be absent then the Justice, who takes his place as head of the Supreme Court acts. It is not considered *bon gout* for one Governor-General, at the expiration of his term, to remain in the Capital until his successor arrives. They generally pass on the ocean unless the departing one reaches England before the new occupant of Government House sets sail.

The duties of the aides-de-camp are largely of a social character. Once a date is fixed for any function, sending out the invitations, assisting in the reception of guests and looking after their comforts are solely in the hands of these gentlemen. All preliminaries and formal arrangements are carried out by them. Whenever Their Excellencies attend a musical or dramatic entertainment, public ceremonial or private reception, one or more of the A. D. C.'s is in attendance. Their presence at any function is considered desirable. They accompany Vice-Royalty on practically all visits and tours, adjust all details as to the hour of arrival and departure, the part the distinguished visitors take in the proceedings and give attention to many other matters of moment. The Comptroller of the Household has complete charge of all internal affairs, expenditures, servants and other arrangements. He is really the business manager of Rideau Hall.

With respect to official dress, at the opening and closing of parliament, and at all state functions, the personal representative of His Majesty wears the first class of the Civil uniform, which is worn in Canada only by a Governor-General and the members of the Imperial Privy Council. The Military Secretary and "the aides" wear the uniform of their respective regiments on all State occasions and the Private Secretary wears the fifth class Civil uniform. At less pretentious affairs the members of the staff are dis-



COUNTESS GREY

tinguished by the colored facings on their evening coats, which, in the case of the present regime are light blue.

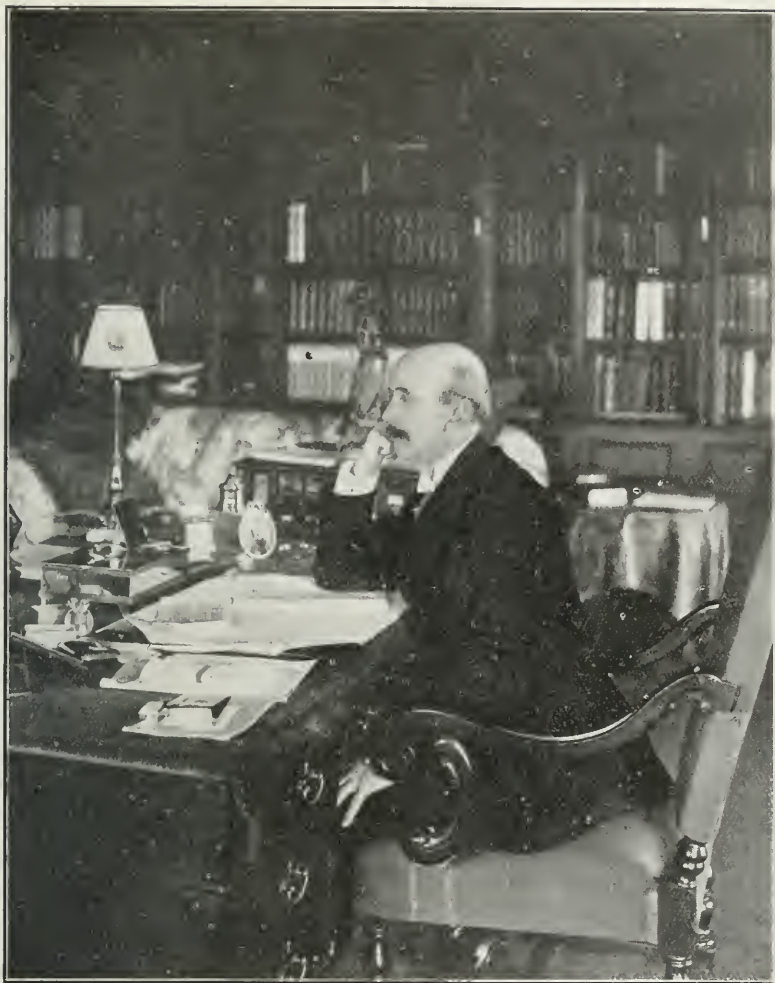
Outside of the social customs and courtesies traditional to his office a Governor-General has many affairs of State to attend to, and the present occupant has proved a worthy and eminently qualified successor of the able men who have preceded him. He closely identified himself with the welfare and interest of the Canadian people. He has visited every one of the nine provinces of the Dominion and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the person in every walk and condition of life and with the country, its rich resources and extensive expansion. His addresses on all occasions are marked by earnestness, optimism, thoughtfulness and practical common sense. They are no mere platitudes, no meaningless deliveries, but are of a character that reveal the capacity, faith and shrewd insight of the man. His Excellency

is an industrious reader of both English and Canadian journals. All mediums bearing on the topics of the day, as well as history, biography, works of travel and discovery, are constantly consulted. An early riser, he often begins the day by reading a few minutes in bed. He gets up at eight o'clock and breakfasts at nine, but frequently dictates some letters before partaking of the morning meal. In his large private room at the northeast angle of Rideau Hall he spends a busy forenoon in company with his secretaries—first with Sir John Hanbury-Williams and then Mr. Arthur Sladen—oftimes with both gentlemen. Foreign despatches, parliamentary communications, orders-in-council, and other official documents are there in abundance, to which prompt attention must be directed. Then there are epistolary matters of a more personal character which have to be considered. There are letters of every kind, not a few of which are solicitations for sub-



OFFICE OF HIS EXCELLENCY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY

HOW THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL EARNS SALARY



HIS EXCELLENCY AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE

scriptions to various causes and institutions, worthy and unworthy. By the time the nature of all the replies are dictated or indicated mid-day has arrived.

Twice a week when Parliament is in session, the Governor-General comes up to his office in the east block, where he generally sees Ministers, Senators and Members of Parliament. He arrives about twelve o'clock and it is frequently half-past one before he is through. Sometimes he drives from Rideau Hall to the buildings, frequently he makes the journey mounted on one of his fav-

orite saddle horses, and often, if the weather is fine, he walks, for he is a good pedestrian and fond of exercise. Occasionally he lunches at the Rideau Club, but generally under his own roof. In the afternoons he drives, rides or attends some public function—and there are many of them in Ottawa. His Excellency is a frequent visitor to the Geological Survey building, the National Museum, Art Gallery, Archives, and other places of interest. In the winter he skis, snowshoes or curls, and between these pastimes and pursuits he reads. In the summer he plays golf, cricket, and

does not disclaim a game of lawn bowling. He is a good traveler, fond of fishing and an enthusiastic patron of the turf. Rarely has he an evening entirely free. There are dinner parties, entertainments under Vice-Regal auspices and other fete which people decree a Governor must attend. During an evening he enjoys a good game of billiards or a rubber of bridge, and usually retires about eleven o'clock.

He is often in consultation with the First Minister and other members of the Cabinet, discussing important affairs of state, public policy, or diplomatic relations, and offering suggestions and counsel to his advisors. Above all things, Earl Grey is no mere figurehead. Cabinet Ministers, as perhaps no one else, well know this.

All distinguished visitors to the Capital are invited to Rideau Hall. Seldom does a week pass without some illustrious stranger being entertained under its roof and there is oftentimes a house party besides. Practically all strangers, eminent in affairs of Church or State, renowned in scholarship, literature or discovery, spend part if not all of their time during their stay in Ottawa as guests at Government House. Earl Grey takes a deep interest in so many public movements and large undertakings like the Public House trust in England, the cause of social reform, the fight against tuberculosis, the progress of Canadian clubs, the Quebec Battlefields' fund, by which the historic Plains of Abraham are preserved for the people of Canada for all generations, the improvement of the condition of the working classes, public libraries, hospitals and charities, not to speak of the inauguration and success of his musical and dramatic competitions, that he is always anxious to discuss matters with the leaders in any sphere of activity. His concern in all these things is not merely polite and perfunctory. It is deep-rooted. Personally, Earl Grey is a genial, kindly and unassuming man, with sufficient reserve of dignity

to never forget his exalted station, for he rightly entertains high ideals of his office. He meets the people in a cordial and unaffected manner and neglects no opportunity to be a helpful, useful citizen of Canada.

Comprehensively, this is how a Governor-General earns his salary, and it must be admitted, in view of his generous hospitality in Ottawa and other cities, the liberal scale on which these entertainments are conducted and demands of all kinds made upon one occupying such an important post, that he earns every dollar he receives. It is an open secret that a Governor-General of Canada, unless possessing private means, cannot live on his salary. The precedent set by previous rulers and the elaborate manner in which many of them are carried out, must be lived up to, and Earl Grey is not a rich man. Since the days of Lord Dufferin, the social demands of a Canadian viceroy have been exacting, and to-day are increasing rather than diminishing. With the rapid growth of Canada in influence and prestige, the development of the country, the increased cost of the necessities, as well as the luxuries of life and the general advance in all lines, it is recognized that a Governor-General on \$50,000 a year salary—even with the other allowances—can scarcely make ends meet.

Many brilliant fetes have been given at Rideau Hall under previous regimes. The famous fancy ball of Lord and Lady Dufferin is still remembered as one of the most spectacular episodes in the gay Canadian Capital. The scene of the ball-room on that memorable occasion is one that never will be forgotten. Next in splendor and magnificence in the social annals of the vice-regal court stands the historic ball given by the Aberdeens in the Senate chamber. It was a great, intellectual and enjoyable event, and served an admirable purpose in that, by the researches in the records of Canadian history which the arrangement of costumes entailed, Canadians—and particularly those

present on that auspicious occasion—were made more familiar with the story and advancement of their own country from its earliest period. The dance given in Toronto a few years ago by the Aberdeens is reported to have cost the Earl no less than \$15,000, and this function was by no means as gorgeous as some others carried out under their auspices. While the tone and color of entertainments may differ according to the taste, inclinations and wealth of the occupants of Government House, there is a list of gayeties, receptions, levees, dinners and parties that have always held sway at the vice-regal residence in Ottawa, and for which a Governor-General must bear all the expense out of his salary. One gets an insight into the pursuits and predilections of these great men on hearing that the toboggan slide and curling rink on the grounds were put up by Lord Dufferin, the racquet court by the Marquess of Lorne, and the chapel by Lord Aberdeen.

It is safe to say that, in the last thirty or thirty-five years, no Governor-General has left Rideau Hall at the expiration of his term who has not departed from \$40,000 to \$60,000 poorer in pocket than when he took the oath of office. The strain on his purse is far greater than he perhaps anticipated, but he has always bravely stuck to his post and has not been known to make complaint that the allowance was not ample. It will thus be seen that the pathway of a Governor-General is not always of a primrose character, but that he has exactions and demands made upon him of which, perhaps, when coming to this country he little dreamed. The Governors-General of Canada since Confederation have generally speaking left behind them the impress of useful, serviceable lives, and on their return to the old land have never lost opportunity to proclaim the praises of the Dominion and to make more widely known its advantages and resources, the development and destiny of the people to whom they have endeared themselves.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN HIS
OFFICIAL DRESS



CHECKING BAGS AND PARCELS OF MAIL

Handling Transatlantic Mails

TRANSLATED BY MAX BRUNNER

From the *Hamburger Beiträge*

AT THE end of 1908 the Government of the United States closed a contract with Great Britain according to which ordinary letters weighing not more than half an ounce cost only two cents, or one penny, either way. It was feared that the postal administrations would suffer great losses, but the number of letters increased so enormously that scarcely any loss in receipts was noticeable. In addition, the United States were so satisfied that they made a similar agreement with the German Empire, which went into force this year. It remains only that the latter country come to a similar understanding with Great Britain to make the link complete.

The ideal arrangement of course would be the universal introduction of

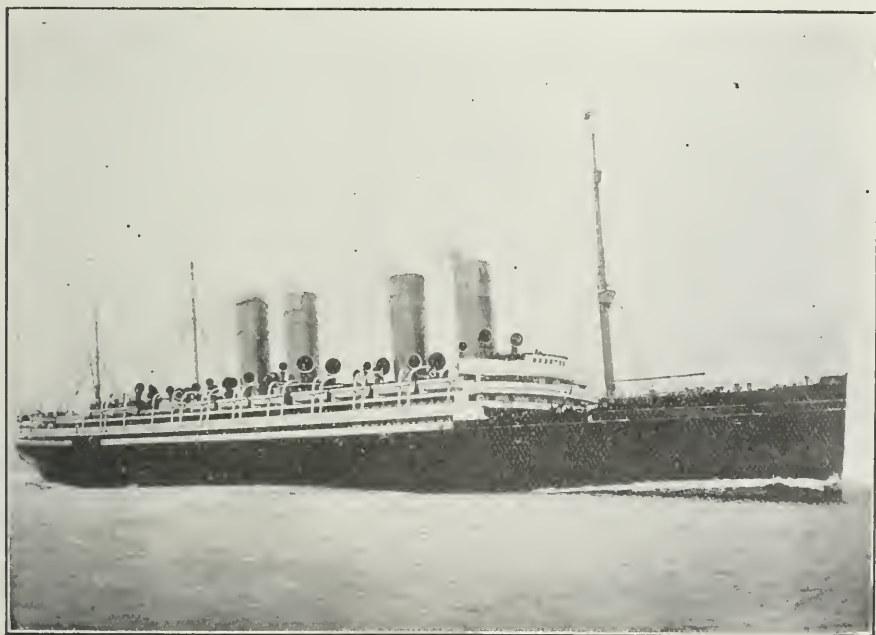
penny postage throughout the civilized world and it is certain that it is bound to come in time. The above mentioned nations have made an experiment and as it has proved successful, it should show that general penny postage can be safely adopted. In Germany it is much regretted that only letters to the United States are favored by the reduction, not those for the whole continent of America including Canada. Besides the above mentioned countries domestic postage exists already between Great Britain and Canada, between the United States and Cuba, the Philippines, Canada and Mexico, and between Germany and Austria, Hungary and Bosnia.

At the present time it might be interesting to learn something about the

immense quantity of mail now sent to the principal countries and the way of handling it. In Europe alone which leads the world in this respect there were dispatched in 1908, according to the latest and most reliable information of the German Imperial Statistical Bureau, $9\frac{1}{4}$ billion letters, $3\frac{1}{2}$ billion postals, 9 billion printed matter, 375 million money orders, 575 million parcels and 52 million packages with registered value. Of the European states and of the world, too, Germany takes the lead. That country handled in a year no less than 7 1-3 billion packages of all kinds. Only after a long interval Great Britain follows with $4\frac{1}{2}$ billions, France with $3\frac{1}{4}$ billions, Austria Hungary with 2 billions, Russia with 1 1-3 billions, and Italy with one billion. All kinds of correspondence show increases, the time honored letter, the postal card which was introduced 40 years ago, and the bookpost. However, the distribution of these different classes varies with the countries. The letter for instance

is most used in England and the quantity sent surpasses a little that sent in Germany. England dispatches 2 3-5 billion letters and the German empire 2 3-10 billions a year. The reason is that in that country the postal card is very little used and British firms often regard the postal card as impolite. Indeed, they are extravagant enough to use a letter if the correspondence is only two or three lines. Such a silly practice is not to be found in any other country. Foreign correspondents have suffered a great deal by it, as their postals were seldom answered when letters would have been replied to. It is high time that the postal was as much honored as the letter.

As to other nations France sends 1 1-10 billion letters, Austria Hungary one billion, Russia 596 millions, Italy 301 millions. As regards density of post offices again, Germany and England come first. In the latter one post office comes for each 137 square-kilometer, in Germany for each 138 sqkm., in Italy for each 326, in France



THE KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE

THIS SHIP AND HER SISTER SHIP THE KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE CONTAIN FLOATING POST OFFICES



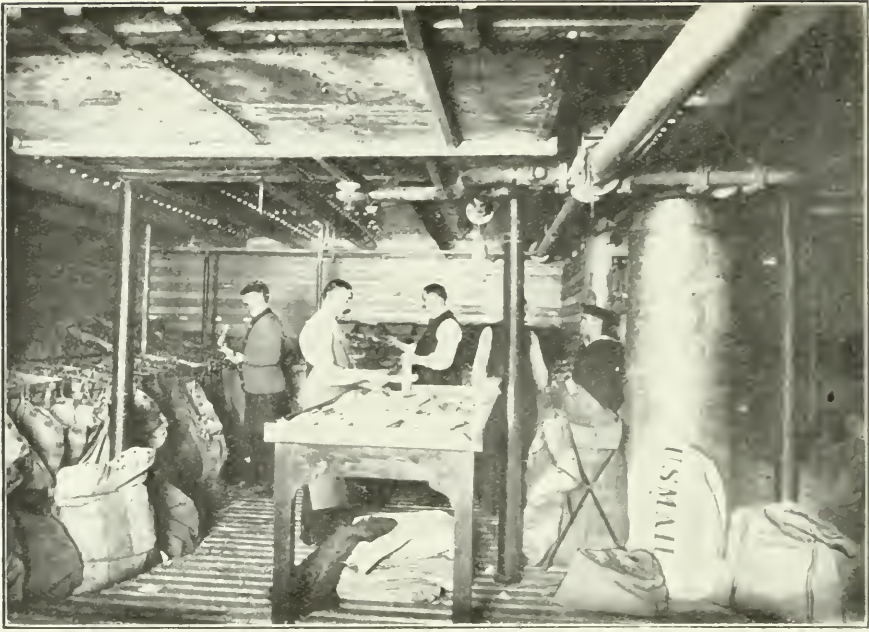
A BUSY DAY IN HAMBURG HARBOR

for each 445, in Austria for each 500 and in Russia for each 1,777 sqkm. With respect to the number of inhabitants the best supplied nation is again the German Empire, for one postoffice station is placed for each 1,552 citizens, in Great Britain for 1,859 people, in Italy for 3,791, in France for 3,232, in Austria for 3,500, in Russia for each 10,697 inhabitants. The great contrast between the German and the Russian empire is clearly seen herewith.

With reference to countries outside of Europe, the United States heads the list although they do not nearly approach the quantity of mail matter and density of offices of Germany or Britain. Every year 784,000 kilograms of letters are sent across the ocean to which must be added 3,451,000 kg. printed matter. But that country receives far more mail matter than it sends out. As an example in one year 11,950,000 ordinary and 186,900 registered letters with 16,000 bags of printed matter went to America via German ports alone. This shows what an immense work is done by the seapost. To handle the above mentioned quantity 8,266 hours were required or 85 to 90 hours for each westward trip. The immense bulk of German mail is due to the fact that the Hamburg and Bremen vessels carry not only mail from the home country but hundreds of bags on each trip from Holland, Switzerland, Austria, and Sweden, to which are to be added those from France and England when the liners call at Dover, Southampton, Havre or Boulogne. On the Atlantic the German companies receive by far the largest part of the European mail. The North German Lloyd line carries 36.3 per cent. of it, the American line 25 per cent., the Hamburg-American line 22 per cent., the British companies 16.5 per cent. or 58.5 per cent., German lines, and 41.5 per cent. foreign ones. As an example we may cite the journey of the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" which carried during one trip in January, 1906, 2,839

bags of letters and bookpost so that instead of the usual two officials (one German and one American) six officers were required besides some sailors, whilst several empty cabins for passengers were used to store the bags.

The writer had a special opportunity to catch a glimpse of these so-called floating postoffices and herewith gives a brief description. The room where the mail is handled must be at least 110 square feet in area and the steamship company has to heat, light and clean it, also to furnish meals and beds for the officials. All this involves much expense especially as space is valuable on board, and this explains why such sea post offices have only been eight years in use and then only on the principal steamers on the Atlantic. Before that time and now on minor vessels or on other oceans the only thing done was to load the sealed bags on the steamer and register their number until they arrived at the foreign port where they were counted again and turned over to the other post administration. The latter had now to open the bags and assort the contents which resulted in a day's loss in delivery. Considering the ever increasing number and importance of letters, etc., this state of affairs was apt to become unbearable and thus it was decided to introduce sea post offices on the principal routes. The German postmaster, Stephan, is the originator of this institution and issued the special regulations in December, 1890. In April of the following year the German boat "Havel" left Bremen for New York for the first time equipped with a post office. The work of the employees is no pleasure at all and only men of robust health and excellent geographical and other knowledge are accepted. In the average the work per journey is 50,000 ordinary and 700 registered letters, also 75 bags printed matter. It should be taken into account that this immense quantity must be handled in a narrow room and in short time under anything but



WORKROOM IN A SEA POST OFFICE

local conditions especially when the sea is heavy. The officers have also to sell stamps and other matter, register letters and money, empty the mailbox on board and keep ready such matter as is to be unloaded at a port where the boat calls during transit. By far the heaviest work must be done on the westward trip as here packages from the whole of Europe are to be carried to America while on the return journey the British vessels carry only British matter and the German boats only mail for the home country, France and England. The rest of Europe is served by foreign lines completing the trip to Dutch, Norwegian, Italian, etc., ports. The very worst day is the first on the westward trip, for during those twenty-four hours between Hamburg or Bremen and the calling harbor on the English or French coast all such letters must be picked out from the many thousands which are destined for such other countries, otherwise they would make the journey across the Atlantic and would have to be sent back to England or France, which would mean

a delay of two weeks. In addition it is known that during the first day on the German vessels many hundreds of letters and still more pictorial cards are written on board invariably addressed to relatives, etc., in Europe. These again must be inspected, stamped and put in bags for the various countries. When then the vessel calls at Southampton or Boulogne this enormous mass must be completed and these bags loaded out to make room for new ones. The officials on the British vessels leaving Liverpool, etc., are better off in this respect for their boats do not call on either trip during transit, besides they handle mostly their home mail.

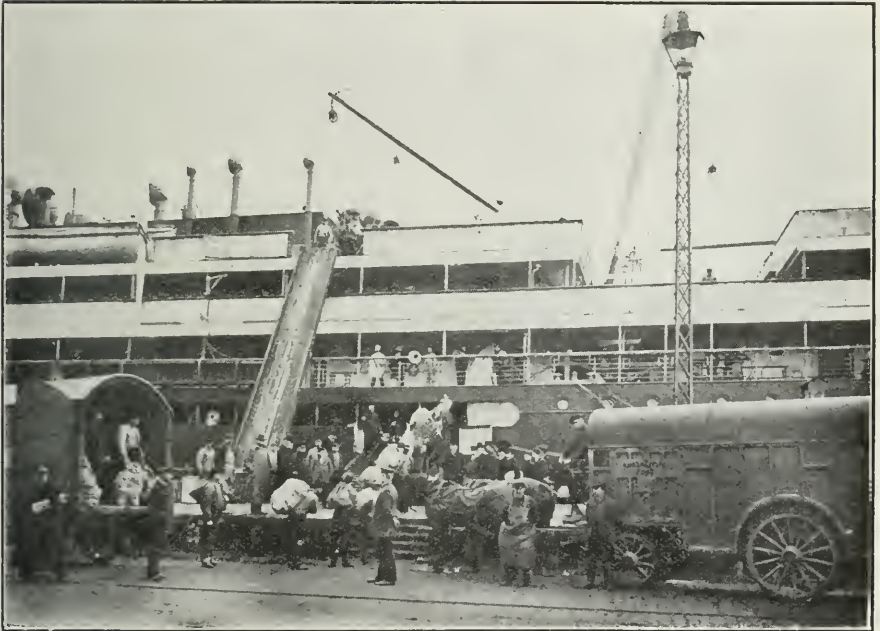
When at last the steamer arrives in the new world all packages are assorted, stamped and placed in the respective bags. They are unloaded before the passengers and the latter may still be occupied with their baggage in the custom house while the letters are already delivered in New York city or have started their railway trip into the interior. Even if a liner arrives during the night and passengers

HANDLING TRANSATLANTIC MAILS.

are not permitted to land the mail is always unloaded and at once carried away by the fast teams or mail automobiles.

Where is all this business of assorting and stamping done? There is one working and one or more storage rooms. On the walls of the working room there are two large shelves with boxlike compartments each with the name on it either of a state of America or a big city. To each compartment belong one or more bags

with the same label, for instance Illinois, Colorado, California, Texas, Kentucky or cities like St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, etc. Printed matter is not placed in the shelves but immediately thrown into bags which are suspended with open mouth in special stands. On the eastward trip the labels are exchanged for the titles of English or German provinces, railway routes and the like. After arrival the officers enjoy a few days of well deserved rest.



LOADING MAIL AT CUXHAVEN, NEAR HAMBURG

Ably Assisted

By JENNETTE COOPER

From Hampton's Magazine

"DID you notice that woman in gray, Diana?" Miss Sinclair moved her eyebrows as a polite recognition of the fact that she had been addressed, and continued to read.

"The one at the next table who talked all through breakfast; what do you think is the matter with her, Di?"

Diana took time for a glance at her inquiring young cousin: "She is in the New Thought, Gracie," she said.

"Yes!" broke in Peter, who was just behind his sister. "She's got the New Thought with a string around its neck."

"What is the New Thought, Diana?"

"Give it up, Honey."

"Well, I thought," said Grace, "that she talked as if you were what you thought you were." Peter bent a glance of deep admiration on his sister.

"By Jove, Gracie, you're a wonder!" he murmured. "And you got all that by just listening to a conversation that wasn't meant for you. Now I think I am——"

"Keep still, Peter! Say, Di——"

Miss Sinclair glanced up again. "Did I understand that you were each supplied with an apartment in this hotel?" she queried.

"But I want to find out about the New Thought," said Grace, "and, besides, my room is warm, and yours is nice and cool."

"How about the parlor?" suggested Miss Sinclair, "or the piazza, or the

summer-house, or the tennis court, or the woods, or ——"

"I never thought to see such inhospitality," said Peter; "but I only dropped in to say farewell."

"Well, Diana," said Grace, in a voice of determination, "you know that Mr. Gresham I introduced to you last night?"

"Certainly she knows him after you introduced him," said Peter helpfully.

"You know, Di, he is staying at the Hunting Club."

"Yes," said Diana, with polite interest.

"Well, I met him on the links before breakfast, and he thinks you are Mrs. Sinclair."

"That is no matter. You can tell him that I am not."

"But I didn't. You see, Di, he is awfully nice. I used to see him last winter at Uncle Will's; and he doesn't like old maids."

Grace at last had not only an attentive but a convulsed audience. She was standing on one foot and kicking the skirt of her dress with the other, in a manner retained from childhood for moments of embarrassment, but she eyed her cousin and her brother argumentatively, as they wiped away the tears of mirth.

"Did you call her Mrs. Sinclair?" demanded Peter. She nodded.

"But anyone can see it in the register, you silly."

"Silly yourself! I put a big blot right in front of her name so that it looks like Mrs."

Peter gasped. "Do you know where you will bring up, young lady?"

"And I called you Mrs. Sinclair to the clerk, too," said Grace, who had regained her assurance now that the news was broken, "and if you go around correcting me, Di, we'll get ourselves talked about."

"Wouldn't that jiggle you!" said Peter solemnly. "Our little Grace as a forger."

"I think, Grace," began Miss Sinclair, with sternness, and then the absurdity of it came over her and she broke into laughter. "There is only one thing," she said, when she had got her breath, "you can keep your Mr. Gresham at a distance. I don't like widowers. I prefer the young and fair—the Jackson boy for choice."

"He isn't a widower."

"No, the Jackson boy isn't a widower," said Peter.

"Mr. Gresham isn't a widower. He's a bachelor."

"Good heavens!" said Peter. "And you are trying to put Diana off with an old bachelor. Have you no family feeling?"

"I do wish you'd keep still, Peter. He's awfully popular, Diana; he is so clever, and so handsome, and——"

Diana waved an impatient hand. "Whatever he is," she said, "don't expect me to entertain him. Why, he must be nearly forty."

"He is nothing of the kind."

"Say," broke in Peter, who had been doing some thinking. "Where is Mr. Sinclair supposed to be?"

"There isn't any. She's a widow."

Indignation sat upon Peter's countenance. "I refuse right now to be a party to anything of the kind," he protested firmly. "It is taking a mean advantage just because the man isn't here. Sit and laugh heartlessly if you will, Diana; I am not going to have Sinclair killed off in his absence."

"You are a ridiculous pair," said Diana. "But you understand, Grace, that it is only because I do not intend to see your elderly friend"—Grace sniffed indignantly—"that I do not insist upon your immediately correcting

your misstatements. I should advise your going away by yourself and meditating on the difference between George Washington and Sapphira."

"But, Di, if you'd only think that you are Mrs. Sinclair you see you would be."

"And to this has the New Thought led us," ejaculated Peter. "Let us shun it, my children!"

On a green bench under a spreading tree sat Diana, and before her stood Mr. Gresham. He was surveying her with interest.

"It is strange that you don't like me, Mrs. Sinclair," he said.

She looked up at him.

"Oh, by your manner," he answered as if she had asked the question. "You refuse to have anything to do with me. How often have I observed you and Grace and Peter having an hilarious time, but no matter how stealthy my approach, how unobtrusive my attempt to share the gayety, you invariably seek the seclusion of sphinx-like silence. Modestly, I wonder at it."

"You imagine——" she began.

"You are too honest to finish that," he said as she paused. "Besides, why should I imagine it? My opinion would naturally be that you would be glad to have me to talk to—considering the scarcity of people. On the contrary, you never bestow a word upon me unless I hold you up for it."

"I think this time I shall refuse to be held up," with a smile to temper the decision in her voice. The more the acquaintance grew the greater the complications. She picked up her book again, deliberately.

"I will keep very still," he said. There was another green bench under the tree. He sat down on it and laid his hat beside him. He did not even look at her. When she unwillingly glanced at him, over the top of her book, he had his head thrown back and was gazing up into the green branches. He was very handsome. Miss Sinclair found this fact getting mixed up with Sidney Lanier's sympathy when she returned to her book.

She frowned and endeavored to concentrate her mind on the poem. Her neighbor was abnormally quiet. She closed her book and rose. Instantly he was on his feet.

"If you have finished reading I'll walk up with you," he said. There was solemnity in his tone. She smiled in spite of herself.

"I have not finished reading," she said. "I am going down by the brook."

"Then I'll walk down there with you," obligingly. "There are cows."

Frances Diana Sinclair sat down again on the seat she had just left. She did not know whether to be angry or not, and while she was making up her mind Peter's voice came plaintively across the lawn, and the panting Peter followed.

"What is it?" she inquired with some asperity, the situation getting on her nerves. "It is that woman with the bird book," explained Peter in a tone of great exhaustion. "She made me walk across three fields to listen to a Wheeler and Wilson thrush, and I caught a little sunstroke. And here were you, my appointed protector, having a nice, comfortable, cool, and happy time under a tree." He dropped upon the bench beside her. "Did she ever attack you, Mr. Gresham?" he inquired.

"She never walked me across three fields," said Mr. Gresham. "She only asks me whether I've noticed the cloud effects."

"That's her," assented Peter. "I never look at the clouds any more. I inquire in the morning if there are to be any effects, and if there are I stay in. I used to be a perfect child of nature, too."

"I think you underrate that sunstroke Peter," said Diana.

"Perhaps I do, Mrs. Sinclair," he murmured, and Mr. Gresham noticed how she colored and then laughed. Her face was charming when she laughed, and the fact that all her laughter seemed to be against her will made it all the more alluring. She

straightened out the curves in her red lips and looked at Peter severely.

"Where is Grace?" she asked.

"Off somewhere with the Jackson kid. He's been leaving ever since we came; told me he only ran up for a day's fishing."

"How many guests are there?" Mr. Gresham appreciated Peter's presence as an aid to conversation.

"Well, there's Mrs. Ivorson. She reads Emerson between meals, and she says you are what you think you are."

"It isn't true," said Mr. Gresham. "I thought I was an interesting and agreeable companion, and I am not."

Diana ruthlessly interrupted Peter's demand for light on this statement. "Why, here is Grace," she said, as if she had supposed that young person to be in China.

Grace and the Jackson boy came up, smiling. Grace sat down beside Mr. Gresham and the Jackson boy dropped onto the grass.

"Caught those fish yet, Jackson?" inquired Peter.

"No," said the Jackson boy, solemnly eyeing the sky. "I believe I'll go to-morrow. It's been miserable weather for fishing."

"We have been telling Mr. Gresham about the guests," Peter observed, after he had waited successfully for the Jackson boy to turn crimson. "We began with the New Thought woman, the one that helps you with suggestions, Gracie."

"I wish some one would help you with a few in the way of manners," said Grace sharply. "You simply monopolize conversation."

"It is my one little gift. I do what I can with it. If I had your talents——"

"There are only half a dozen guests," put in Diana, with some effect of haste. She laid her hand on Peter's arm, and he subsided with a gentle grin at her. Mr. Gresham fell into a half-teasing conversation with Grace. His manner with her was charming, and such as the Jackson boy could see without a pang. Diana

caught herself smiling once or twice at the badinage. He caught her, too, and smiled quizzically into her eyes. An air of peace hung over the group.

"Jove!" said Peter. "I wish William could come on for the fishing."

"William who?" demanded Grace.

"Why, Mr. Sinclair, of course."

Mr. Gresham paused a little in something he was saying. Grace gave a start and glared at Peter. Diana, who, had kept her youthful proneness to laugh at the wrong time, smiled helplessly.

"If he could come on for a week and bring Willie," pursued Peter. Diana gasped. Grace tried to conceal her unwilling mirth in the lace of her handkerchief. Peter sat in pleased and contemplative silence.

"I am afraid," said the Jackson boy, "that they would find it pretty poor fishing."

"Not they," said Peter promptly. "Why, it wouldn't make any difference to Willie and his father——"

"Oh!" Diana appealed to the Jackson boy with sudden animation. "Will you come and show me where that fir balsam is?" she said. "I want to get some for a pillow." She went across the lawn with the Jackson boy. Mr. Gresham did not look up.

"Say, Diana," whispered Peter at her door that night, "he thought you were a widow. He did not say it in words, but I, Peter, could see it. He told me to say that he would not be over to-morrow; he is going to Boston."

Mr. Gresham had been gone three days. Diana had taken advantage of the uninterrupted solitude a deux to extract from Grace and Peter a solemn promise to refrain from all allusions to any husband, departed or otherwise. Now, with a mind at ease she sat on the piazza on the afternoon of Mr. Gresham's return, and denied to herself that she found it a natural and desirable circumstance when his tall, gray-clad figure appeared at the turn in the drive. He came up the steps with his accustomed athletic

stride and shook hands. Diana greeted him smilingly.

Grace and Peter, rackets in hand, came out from the house. "Come and have a set after you are through talking to Diana," they both urged. They were very fond of Mr. Gresham. But it seemed that Mr. Gresham was not even sitting down.

"I am on my way to the village," he said. "I didn't really mean to stop at all. Please don't count this one up against me. I am coming over later to call." Then he turned to Diana, who was looking unusually lovely in her best white gown with her head thrown against the high back of her chair.

"The world isn't very large after all," he said. "It is the proper preface, isn't it, for saying you've met some one that some one else knows."

Diana, forgetting her dual role, looked a pleased interrogation. "Did you meet some one that we know?" she asked.

"Yes, I met Mr. Sinclair."

Diana gave a start and stared, her face growing crimson. Peter murmured an exclamation. Grace spoke up excitedly:

"Why, you couldn't" she said and stopped.

"I happened to sit beside him on the train," he explained in answer to her contradiction, "and we got to talking about this place. He was good enough to tell me his name and say that Mrs. Sinclair was staying here. It was rather odd, wasn't it? I had supposed that Mrs. Sinclair, like you and Peter, was from the West." He had kept his eyes from Diana during this speech. Now he turned to her again. "Mr. Sinclair told me that he expected to run up over Sunday."

The open-eyed horror with which this was received was too patent to be ignored. Mr. Gresham turned to Peter, who was purple with repressed enjoyment.

"I'll make my formal call later, then," he said easily. "It is nice to be in the hills again." He lifted his hat and went down the steps, avoiding a

look at Diana. The three left behind sat in silence. It was Peter who broke it. "It's up to us, now, to do something," he said briskly.

"In my opinion," said Diana, "you have done quite enough."

"Now, see here, Diana"—Peter addressed her with grieved firmness—"I'm not going to be blamed for more than I've done. I didn't put Sinclair on that train."

"Well, you insisted on his being alive," said Grace, "and now you see! It gives me the shivers. It's like Frankenstein, or something. You started him out, and now he's going on himself."

"Your little brain is liable to turn with this, Gracie," said her brother, looking at her anxiously. "You run along and play with Jackson. Leave it to mature minds to cope with this problem."

"I think," said Diana, "that I will excuse you both from further assistance."

Grace swung her racket excitedly. "Well, all I can say is," she remarked, "that if you had let him stay dead you would have saved yourself a lot of trouble." She started down the steps with a righteous switch of her skirts. Diana got her hat.

"May I ask where you are going?" said Peter.

"I don't know."

"I would offer to go with you," said Peter, "but——"

"It wouldn't do you any good," said Miss Sinclair. She pinned on the big white hat and gave an absent-minded touch to the lace of her high collar. Then she gathered up her skirts and departed.

Left alone, Peter devoted himself to meditation. As the man of the family it was his duty to straighten things out. He would go down by the big elm, intercept Mr. Gresham on his return, and explain matters. He gave Mr. Gresham half an hour longer to get through his errands in the village; then he put "Stalky and Co." in his pocket and strolled leisurely down through the fields to the big elm, and

as he went he revolved in his mind how he and Mr. Gresham would laugh over the mistake, and how he would go back to the hotel and make Diana happy with the news that she was again at liberty to wear her thirty years in honorable spinsterhood. There was a bench under the tree. Peter laid himself down upon it and read.

A half hour later he closed the book with a reminiscent grin and raised himself upon his elbow to look around. One astonished stare he gave and fell back upon the bench. "Oh, my sacred Sam!" said Peter, out of Stalky and Co. Three people were approaching! Up the road from the village came Mr. Gresham. Down the road from the hotel came Diana. Across the fields came Grace!

Diana had reached the bench. She looked down upon the prostrate Peter, and her expression was such as to make that young man roll over and hide his face in his arms.

"I wish," said Diana, sharply, to his shaking back, "that it were possible to lose you for a moment."

"Have you noticed gurgled Peter, "that Grace——"

Diana followed his pointing finger; then she sat down heavily on Peter's feet.

Grace climbed the stile in a rush, and descended upon them in a state of red-faced reproach. "Why in the world couldn't you stay away?" she demanded. "I came down here to tell Mr. Gresham——"

"Three souls with but a single thought," said Peter. "If you will remove a hundred and forty pounds of wrath and consternation from my feet, Diana, I will meet the approaching cause of all our woe."

Mr. Gresham exhibited no surprise at the sight of the three cousins on the bench. He was looking rather serious. He spoke directly to Diana.

"I, carelessly," he said, "neglected to give you something that Mr. Sinclair asked me to deliver." He proceeded with careful deliberation to look through his pockets, while vary-

ing emotions chased one another across the faces of the waiting trio. "Ah, here it is." He produced and handed to her a flat package.

Diana took it as if it were a bomb, and eyed it unhappily.

"It can't be for me," she said. "I——"

"It is for you," said Mr. Gresham, and Diana, after a helpless look at the others, opened it.

No one of the other three attempted to keep up any conversation while she slowly unwrapped the photograph that the package contained, and held it up before her. Even Mr. Gresham seemed to have forgotten that convention demanded a lack of interest in other people's packages. They were all openly watching Diana, and Diana was growing redder and redder.

It was a long time that she looked at it. Then she dropped it into her lap and two pairs of eager eyes fell upon it. The other pair smiled into Miss Sinclair's.

"Why," cried Grace, "it's you, Diana! Who is it with you?"

Mr. Gresham answered: "The other is Mrs. John Gresham, a cousin-in-law of mine."

"And you knew all the time." Reproach, relief, indignation, and much embarrassment mingled in Diana's tone; then a little hauteur crept in. "I don't understand how you got this," she said.

"There is a note with it," he answered.

Diana was a good deal longer reading the note than she had been looking at the picture. Nor did she lay it down when she had finished. It ran this way:

DEAR BOB: I am sending you this

photograph you have wanted so long. I am sure Diana will not care, though I always meant to write her about your infatuation with her pictured self. By the way, I hear from the Osbornes that she is going to Kearsarge for the summer. Too bad your business is taking you to Europe instead of to the mountains.

Affectionately,

HELEN.

"But how did you see Mr. Sinclair?" said Grace.

Mr. Gresham laughed. "Mr. Sinclair is for you to explain," he said.

Grace's round eyes were still glued to the photograph in Diana's lap.

"I don't understand," she said, "how——"

"A natural desire to get even," explained Peter, "combined with the pernicious influence of the New Thought——"

"But I don't understand how he came to have Diana's picture."

The solemn expression on Peter's face deepened.

"I believe I am beginning to——" he said; then he got slowly to his feet. "You go back and finish your game, Grace. Jackson is waiting. I am going up to the house and find the bird woman. I want to find out whether the yellow-tailed warbler eats seeds or worms." He pulled his still dazed sister after him and they departed across the fields.

Diana folded up the note and sat silent, her eyes on the picture in her lap.

Robert Gresham sat down on the bench beside her.

"Do you understand, Diana?" he said.

IT IS too late to argue about the advantages of industrial combinations. They are a necessity. They may be moral or unmoral, but it is folly to condemn all corporations.—*John D. Rockefeller.*



ENTRANCE GATE TO THE RYRIE RESIDENCE NEAR OAKVILLE

By W. R. MAXWELL

THE summer home or country house has become part of the equipment and ideal of the present-day millionaire as much as his automobile, his steam yacht, his annual vacation, his horses and his carriages. The older a nation grows and the richer it gets, the more luxury and splendor its people of the wealthy and leisure class enjoy. This manifestation of human nature is witnessed on all sides.

In historic lands it is as common for the prosperous man of affairs to have his rural retreat as it is to have an office or place of business. In the United States the magnificent homes along the Hudson, the St. Lawrence and other rivers and on the Atlantic coast give visible evidence of opulence and ease. In the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Catskills, and in the various suburbs of the great teeming cities, pretty and picturesque villas and mansions abound. In Canada we have not yet reached that stage of in-

dividual or national development wherein we have a large class of citizens who are able to erect ideal and elaborate residences on the banks of some wooded lake or stream or in the midst of a vast estate. It is true that thousands upon thousands have their modest lodges or artistic cottages and, while many of them are very handsome and inviting, they are not planned and built upon the same extensive scale or generously appointed manner as more elaborate, substantial and costly city dwellings. Canada, being comparatively young in years, has not very many inhabitants who have the time, resources and secure financial position to enable them to invest thousands in structures which they can or rather would be able to use only a few weeks or months in the year at the most. But the number is annually increasing and the tendency is perhaps more in the direction of building homes amid pastoral scenes away from the heat, noise and din of the city than

SUMMER HOMES OF NOTABLE CANADIANS



COVENHOVEN

THE RESIDENCE OF SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE ON MINISTER'S ISLAND,
ST. ANDREW'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

it is to build a distinctly summer mansion alone. The country home is gradually becoming more and more the ideal of the busy manufacturer,

the over-worked professional man and the merchant prince. With the extension of electric and steam roads, the rapid means of transit and fre-



FALLINGBROOK

D. D. MANN'S COUNTRY HOME ON SCARBORO HEIGHTS



KAWANDAG
SUMMER HOME OF J. C. EATON IN MUSKOGA

quent service, the use of the automobile and the motor boat, all these things are made possible and the evening or week ends of the big busy



JAMES RYRIES RESIDENCE AT OAKVILLE

SUMMER HOMES OF NOTABLE CANADIANS



SIR WILLIAM MULOCK'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE
SITUATED NEAR NEWMARKET

bustling man of many interests may be passed away from the place where he has during the day put in so long, weary and anxious hours.

There are more summer homes in the east than in the hustling, aggressive west. The provinces down by the sea have more extended shore lines, are riper in years and possess innumerable sylvan spots and pleasing prominences which appeal irresistibly to men of wealth. In the west, with

the possible exception of Victoria, the residents have been too busy making money and piling up fortunes. They have not until the last decade been thinking much of quiet, ideal abodes amid bucolic beauty and ample acres. They know that diligence and perseverance will in the end enable them to realize their ambition for an artistic country home or suburban castle.

The call, however, comes daily from all over the vast expanse of open area



ROCKLIFFE PARK
THE RESIDENCE OF WARREN V. SOPER, ESQ., OTTAWA



MAPLEWOOD

RESIDENCE OF HON. DAVID MACKEEN OF HALIFAX

"back to the country." It is a refreshing sign—a strong counter current to the tide of humanity citywards. The man of leisure and substance now realizes that the joys, freedom liberty and satisfaction arising from the possession of a commodious and

graceful country home are such as he can never hope to attain in crowded centres. As in older and more populous lands, the tendency and inclination on the part of the wealthy men of Canada are bent more and more in the direction of purchasing



CRICKSTON HALL

THE RESIDENCE OF MISS WILKS, GALT

SUMMER HOMES OF NOTABLE CANADIANS

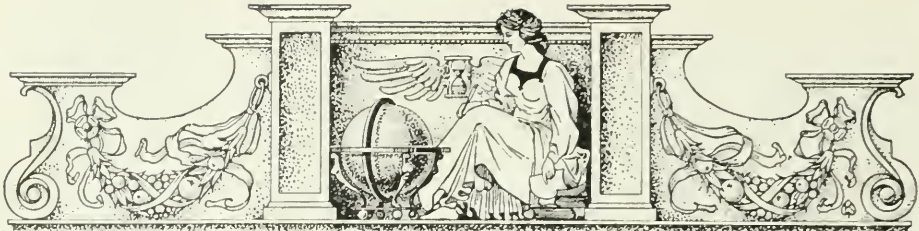
estates in the country. In many ways it is an ideal existence, a decidedly favorable condition of affairs when persons of means and influence find in the country so much that attracts, soothes and comforts. Amid rural scenes they revel in atmosphere and in free associations which they could never hope to have in any urban centre. Here the possessor gets a sense of peace, content and repose which is never linked with the rush and roar of the metropolis while the daily delivery of mail along rural routes, the telephone and other conveniences of modern life have resulted in placing at his very door all that even a great city affords its citizens. In the country there is a wider outlook, a clearer vision, a broader sweep and a rarer atmosphere which all tend to fit one more efficiently for the arduous trials and struggles of everyday life.

There are already a number of pros-

perous Canadians who have erected expensive and imposing country homes, but their ranks are not yet large. In the next few years with the widening horizon, increasing development and added material prosperity of the country, along with its unrivalled resources, the time is not far distant when every part of the Dominion will boast of its country gentlemen with their estates. By this is not meant a landed gentry or a feudal system of tenants, but simply a movement on the part of those high in power and strong in influence, that will cause others to appreciate more and more the blessings and privileges of living in the open, and lead to sweet content on a larger scale; the propagation of agricultural ideals and the interpretation of life in its wider and fuller meaning which the possession of a rural refuge always bestows on its possessor.



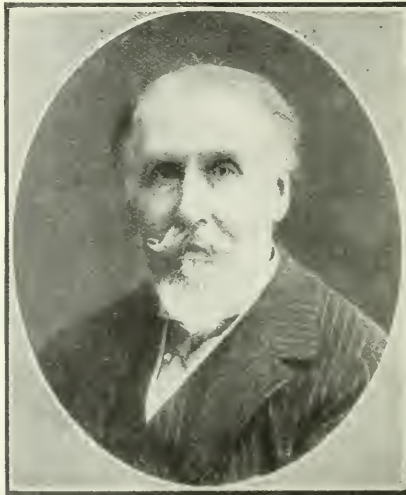
SENATOR WILLIAM GIBSON'S RESIDENCE AT BEAMSVILLE



MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By
R. P. CHESTER

TRAVELING in the most superb train of private cars ever assembled on a Canadian railroad and accompanied by a staff of officials, whose ability would be the envy of many a crowned head, the president of the Grand Trunk Railway System, Sir Chas. Rivers Wilson, G. C.M.G., has been making his first official visit to the company's lines in western Canada. Sir Charles is now quite an elderly man, being seventy-eight years of age. Nevertheless, he is active, both physically and mentally, and makes his annual visit to America with a considerable degree of pleasure. He has had a long experience in public life, and has taken an interest in several projects of world-wide importance. Entering the Treasury Department in 1856, he was appointed Comptroller-General of the National Debt Office in 1874, holding this post until 1894.



SIR CHARLES RIVERS-WILSON;

In the following year he accepted the presidency of the Grand Trunk. For a number of years he was actively interested in Egyptian affairs, serving as Finance Minister during the British occupation from 1877-79. He

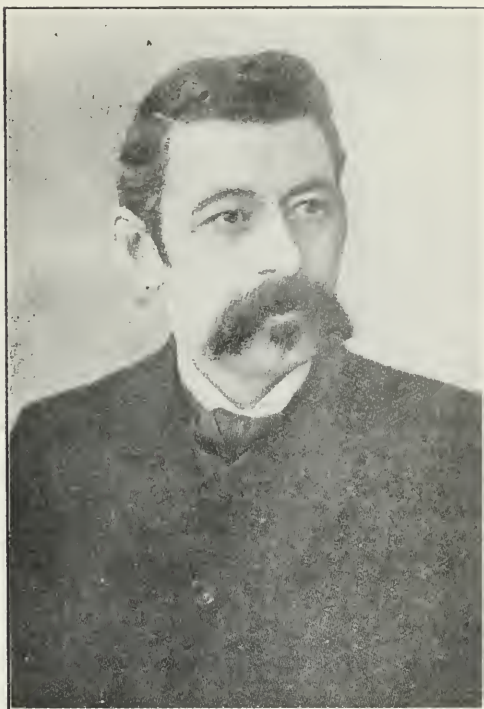
also served on the Council of the Suez Canal Co. from 1876-1895. It will thus be seen that Sir Charles possesses ample qualifications for his present position and the gradual strengthening of the Grand Trunk's position financially is in no small degree attributable to his ability and management.

A pathetic little picture is presented by the new and diminutive Shah

of Persia, Ahmed Mirza, who succeeded his father on the Peacock Throne on July 17. The former Shah was virtually deposed after ruling for a year and a half. The new ruler, who is only eleven years of age, is not the eldest son of the deposed monarch,

but he succeeds because his mother is a Kajar Princess. He wept bitterly when the moment came for him to leave his predecessor on the throne and his mother and, said *The Times*, "it required a stern message to the effect that crying was not allowed in the Russian Legation before he dried his eyes. Then the little man came out bravely, entered a large carriage, and drove off alone. . . . At Sul-tanatabad he was met by the Regent and the deputation, and ceremoniously notified of his high position and of the hope entertained by the nation that he would prove to be a good ruler. 'In-shallah, I will,' replied the lad."

M. Briand, the new French Premier, is one of the most able of the present generation of French politicians, and is noted for his eloquent oratory. For a Prime Minister he is remarkably young, being but forty-seven years of age. He was Minister of Justice in the Cabinet which has



M. ARISTIDE BRIAND
THE NEW PREMIER OF FRANCE



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY AHMED MIRZA
THE ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD SHAH OF PERSIA

resigned. In his earlier days he was a red-hot Socialist, but he has since abandoned the Labor Party, as it did not permit him sufficient freedom of action. He is somewhat cold and reserved in manner, and is unmarried. In his spare time he is an enthusiastic student of the drama, and never misses a "first night" of any importance.

The defeated Premier of France, M. George Clemenceau, spent several years, when a young man, in America, and married his first wife in New York. He was at the time teaching French in a ladies' school and fell in love with one of his pupils, marrying her after her course was completed. Strange to say, his early marriage did not eventually prove a happy one and Mme. Clemenceau obtained a divorce. M. Clemenceau has been for forty years in the turmoil of French politics. Throughout the siege of Paris he was mayor of his district and



M. GEORGE CLEMENCEAU
[THE DEFEATED FRENCH PREMIER

physician chief of the commissariat. Becoming a member of the Assembly in 1871, he held office ever since. He was called to form a cabinet in 1906.

The man who has built up a successful business is frequently overshadowed and even lost sight of in the growing fame of his product. Pears' Soap is far better known than Pears himself. The same is true of Sunlight Soap. While the proprietor may have a certain measure of fame in England, it is safe to say that the products of his factories have completely eclipsed the man himself in other parts of the world. The curious-minded may like to have a look at the man, who guides the destinies of this extraordinary firm, with its schemes of profit-sharing and its plans for ameliorating the conditions of its work people. W. H. Lever is a member of Parliament, elected as a Liberal in the landslide of 1906. He was born in Bolton in 1851 and at the age of sixteen entered his father's business there. He moved about for some years from place to place before settling in the neighborhood of Liverpool, and establishing the works at Port Sunlight. His name will doubt-

less go down to fame as one of the pioneers in modern industrial methods, in which may be included the successful utilization of the power of advertising and selling goods.

Another industrial giant, whose product is far better known to Canadians than is the man himself, is the head of the chocolate manufacturing firm of Menier. M. Gaston Menier, who is shown in the illustration in conversation with Emperor William of Germany, aboard his yacht, is an important personage in the business world of Europe, both as a manufacturer and a financier. To Canadians, he possesses an additional interest, in that the Island of Anticosti, in the St. Lawrence, belongs to the Menier family, and has been in their possession since 1895.

Still another honor has been conferred on Sir Percy Girouard, the Canadian officer, who has been climbing rapidly in the British service of late years. Sir Percy, it will be re-



W. H. LEVER



AN EMPEROR AND A MERCHANT KING

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY CONVERSES WITH M. AND MADAME
GASTON MENIER, THE MILLIONAIRE CHOCOLATE MANUFACTURER

membered, is the son of Mr. Justice Girouard, of the Supreme Court of Canada. He has now been appointed Governor of the East African Protectorate. Prior to this appointment Sir Percy held the post of High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria. He first came into prominence in the building of the railway through the Soudan, which made Lord Kitchener's success there possible. He was also conspicuous in the Boer war, being Director of Railways during the campaign. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1900.

It is said that on one historic occasion the inventor of a so-called bullet-proof cuirass met his match when a practical and unbelieving monarch asked him to put on his invention and

stand up before a firing party, and preferred to retire hurriedly rather



SIR PERCY GIROUARD, K.C.M.G.
NEW GOVERNOR OF THE EAST AFRICAN
PROTECTORATE



PUTTING A BULLET-PROOF CHEST PROTECTOR TO A TEST

than face such a risk. Herr Schumann has considerably more confidence in his invention, as may be seen from these photographs, which show his stopping with his "chest-protector" heavy bullets fired from a rifle.

That aviation will presently become just as much a fad among the wealthy seekers after pleasure, as motoring is

to-day, is a foregone conclusion. A foretaste of some of the sport in store for the future amateur aviator is given by the spectacle of the hare and hounds balloon race at Hurlingham, England, when a number of noted society leaders participated in an exciting flight in a half-dozen or so balloons.



A HARE AND HOUNDS BALLOON RACE

Coming of the Coal Briquet

By GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL

From Technical World

TO the traveler through the great coal-mining regions of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, familiar with the huge piles of discarded coal dust—slack or culm, as it is called—which break the skyline in many directions, the estimates which have been stated in terms of millions of tons of burnable coal wasted every year in this manner do not appear excessive, nor do even the statements that hundreds of millions of tons have been so wasted since the beginning of the coal mining industry in the United States. Coal dust waste is by no means all visible, since in the bituminous or soft-coal districts what would amount in the aggregate to fair sized mountain chains of unmarketable "slack" has been allowed to burn up in order to get rid of the accumulations. In some instances the piles have been deliberately fired.

Future wastes of this character, however, are likely to diminish and in time disappear, since the briquetting industry is at last establishing a foothold in America and recent government tests have demonstrated beyond question the great efficiency of the briquet for certain fuel needs.

Briquetting of coal-dust and lignites has been carried on for many years in Europe and has reached the highest stage of development in France, Belgium and Germany, the latest figures from Germany showing an annual manufacturing of about 15,000,000 tons of briquets

from coal-dust and waste. In the United States the industry has not in the past developed for two reasons; with our tens of millions of acres of coal beds, from which in most cases coal can be mined very cheaply it has usually been more economical, from the standpoint of immediate profit, to waste the slack or culm than to save and market it at the additional cost of briquetting. The second reason for failure to utilize this waste resource, which is analogous to the first, has been the definite opposition shown by some of the coal operators to the introduction of a manufactured fuel which would come into competition with the commercial output of the coal mines and constitute a disturbing factor in the nice balance maintained in prices by the mine owners. The first step in the utilization of mine waste has, however, been taken by the operators themselves and the slack piles are no longer ruthlessly fired and intentionally burned up. It has been found profitable to work them over, screen out the small coal and use the dust for filling in empty mine chambers. Even this latter is most wasteful, involving the loss for all time of great quantities of high grade carbon. This first step toward making a questionable use of a valuable commodity might have been the last, for a long time anyway, had not the government investigations, begun at the St. Louis Exposition and continued since, stimulated the

question of briquet making. As the situation stands to-day, the briquetting industry is on the increase, and as the superiority of the briquet becomes more fully recognized the demand for it will force the utilization of mine waste. During the last few years a number of briquetting plants have been established, over a dozen "factories" being in operation at the present time. The optimistic statement is now made by Edward W. Parker, chief of the division of Mineral Resources of the United States Geological Survey, that the preliminary period of failure and discouragement in the manufacture and use of briquet fuel has apparently passed and that the industry will be placed on a substantial footing. Certain it is that if recent exhaustive tests of the fuels testing division of the Survey are to be considered, briquetted coal for use at least by railway locomotives and steamships has a great future. Briquets are shown to have produced greatly increased energy and under forced draft proved themselves much more nearly smokeless than run-of-mine coal of the best quality. Indeed, it has been predicted that the war vessel of the future will have its smoke problem solved as effectively as has been the smoke question on the firing line since the introduction of smokeless powder.

In sixteen complete test trips on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad with briquets as against run-of-mine coal, and covering an aggregate of 1,984 miles, the briquets proved superior in every respect. The tonnage of briquets consumed was less, as compared with the coal and the number of miles run was greater in favor of the briquets. The use of the briquets did away with all black smoke, no clinkers were formed and the briquets burned completely. In these tests 172,700 pounds of coal were consumed in running 10,912 car miles as against 161,080 pounds of briquets in running the greater num-

ber of 12,896 car miles. Reduced to pounds consumed per car mile, the figures are 15.8 pounds of coal for each car mile, as against 12.5 pounds of briquets for each car mile. With briquets furnished at the same price as coal, this would mean a saving, on the basis of the estimated coal consumption by the railroads of the United States, of 30,000,000 tons of coal annually. The greatest showing for the briquets, however, lay in the fact that it was possible to get a much hotter fire than the highest limit of the coal, thus enabling the trains to make faster time than was possible with coal, and in these particular instances to make up much lost time. To be able to accomplish this or to establish a faster schedule, the great passenger systems, as is well known are willing to go to almost any expense.

Other tests made by the Geological Survey in co-operation with the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad demonstrated that the briquets ignited more freely than coal, therefore firing up quicker and making an abnormally hot fire, and when the engine was running at speed emitting practically no smoke. A heavy fire could be carried without danger of clinkering, few ashes were left in the fire-box and the cinder deposit was very small, thus indicating almost complete combustion. Still further tests made in co-operation with the Missouri Pacific, the Michigan Central, the Rock Island, the Burlington, and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroads,—amounting to one hundred locomotive tests,—show that in nearly every instance the briquets gave a higher efficiency than natural coal. For example, coal from Oklahoma gave a boiler efficiency of 59 per cent., whereas briquets made from the same coal gave an efficiency of 65 to 67 per cent. Decrease in smoke density, the elimination of clinkers and the apparent decrease in the quantity

COMING OF THE COAL BRIQUET

of cinders and sparks are named as the chief reasons for this increased efficiency.

Very exhaustive tests were carried on by the Survey with a locomotive mounted at the testing plant of the Pennsylvania Railway Company at Altoona, Pa., resulting in the same story favorable to the briquet. From these tests the following conclusions have been published by the government:

"The briquets made on the government machines have well withstood exposure to the weather and have suffered but little deterioration from handling. In all classes of service involved by the experiments the use of briquets in the place of natural coal appears to have increased the evaporative efficiency of the boilers tested. The use of briquets increases the facility with which an even fire over the whole area of the grate may be maintained. In locomotive service the substitution of briquets for coal has resulted in a marked increase in efficiency, in an increase in boiler capacity, and in a decrease in the production of smoke." It is especially noted that a careful firing of briquets at terminals is effective in diminishing the amount of smoke produced. For instance, in certain of the tests the figures show an average density of smoke stated for coal at 1.7, whereas for briquets it is but .62.

In similar tests made on the torpedo boat destroyer Biddle, a very great increase in boiler capacity resulted from the use of briquets, no such heat ever having been previously generated through the use of coal, the briquets consequently making possible a much higher rate of speed for the destroyer. Never before had the Biddle run so fast as during these briquet tests.

In Belgium, the briquet is considered a more serviceable form of fuel than coal. On the state railways natural coal is used more or less for

freight service, but briquets are used exclusively for passenger service. In Germany it is stated that the briquet constitutes a fuel which can be handled and stored with greater facility and with less loss than natural coal, that the briquet is of satisfactory thermal value and that its use conserves the country's resources. In France the briquet is largely used and is purchased by the Government roads under definite specifications.

A feature of the briquetting industry in this country which has been discussed with the Geological Survey experts, and has been to some extent tried, is the utilization of the great quantities of coal dust, by briquetting, which accumulate in the coal yards of the large cities. The cost of briquetting is in the neighborhood of a dollar a ton. While this cost operates to retard briquetting at the mines, where in some instances lump coal can be produced for even less than the cost of making briquets, it is a small charge as against the value of coal at the city coal yard. The briquetting of the coal dust produced by the handling of coal at the yards of the large cities would result in the conversion of a good many million tons annually of nearly waste material into a clean, free-burning and altogether high-grade fuel.

The problem of economic briquet making is not always how to make the best possible briquet; but rather how to utilize available materials, both coal, slack and binders. There are various grades of briquettable coal and many kinds of binders. The cost of manufacture should be about 40 cents per ton; the cost of binding material varies from 20 cents to 90 cents per ton of briquets produced. The government's experiments and investigations show that when plants are situated so that it can be obtained, the cheapest binder is the heavy residuum from petroleum. This binder is available in large

quantities in the southwest, where the oil has this heavy asphaltum base, and costs from 45 to 60 cents per ton of briquets produced.

Second in importance comes water-gas tar pitch, also a petroleum product, and costing from 50 to 60 cents.

Third comes coal-tar pitch, derived from coal and therefore widely available, varying in cost from 65 to 90 cents per ton of briquets. Other binders which may compete under favorable local conditions are by-products from wood distillation, by-products from sugar factories, wax tailings, pitch from producer gas, magnesia, starch, and waste sulphite liquor from paper mills, the last two, however, while cheap, not making water-proof briquets.

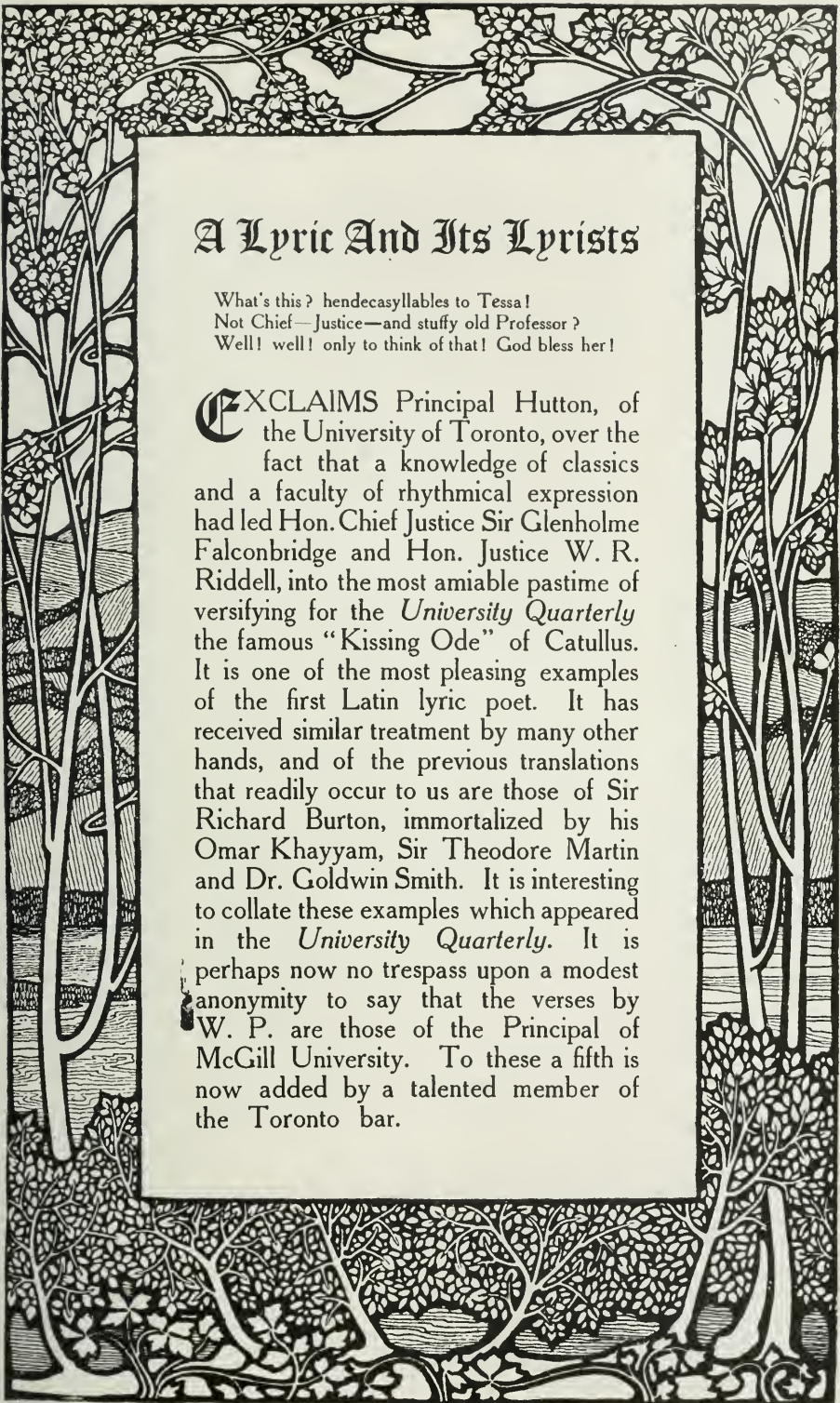
To find a suitable briquetting process for American lignite, such as obtains in Germany, would be a great achievement. Lignite is a low grade coal, the youngest, geologically, of the coals, anthracite being the oldest, and is found over vast areas of the west—upwards of seventy-five million acres. The Geological Survey has just established a huge machine at Pittsburg for experimenting in producing lignite briquets by simple pressure. It has been demonstrated that lignite used in a gas producer has greater heating energy and value than the best Pocahontas coal under an ordinary steam boiler, so that if the Pittsburg briquetting experiments prove successful they will open up a great new field in the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, and Texas, where lignites

abound but which have heretofore been considered of little and only local value by reason of the tendency of this coal to crumble and slack when exposed to the air.

Briquets vary in size and shape from those approximating an egg to those considerably larger than a common brick. The small briquets burn better but the large blocks are cheaper to make and are convenient for storage. The French naval estimates show that ten per cent. more in weight of briquets can be stored in a given space than of lump coal, and the British Admiralty reports give an even higher percentage.

The principal briquetting plants in the United States to-day are: one in New Jersey, having a capacity of 100 tons a day; one in New York with a capacity of 120 tons a day; two others in New York, with a capacity of 100 tons a day each; a Philadelphia plant, with a capacity of 90 tons a day; a plant in Scranton, Pennsylvania; a plant in Oakland, California, with a capacity of 85 tons a day; one in Stege, California—which undertakes the manufacture of briquets from a mixture of peat and California crude petroleum, and gives promise of using California oil as a domestic fuel—a plant in Clifton, Arizona, with a capacity of 25 tons a day; one in Del Ray, Michigan, with a capacity of from 100 to 150 tons a day, utilized for domestic fuel for Detroit. One recently organized company contemplates a plant convenient to some of the great lignite deposits in North Dakota, with a daily capacity of 1,000 tons.

TO LOOK fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our souls—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.—*Maeterlinck*.



A Lyric And Its Lyrists

What's this ? hendecasyllables to Tessa !
Not Chief—Justice—and stuffy old Professor ?
Well ! well ! only to think of that ! God bless her !

EXCLAIMS Principal Hutton, of the University of Toronto, over the fact that a knowledge of classics and a faculty of rhythmical expression had led Hon. Chief Justice Sir Glenholme Falconbridge and Hon. Justice W. R. Riddell, into the most amiable pastime of versifying for the *University Quarterly* the famous "Kissing Ode" of Catullus. It is one of the most pleasing examples of the first Latin lyric poet. It has received similar treatment by many other hands, and of the previous translations that readily occur to us are those of Sir Richard Burton, immortalized by his Omar Khayyam, Sir Theodore Martin and Dr. Goldwin Smith. It is interesting to collate these examples which appeared in the *University Quarterly*. It is perhaps now no trespass upon a modest anonymity to say that the verses by W. P. are those of the Principal of McGill University. To these a fifth is now added by a talented member of the Toronto bar.

To Lesbia

CATULLUS V.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
 Rumoresque senum severiorum
 Omnes unius aestimemus assis.
 Soles occidere et redire possunt :
 Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
 Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
 Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
 Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
 Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
 Dein cum millia multa fecerimus,
 Conturbabimus, illa, ne sciamus,
 Aut nequis malus invidere posset,
 Cum tantum sciet esse basiorum.

I

Love me (my Lesbia) and live we our day,
 While all stern sayings crabbed sages say,
 At one doit's value let us price and prize.
 The suns can westward sink again to rise
 But we, extinguished once our tiny light,
 Perforce shall slumber through one lasting night !
 Kiss me a thousand times, then hundred more,
 Then thousand others, then a new five-score,
 Still other thousand other hundred store.
 Last when the sum to many thousands grow,
 The tale let's trouble till no more we know,
 Nor envious wight spiteful shall misween us
 Knowing how many kisses have been kissed
 between us. — Richard F. Burton

II

Let us, Lesbia, darling still
Live our life, and love our fill ;
Heeding not a jot, howe'er
Churlish dotards chide or stare
Suns go down. but tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies ;
But, when sets or little light,
We must sleep in endless night.
A thousand kisses grant me sweet,
With a hundred these complete,
Lip me a thousand more, and then
Another hundred give again.
A thousand add to these, anon
A hundred more, then hurry on
Kiss after kiss without cessation,
Until we lose all calculation ;
So envy shall not mar our blisses
By numbering up our tale of kisses.

—*Theodore Martin*

III

We will live my love and play,
Let gray beards wag as wag they may :
Suns that set repair their light.
Our brief day has one long night.
Give me kisses, give a million,
Thousands, thousands more, a billion,
Then let us madly mix them, so
That we their sum may never know,
Nor envy cast an evil eye,
Because it is so monstrous high.

—*Goldwin Smith*

IV

Lesbia, let us live and love,
 We'll old fogies' mumblings prove
 Worth not half a cast-off glove ;
 Suns may rise, may set the sun,
 But when once our day is done
 Sleep eternal is begun.
 Thousand kisses now give me—
 Then a hundred—and then we
 Will another thousand share,
 Then a second hundred—there—
 Now another thousand, then
 Give me kisses ten times ten.
 When a million we've enjoyed
 Let the record be destroyed
 Lest we or some satirist
 Shall find out how oft we've kissed.

—Glenholme Falconbridge

V

Let us love, Lesbia mine, as our life's course
we run

And scorn the old wives' maxim deep,
For full often will rise the soft setting sun,
But when or brief light's quenched, then our
day is done
And death is one long, long sleep.

Give me kisses a thousand, a hundred more,
A thousand, a hundred again,
Many hundreds and thousands—forget we the
score,
Lest some envious wretch should grudge us
them sore,
Of our kisses the tale should he ken,

—William Renwick Riddell

VI

Live we our life, and let it be
A life of love for you and me ;
Nor care a fig for all the chatter
Of prim old people who don't matter.
Suns that set will rise more bright :
But when fades our little light
We must sleep through endless night.

Give a thousand kisses ! then five score,
Another thousand, then a hundred more,
Then straight a thousand, and again five score !
Then when our kisses many thousands grow,
We'll spoil the counting, so we may not know,
Or lest some evil eye should blight our blessings
By knowing the full tale of our caressings.

—W. P.

VII

Love, me, Lesbia ; life is naught without it :
Sour old Puritans scowl and scold and scout it :
Just one penny for all their thoughts about it.

Yon sun sinks, but another sun to follow :
Our sun, once it set, sets to joy and sorrow
In perpetual night without a morrow.

Come, then ; kisses a dozen I implore :
Then more kisses and more and more and
more ; see,—
And their number is mounting by the score, we

Just lose count of it : ignorance our bliss is :
So that somebody's eye of evil misses
Us whom love has made millionaires of kisses.

—*Maurice Hutton*

VIII

Let us live, let us love, then, my Lesbia, here !
 All the mouthings of grey beards unduly austere
 Esteeming, if hawked for a farthing, too dear !
 For, though suns that have set rise again at the
 dawn,

Not so we, who, when once our brief daylight
 is gone,

Through perpetual night sleep unconsciously on!
 First kiss me a thousand times, then add five
 score !

A thousand again, then a hundred once more !
 Now, the thousand all over, the hundred *encore*!
 Then when many the interchanged thousands
 thus grow,

Let us crowd and confuse them that we may
 not know

—Nor peeping Tom envy the joys that he misses
 Should he see that there *can* be such masses
 of kisses !

—A. W. A.

Though Dharma Tarry Long

By

HELEN E. WILLIAMS

THE man stood on the brow of the cliff, where the strong sea-breeze, blowing saltily inland, ruffled and bent backward the overlapping tiers of juniper and sweet fern. There were many more comfortable spots beneath. Cosy, sequestered nooks, which seemed especially made for idlers in Arcady, many of whom had found their own, if fluttering white caps and glints of scarlet and brown were construed aright. But it was typical of the man to choose the top, and stand there—alone.

Away to the left stretched miles of shining beach, black in spots, with little insect-like dots, that constantly moved about and emitted a vague buzz, which floated up to the man, pierced with an occasional lighter sound which might have been laughter. The tide was coming in, leaping over the outstanding rocks, throwing itself in streams of billowy lace over glistening barnacled and green-draped ledges, rushing thunderously up the gorges all along the coast, springing like some victorious live thing upon the gray, wave-like shoulder of the cliff. The spectacle never lost its interest for the man. He followed each fresh onslaught breathlessly, and gloried in the power which sent the spray sprinkling in drops about him. But at the turn—when the receding wave fell back, beaten, into the churning cauldron, when the shir-r-r of backward drawn pebbles became audible through the din of battle, when the surf put up such a brave show of

being unchanged, even in the act of submission to the stronger will—the man always left abruptly.

Usually the remainder of the afternoon was spent in his room at the "Sparhawk," resting, in accordance with his physician's orders, which he did not care to disregard. But whether some suggestiveness of comparison had come to him on the height, or the old yearning for his kind, which was wont to seize him at times, proved too strong, to-day he passed the plank walk, and following the Marginal Way round, lost himself in the gay medley on the beach.

He looked eagerly about him on all sides, as if he were taking up a thread dropped long ago, listening to catch the note of a familiar tune, whose memory itself had grown dim. He might have been one of the cave men depicted in Plato's Republic, turning from the world of reflected shadows to the world of veritable flesh and blood. Coming from a totally different life, and encrusted with long years of toil, he had grown too big, as it were, to shrink back into anything so small and blessed as mere happiness. He looked blindly, longingly, helplessly for the soul in it all; and when he could not find it, when nothing within him responded, when the emotions he had with iron will trained to impassivity gave no latent throb, then he recognized in a cold philosophic way that he was hearing a key turned that would forever more make what lay on the other side as though it were not, then he knew that an-

other penalty, which was yet not the supreme penalty, had been exacted.

The five-seated yellow beach wagons returned again and again with contingents, which were immediately swallowed up in the gay, inconsequent crowd. The afternoon bathers were tiptoeing and skipping down to the breakers, shrieking in affected alarm at the first chilly contact. The man passed by childish creators of wondrous sand architecture, and turned aside to look down upon some boys spreading star-fish on the sand to dry, along with such other treasures as hermit crabs, devil's aprons, and curious shells. Here and there prosperous-looking men with threads of silver in their hair raised their hats deferentially as he went by. And more than one handsome woman, who was seldom accused of exerting herself overmuch, bowed with the nicest homage in her eyes. Into nearly every face that turned carelessly toward him there flashed the instantaneous recognition of who he was. On the outskirts of the throng he looked so intently at one isolated couple, ineffectually screened by a gaudy toy of a parasol, that he attracted the girl's attention.

"Do you know who that man was?" she asked.

The boy shrugged a negative.

"The most celebrated eye specialist in the world."

"No! was it?" Then with an admiring look at the pretty face beside him, "Well, his celebrity looked as if he envied me."

"The most celebrated eye specialist" walked on. No. Another penalty had been exacted, but not the supreme penalty. Still, when his wonderful efforts of brain and nerve elicited some eloquent tribute, he must exert a yet greater power to avoid wincing at the thought of the look that would come into his interlocutor's face, if he knew. He was not exempt from that, nor from the mocking voice in his ear, whispering when the world's praise rang loudest: "Oh, that is all very well, but they don't know, you

see. But you know, and what a fraud you are with your 'nobility,' and your 'beneficences' and your 'self-sacrifices,' ha! ha! Don't deceive yourself. Is that enough, do you imagine? When you have given the light of a lifetime, gone out into the utter darkness—"

He had now outstripped the last stroller. In the tidal river on the other side of the sedgy dunes an old clam-digger could be seen, bent double, gathering the tidal harvest.

And for a little he stood there between those symbols of pleasure and work, shut out of both, an alien, drinking the dregs of a cup he had thought to have drained. With a lagging step he passed on. After curving along by cottages bearing the names, "U-need-a-rest Cottage," "Bleak House," "The Anchorage," "Haven Cottage," and the like, the beach again rises into cliffs. Scaling these the man stood there silhouetted against the afternoon sky, looking out to sea. Several people on the beach saw him there, and interrupted their lively varbiage to point out the "eminent oculist of world-wide renown, who has never been known to fail, my dear, whose name is the synonym for success." He must have appeared in much the same light to a slim, youngish-looking man, who let himself out of an unpainted, shabby house set back from the cliff a number of rods. Upon seeing the solitary figure he looked, came a little nearer, and shielding his eyes against the sun, looked again. Then he started quickly forward, stopped, hesitated, turned on his heel and walked away, head bent, only to wheel back an instant later, with a muttered ejaculation. He had to speak twice before the other heard.

"I beg your pardon! Were you addressing me?"

The very young man was plainly embarrassed.

"You are Dr. Starr? You have been pointed out to me in the village. I believe I am not mistaken?"

"I am Dr. Starr."

The very young man, a country doctor, impelled by his own impotence in the face of urgent need, plunged with a sort of desperate eloquence into a tale identical with many another poured into his learned colleague's ear. He described the family's almost degrading poverty and dependence upon the widow's work, and the fearsome thing growing over her eye, enlarging upon the dire consequences which must follow without immediate and skilled attention, interrupting himself with a deprecatory, "but you know that, sir," and ending with an earnest appeal that he would undertake the operation. As he caught the drift of the conversation a peculiar, whitish hue settled on the man's face, and his hand went out as if to steady himself. Then, Dr. Miles, looking eagerly for some trace of human feeling and yielding in that granite countenance, saw what in another's might have been called excitement—if so slight a manifestation could be designated by so strong a word. A minute passed, two minutes, three, four. A little backward jerk of the head, and flash of the gray eyes—did he fancy it, or was there defiance in the look? and eagerness? then—

"We had better go at once," he said, "while the light lasts, yes, while the light lasts."

Once inside the hut he seemed a different being. Beneath his magnetic touch the woman's nervous twitches ceased, and the lines of anxious foreboding smoothed themselves from her face. Bending eagerly over the instruments the younger man spread before him, he gave little grunts of approval as he examined some, or dubious shakes of the head as he laid aside others. While they prepared for the operation with such sorry makeshifts as were at hand, Dr. Starr gave minute directions as to the exact care to be taken of the eye afterwards, adding that he would, of course, himself come in. Then the children were put out; and as the inexperienced man followed, breathless-

ly, each steady, unerring movement of the master's hand, he forgot even the marvel of such mastery of one's self and one's art, under the spell of the thing itself going forward. Once, only, had the doctor spoken. Raising his head when half through, he drew his hand across his eyes with the troubled gesture of one who would brush something away.

"How dark it gets," he muttered, "how dark!"

Dr. Miles looked in astonishment at the red reflection of a most spectacular sunset flooding the room, but again forgot all in the drama being enacted before him.

It was done.

The woman's future was redeemed from one long night of dependence upon those but ill-fitted to take care of themselves. She lay in a stupor in the front room, while the young man, suddenly become self-conscious, strove to find words befitting the occasion. But the other was speaking himself—with suppressed excitement, it would seem.

"He was wrong!" he exclaimed, and broke into a laugh, jubilant, and yet tinged with something not unlike regret. "I never did better work in my life. Old Gifford was wrong. He said I would never live th—"

A change passed over his face. He swayed a little where he stood—and stopped laughing. Again his hand went to his head with the old gesture he had first used months before, when, in the midst of an operation, his patient's face, without an instant's warning, melted away from him, and when he at last succeeded in rubbing away the mist, it was to see Dr. Gifford bending anxiously over him, and to hear, in response to an imperious demand for the truth—his ultimatum.

"How dark it grows—like becoming blind—I think—I have paid—at—last—"

Dr. Miles caught him as he fell.

There was a marshmallow toast on the beach that night. From a distance it looked like the performance

of some bizarre pagan rite. As the leaping tongues of flame brought out in bold relief first one, then another, flitting shadow, the effect was as if the earth and air were full of such phantasmagoric shapes, needing but a little more driftwood to make them visible. During the early part of the evening conversation was restricted to tete-a-tetes, for which the toasting afforded an excellent excuse, if any were required. But as the moon majestically rose into the heraldic glow, which had for some time been shedding a weird light over the horizon, they threw their improvised forks into the blaze, and watched the spectacle in a silence at first broken only by an occasional word of comment. Then someone began a story, and someone else suggested that they should each in turn tell one, while a piece of driftwood was burning. So they sat round in characteristic attitudes on upturned boxes, and bleached logs. Several colleges were represented in the group about the fire, and the constant peals of laughter testified that the rigorosities of the curriculum had in no wise sobered aspiring youth, nor put a stop to their pranks. The oldest member of the party stirred uneasily when, upon the heels of a particularly diverting escapade came an expectant, "Your turn, old man."

"But I don't know anything clever, or ingenious, or even amusing," he protested, "I've been out of that sort of thing so long. I would just spoil the effect of the rest of your wit by something malapropos. I move we adjourn."

But they would not hear of it. He could not get out of it that way. He had listened. He must bear his part of the entertainment. All the better if he had something different to tell. So they piled on more wood, and turned attentive, flame-flecked visages toward him, and he, perforce, yielded.

"You won't like it," he began, "but if you will have it, your disappointment be upon your own heads."

Then he was silent so long that one of the boys sang out, "Oh, I say, Fletcher; stage effects not allowed here."

He began at once.

"Most of you, I think, were on the beach this afternoon when Dr. Starr went by. At least, you all know of him by reputation—what he stands for in the world to-day. What I am going to tell you dates back to the time when the name Starr spelled nothing to anyone who was anyone. How I came to know signifies nothing, is, as Kipling would say, another story, but—well, I know, and that's enough."

He went on quickly in a narrative voice.

"He was an orphan, as you may have heard, brought up and educated by a wealthy uncle. He had an average record at college, but did not especially distinguish himself. Went in more for a good time—the sort of thing you fellows have been telling about to-night, sports, theatre-parties, getting up plays, giving dinners—you know the life. Well, he made himself pretty popular, though you'd hardly imagine it now. Just "squeaked through" his final year in medicine, to use his uncle's phraseology. But he didn't care. Nothing worried him much—then. In his native village he was given his first case. It was to take out a boy's diseased eye, in order to save the other. The people were poor and couldn't well afford an abler man; and he had taken a special course along those lines, and was qualified to do the work, if he kept his wits about him. As it turned out he didn't. No one ever quite knew how it happened. Some said he was not responsible that day, had over-indulged. Others that he lost his head. Everyone had a different theory—and aired it. The fact remains he took out the good eye by mistake, practically making the boy blind. Everyone, nearly, has forgotten it now; but at the time it created quite a sensation in the papers. They all took it up and made it out, as, of course, it

was, inexcusable. Still, no one thought it would break young Starr up the way it did. As a matter of fact it quite bowled him over. You see, he had known the little chap all his life, and—well, it struck him hard.

"He was to have been married in a few days. The girl's trousseau was all made, the wedding presents had been on exhibition, guests invited, berths written for. Well, that night he went to her and told her, straight, that he could not marry her. I don't know how he worded it, but I gathered that he felt he had by his mistake forfeited all right to personal happiness, and must, in expiation, devote all his life to curing people, who would otherwise be uncured. The girl understood—she was that kind—and said what might have been expected of such a girl; but he wouldn't hear of it. He had always seemed easy-going and placable, in his light-hearted, lovable way, but—well, I suppose, he loved her, and knew what the life would mean. Anyway, he went away alone.

"For a time no one heard anything of him, though his uncle, in answer to inquiries, said he was studying in England and Germany. It must have been nearly ten years before accounts of him began to be copied into our papers from the foreign press. Still later, he came back—famous, and, I guess you know the rest."

"But what became of his fiancée?" demanded one of the girls. "That's no place to stop. What happened to her?"

The oldest member's eyes were fixed on the path of moonbeams, now spanning the ocean from rim to rim. The moon, herself, had paled silver, and lost something of romance the higher she climbed; but the privileged might pass into realms enchanted on this fairy bridge.

"Do go on!"

"You are a dreadful story-teller!"

"Isn't his action what the critics call slow?"

"Didn't she ever see him again?"

"Or set married?"

"I believe not." And as the air seemed charged with the expectation of more to follow, he added, "She became a nurse—is a nurse now."

"I think he might have devoted perhaps ten years to his incurables and then come back," burst out the girl who had spoken first. "You were right. I don't like your story, Mr. Fletcher. It's too—too—"

"Much life life?"

"Too idiotic, outrageous, unnecessary! Didn't he ever go back?"

"I've heard not."

"Perhaps he forgot?"

"Perhaps he did."

When the silence which ensued threatened to grow embarrassing one of the boys shook himself into an upright position, demanding if they had forgotten that they had pledged their word as decorous resorters to enliven the dance at their hotel with their presence, and the group dissolved as by magic, amid a chorus of half-distinguishable ejaculations.

The man called Fletcher excused himself, and walked out over the hard, wet, crinkled stretch of beach to where scalloping wavelets broke with musical insistence. Forget her? There were those who had tried and could not, those who had urged upon her the duty, the advantages of forgetting. Presently he turned and walked along—toward a shaft of light issuing from a cottage on one of the farther points.

Something less than an hour later a lounge in the office at the "Sparhawk" accosted a man who had been filling out a telegraph blank.

"Is it true? Will Starr have to pay the piper at last?"

"It amounts to about that." The man's tone was curt, his manner preoccupied. "I'm wiring for Gifford, but it's only as a matter of form."

"Well," philosophized the other, "he's human, after all—he made one doubt it, you know."

He sauntered off. The man called Fletcher turned back to the desk.

Drawing another blank toward him he began to write.

* * * *

Within the cottage along the beach the woman had come out of her stupor and was sleeping peacefully. In the back room the figure on the bed was wearing itself out with incessant babblings. The monotonous voice, trailing endlessly on, evoked strange pictures in that rude room. Now, the great oculist was expounding his views before an assemblage of the most learned and critical men in the medical world. Now, he was reliving that hour of surgical triumph which the papers in two hemispheres chronicled in glowing headlines. And now he was in the hospital, oblivious of the hard day's work behind him, and of the one no less arduous awaiting him on the morrow, tenderly performing the ordinary offices of nurse for one of his proteges, who, he had discovered too late, was only provided with an incompetent attendant.

On, on, the demon of work drove him—till the darkness he had dispelled for others pressed sorely upon himself, and he perceived a vast course of people about him, all going the same way. Some, he saw, rebelled and held back, and he wondered to find himself among them. Then a man's face rose before him, strained, dead-white. "I'll wait for you, Doctor. Rest a bit and come back.

God! You must come back!" Something impelled him forward. The face passed. But other faces crowded into its place, each with fear indelibly printed on it. He recalled the peculiar circumstances of each; their several stories ended alike in the wail, "and there is no one that can take your place." He struggled, but the Something urged him on. And so they, too—passed—

He felt a vague pity for the inert form he was deserting in the little back room, but as he advanced farther into the Land of Pain, it, and other regrets, grew less—were left behind—Far, far off voices came—and went—and came again. A-ah! He was in a large, pleasant room. Through the window, stirring the lace curtains, came the night-scented breath of Narcissi. Steps, running down the stairs. A voice, calling him by a name no one else used. Her voice!

And he had got to tell her!

Now she was in the room. Now she was— Suddenly he struggled as never before—

He opened his eyes.

Somewhere a man's voice was saying that the crisis was past—that he would live. And by his side knelt the woman, who, absent, had been ever present at the working out of the equal retribution, and present, had won him back to enjoy the reward which had tarried long.

DON'T think that because the boss has a roll-top desk and a private office that he also has a cinch. The man who carries the responsibilities is the man whose shoulders first grow bent.—*Frank Farrington.*

The Martian and the Farm

From The Outlook

IF THE proverbial inhabitant from Mars were to visit an ordinary American rural school, he would be inclined to comment somewhat as follows: I notice that these Americans seem to think the raising of crops to be quite unnecessary; and that they are applying their remarkable intelligence to the task of depopulating their rural regions. They have the acuteness to see that if they are to drive people out of the country, they cannot begin with the adult population. Life in the open country is so alluring and natural that even when it has not been made as comfortable as it easily might be, it holds people fast. So these far-seeing Americans, in order to crowd people into the cities, where they obviously want them to be, have devised a campaign of education directed against the children. They have planned all their rural schools on city models. Even in such details as arithmetical problems, they see to it that the children's minds should be directed toward urban life. They so fill the field of a child's attention with the affairs of the town and city that they leave no room for the ideas that concern life in the open country. Year after year these Americans fill their children's minds with city ideals, and as soon as the children are liberated from school they leap for the city. It is a great task these Americans have undertaken, but they will finish it in a generation or two; and then they will have the satisfaction of seeing their land divided between the crowded city and the wilderness.

If this visitor were to be told that

what he interpreted as an astute campaign was a mere matter of stupidity and tradition, and that the American people were really wondering how they could check the congestion of cities, he would be forced, out of decent respect for the people he was visiting, to be incredulous.

How can the child born and reared in the country respect the life of the farmer when the community in which he lives does not regard the farmer's occupation as worthy of study? How can he be expected to look with ambition toward agriculture as a vocation when he finds that training for it is regarded as less important than preparation for a clerkship? How can he think of village and rural life as anything more than a makeshift when he finds that in the school he attends there is not a word taught concerning crops or cattle or roads?

The people of Canada have already begun to apply their minds to the question of educating the children for life in the open country. Indeed, the movement toward increasing the efficiency of the country population has already been considerably developed. It owes its inception to Sir William Macdonald and Dr. James W. Robertson. The Outlook last year, and again last week, gave some account of Macdonald College, of which Sir William is the founder, and Dr. Robertson is the principal. This college is the apex of a system which at its base will extend to every farming community in the Dominion.

In many cases boys have had to contend with the complaint from their own parents that farming is unproduc-

tive. The first business, then, was to give encouragement to the adult population, so that parents might be willing to have their children study animal and plant husbandry and domestic science. Speakers were, therefore, sent out, two and two, to tell what had been achieved in agriculture, to display diagrams and seeds, and to answer questions. The Dominion Government has established experimental farms (as our own Government has done). School-children have been taught to detect the destructive brown-tail moth, and encouraged to learn to distinguish noxious weeds and to combat them. Indeed, the Government has put into all school-houses books on weeds and samples of weed seeds. The Government is sending out from time to time inspectors of fruit, experts in poultry and in cattle. The fairs, provincial and county, are becoming genuine institutions of agricultural education. Notably the winter fairs held at Amherst, Nova Scotia, and Guelph, Ontario, are really short course col-

leges which all may attend, tuition free, and where they may profit by demonstrations and lectures. So much for reaching the adults.

In order to reach the children, teachers must be trained. Several agricultural colleges are conducted in connection with the provincial normal colleges, and will tend to change the country school from the city type. Gradually the teachers trained in these places will change nature study to elementary agriculture. In time, possibly, the school garden and the school farm will be regarded as necessary as any other laboratory.

Canada is beginning to do systematically what we in the United States have been doing spasmodically and fragmentarily. Some day rural art, rural architecture, rural society and social customs will have dignity and distinction. But first we shall have to build as foundation, with educated minds as material, a sound rural economic system.

LET it be your first care not to be in any man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare.—*Dr. Johnson.*

On the Value of Early Rising

From The Young Man

MEN of all ages and of all nations have realized the importance of early rising, of giving the best time of the day—the morning—to their work, and proverbs in all languages testify to the universality of this sentiment. Who is it that is not familiar with the pithy sayings in the Book of Proverbs? And are we not always quoting Benjamin Franklin's saying:

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and
wise.

The Germans say—

Morgenstund hat Gold in Mund,
and the French—

Homme matineux, allegre, sain et
soigneux.

Many similar proverbs might be quoted, and the reader will find a few elsewhere in this chapter.

The farmer knows that the best part of his work has to be done before midday; the great industries maintain strict rules and enforce early and punctual attendance at work—the very existence of a factory often depending upon it. With the small establishments the point of making the best use of the early hours is a greater necessity still, as in these days of keen competition—

The early bird picks up the crumbs. Here the extension of time does not alone come into consideration, but also our greater vigor, activity, and fitness for work, particularly if the occupation is of a sedentary character.

The best of Victor Hugo's work was

done in the early morning when the rest of the household were still slumbering. William Chambers, the founder of Chambers's Journal, that pioneer of the cheap magazine, rose at five o'clock "to have a spell of reading until it was time to think of moving off." It was at so early an hour that he dipped into such solid works as Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Locke's *Human Understanding*, etc. In the winter months, when he could not afford either light or fuel, he obtained a post of "reader" to a baker and his two sons while they were preparing their batch. He had to be at the cellar, which did office for a bakehouse, at five o'clock in the morning. Gladstone was another noted early riser, and it will interest our young friends to know that one of their favorite authors, Jules Verne, was another; indeed, his day's work was done well before noon.

"Time is money"; it is of value to every one engaged in any kind of work. One hour a day more makes in three hundred working days an increase of three hundred working hours, or an equivalent of thirty working days of ten hours each. Think of what the loss of these hours means to agriculture, trade, and industry! A month wasted! What can you not do with an extra month in the year, young man? In the early hours of the day the mind is clearer and fresher, the memory more receptive, and the work in hand done with greater ease than when one rises late with dulled eyes and heavy head.

Everybody has once in a way experienced how much fresher mind and

body feel, if the resolution to rise immediately from the first sleep is for once carried out. The day's work assumes a brighter aspect—already the self-restraint in withstanding the inclination for a further rest is invigorating, and is in itself an achievement of no mean order. We have displayed energy, and we are pleased with ourselves. The day has begun with a victory over self-indulgence; this has, usually, an influence for good on the succeeding hours, and we have more go—not only do we feel, but actually are, more active and more industrious. Then, again, if we get up early our temper is the better for it, and things which usually ruffle us will pass over smoothly. On the way to the station in the morning people will not be in the way. We do not “just miss” our train, nor do we “just catch” it, panting like the engine in front. If we get up early our health is the better for it, and we shall have saved many a shilling bottle of medicine. We shall be enabled to eat our breakfast more leisurely, and surely the “hurried” breakfast of the average city worker is responsible for a vast amount of ill-health and sometimes sows the seeds of most painful diseases.

The extra morning hour is not only a gain in time but also in vital energy, and that is really the principal advantage to all who have not an appointed daily work to perform, or who are not in need of more time or money, having already plenty of both at their disposal. But vital energy, will-power, self-confidence, freshness of mind—these cannot be bought for gold, yet are they welcome to all, whatever their station in life. There is another most important question often lost sight of—that of our eyes. Sinclair said: “The morning hours and the afternoon are the most suitable hours for studying or straining the eye-sight least. After dinner and in the evening it is injurious to exert the eyes.” Wesley reports his experiences: “When I was young, my eye-sight was weak; forty years later it was much stronger. I ascribe this im-

provement to the habit I acquired of rising early.” Quite so! The general improvement in health and well-being combines with it a sharpening and strengthening of the senses. Parents, as a rule, do not consider what a valuable asset they give to their child on the way through life by accustoming it to the habit of early rising, a habit that strengthens and develops both body and soul with lifelong good effect. Many an existence would be the brighter for it.

To secure these advantages a practice must be made of early rising; to rise early once in a while is of little use. To rise early one must of necessity retire to rest at a reasonable time. To wake up fresh is a happiness that can only follow after the sound sleep of early night. The one follows on the other. This is the foundation of a natural life, and the best guarantee for the healthy action of our organs. We awake and rise naturally because no more sleep is needed. We go to rest and have a sound sleep, being tired out at the end of a long day and requiring the renewing of our strength and energy. The natural consequence of a healthy sleep is a good appetite, and early rising exerts a beneficial influence on the digestive organs. Poor is the appetite of people who sleep long and late. Exercise and activity alone create a healthy longing for food. We go to the breakfast-table after having been up for an hour or two with a very different feeling to that we experience when we go to it immediately upon rising and tumbling into our clothes. The appetite, moreover, will remain thus stimulated for every meal all through the day. The body will gain in strength and the mind in brightness; both will be reinvigorated and renewed; the harmony of our whole system will be raised, our nerves soothed—we may even forget that we have any; we become cool, more resolute, and more able to withstand external influences and affections; our constitution is strengthened, our temper becomes more cheerful and good-natured.

ON THE VALUE OF EARLY RISING

The medical profession lays stress, and rightly so, on the return to a more natural and simple mode of living as a help in combating ill-health. A great number of the "cures" of watering-places, ascribed to the beneficial qualities of the springs, are really the result of persistent and sustained reform of the habits of the patient. This is indeed the acknowledged basis of the treatment in hydropathic establishments.

We appeal, then, to the many in search of health, or renewal of lost vitality at the seaside, at spas, at climatic health-resorts; for the favor and goodwill of Mother Nature has most certainly to be solicited and won. Never miss the salutation of the rising sun. Be not angry with the officious servant who calls you at sunrise. Treat bad weather with disdain. Do not let a mist or chill prevent you from carrying out your resolution, but compel yourself to rise early even at the cost of some inconvenience.

Look at the attendants at health-resorts! Does not their usual healthy appearance strikingly illustrate the good effects of early rising and of regular living? They are, as a rule, fresh and ruddy, bright, strong and healthy in body and mind despite their employment, irksome, fatiguing, and often very trying. Many a rich patient in indifferent health would willingly part with a good deal of his wealth in exchange for their health and strength. And yet he has but to follow their example and "give to the day what is due thereunto, and to the night what it due to the night."

The beneficial results of early rising are most noticeable in the classes that have to begin work in the early hours of the day. It is a well-established fact, for instance, that the hard-working country people have always been known to be healthy and strong, and it is to them that the nation will always look to renew the stock, and thus prevent extinction of the race consequent upon the deteriorating effect of town life.

There are various reasons for this:

the healthy occupation, the abundance of fresh air, the simple fare, and the quiet life; all these tend towards that end, but the foundation of all is "early rising." This breeds new energy and gives them that dogged perseverance characteristic of the countryman. To this is due their strength and their uprightness as a class all through the changing centuries. To this also are due the strong frames and firm characters that withstand the ravages of time and the ordinary wear and tear of a toilsome and hard life, until they reach the ripe age of seventy or eighty years.

With the industrial worker these facts are less prominent. As pointed out before, unfavorable conditions of work deprive him of some of the healthful advantages to be derived from early rising. The soldiers, another class of early risers, are expected to show great physical and moral endurance. They have to bear without a murmur all kinds of privations and hardships, hunger and thirst, night-marches and sentry-duty, heat and cold. Even in time of peace, their calling is no sinecure, but one continuous strain. And yet the young soldier becomes a strong and hardy man. Strictly regulated life and early hours have much to do with this result. Every fresh day in his training goes to build up the solid foundation of vigor and energy, and helps to create a power of enduring with ease exertions from which weaker natures would shrink.

It is perhaps too much to say that all who reach a ripe old age like and practice early rising. It is, however, well known that the majority of old people, who enjoy all their faculties and maintain a certain amount of vigor and energy, have cultivated the habit of an early breakfast. A French proverb of the time of Francis I. promises a full century as a reward for this:

Lever a six, diner a dix, souper a six, fait vivre dix fois dix.

Every one can from the circle of his acquaintances recall cases where

the age of seventy or eighty has been reached or passed with the full enjoyment of all bodily and mental faculties as the result of regular habits of living.

Kant, Humboldt, Benjamin Franklin, Moltke, Thiers, Gladstone, etc., were all early risers, and they reached a ripe old age. William Wesley, the father of the Methodists, suffered in health through sleeplessness until he accustomed himself to rise regularly at four o'clock. The result was very satisfactory, and he was able to continue an active life to the age of eighty-eight years.

Amongst the writers on diet, Huie-land, (1798) is the first to refer to the importance of our subject. Earlier writers on health have considered the quality and quantity of food and drink, precautions against catching colds or infectious diseases, etc. They did not say much about the natural division of the day or the time for meals or rest. It is possible that there was little need in those days to remind people of the necessity to retire early and to live more in accordance with nature. Even Hufeland dismisses the subject with only a few words: "After a good sleep we feel rejuvenated; early in the morning we are taller than in the evening, we enjoy sensibility, elasticity, strength and resolve, the qualities of youth. In the evening, however, we are dull, stiff, tired; the feelings of old age predominate. Every day seems like a small sketch of our life—the morning like youth, the midday life manhood, the evening like old age. Who would not prefer to use the early hours of the day for work? Early in the morning the human mind is in its greatest purity, energy, and freshness. That is therefore the right time

for new creations, great thoughts and study. Man never enjoys the feeling of his existence so completely as on a fine morning. He who neglects the early hours wastes the youth of his life."

We now quote a modern opinion. A medical man, connected with one of the largest London hospitals, says in a London daily, June 19, 1906: "Pure air is of as much importance as pure food; particularly in a city like London, where the air is being constantly fouled, too many precautions cannot be taken. The enormous number of horses in the London streets is an important factor in rendering London air impure. One working horse will use as much air in an hour as twenty men. Five o'clock on a fine summer morning is the best time to take a walk in London. The air then is splendid."

All authorities on this subject agree in recommending seven to eight hours' sleep in a well ventilated room, without a heavy meal immediately preceding. The English proverb is:

Light suppers make long lives;
and the French says—

Qui couche avec la soif se leve avec la sante.

He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy.

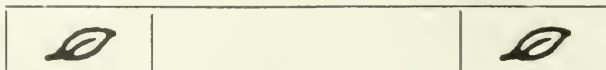
A very true proverb. We would like to extend it: He that goes to bed hungry . . . The benefit will be felt the next morning.

Concerning late suppers, the Portuguese says:

Se queres enfermar, cea e vaite deitar.

If you wish to be ill, sup and go to bed.

Once more be it said that the cardinal rule of health is **RISE EARLY.**



Getting in Out of the Rain

By H. C. TWINELLS

From The Argosy

I OPENED my pay-envelope and mechanically pulled out the bills.

I knew what they were without running through them. Four five-dollar notes. That had been my Saturday portion for over a year.

"John!" came a sudden exclamation beside me as I was about to stuff the thin roll into my pocket.

I turned and faced the shipping clerk. He had his hat on, a suit-case in his hand, and seemed in a hurry.

"John," he repeated quickly. "Will you give me the five spot you owe me? I've got to go out of town over Sunday, and I need all I can get."

I slipped off one of the bills from the inside of the roll and, without looking at it, handed the money over. He stuffed it hurriedly into his pocket and went out at the door, calling back his thanks.

Then it was that I suddenly remembered my resolution to keep him off for another week. But the demand had been so sudden that I was surprised into paying my just debt in spite of the fact that I had decided not to do so.

You see, it was like this: My rent was due that day. I paid it by the month. It was sixteen dollars for the two rooms occupied by my wife and myself in an obscure part of Brooklyn.

In returning the borrowed five to the shipping clerk, I laid myself open to a week of poverty; for besides the fifteen left of my pay, I had only a dollar bill and some odd cents.

That left the "odd cents" as the

only visible means of livelihood for the coming week. I had a vision of free lunches and walking to and from work.

I knew that the landlady would be open to no compromise. I had tried it too often, and it was either pay or move, for the money was two or three days overdue.

The really serious side of the thing did not appeal to me for some time. Then I found that most of the office force had gone, and there was no one left from whom I could borrow so much as a dollar.

I sat down despondently on a shipping-case and began to figure.

The loose change in my pocket, I found, amounted to twenty-seven cents, besides the dollar bill, which would have to go to the landlady, together with the fifteen left of my pay.

I smoothed the dollar bill between my fingers and tried to figure how I could live on four cents a day for a week, or even on twenty-seven cents over Sunday.

Then I took out the thin roll, from which I had skinned the note for the shipping clerk, and put the dollar bill with the fives.

As I sat thumbing the bills over in my most disconsolate manner I had a sudden shock.

I felt as though a million needles were pricking me. I jumped off the box and stared at the money.

Great Heavens! I found to my dismay that I had only two five-dollar bills and a single one.

Eleven dollars! My rent was six-

teen. What had become of the other five?

I made a frantic search throught the office. It was nowhere to be found.

Could I have given the shipping clerk two fives by mistake? No! I remembered the feeling of the single bill that I had passed to him: I had handled money during the cashier's absence once, and I knew the feel of it. I could not be mistaken on that.

In my mind I went back over sixty or more pay-days. Always the four five-dollar bills in my envelope. The cashier could have no mistake.

Just at that moment the latter entered the door.

"Hallo, John," he said. "Come back after my umbrella."

I jumped at a straw and asked him if there could have been any mistake, if he could have put only fifteen dollars in my envelope.

"No, nothing like that, John," was his reply. "The pay is always double-checked you know, and there is no possible chance for error."

"Maybe the boss reduced my salary!" I cried.

"No. It isn't likely. You're still on the list at twenty."

The thing was inexplicable.

I wanted to believe that I had given the shipping clerk two fives, but I knew very well I hadn't.

The cashier slipped out at the back door before I could ask him for a loan, and the janitor came around to close up. I tried to borrow a quarter from him; my pride was losing its footing.

He gave me twenty-five excuses; but those could not be converted into cash. So I went out into the street in a very miserable condition.

Ten cents car fare home would leave me with seventeen cents. That would buy a handsome meal; and my wife waiting at home until I returned with the money for Sunday provisions.

Thereupon I took a mighty vow never to pay another debt as long as I lived. Borrowing money had never

got me into the trouble that returning it had.

I was just dabbling in a delicate decision between a suicide's grave or enlisting in the navy and deserting my wife, when a sudden shower came up.

Looking quickly around for shelter I espied the wide-open door of an auction store. Several people were hurrying in out of the storm, and I trailed in with them.

Absently I gazed at the resplendent auctioneer.

"Stay out of the wet. That's right. This is as good a place as any. It doesn't cost anything. In fact, you make money by coming in. Everything for nothing to-day. Something for everybody. Presents given away to-day. Articles of intrinsic worth selling for a song."

Not being much of a singer, and having nothing else with which to purchase articles of intrinsic worth. I was interested in the sale merely as a haven of refuge in time of storm.

The crowd jostled and shoved as the place filled up with those driven in by the rain. I was finally pushed to a point near the front and next to the cashier's desk.

Such things as umbrellas, pipes, vases, canes, and knickknacks held no interest for me. At that moment a coffin would have more nearly suited my taste.

I turned and watched the good-looking cashier taking in the money that deluged down for the trifles.

In a whimsical way I estimated my chances if I should be led to reach out and grab one of the five-dollar bills to make up my loss.

For want of better amusement, I watched the cashier. She seemed worried. The money was coming in too fast for her, and most of it was in bills. She seemed to be new at the work and was having an awful time making change.

She turned to one of the boys that helped carry out the purchased articles.

"John," she said, "tell Mr. Hackett

that I must have some change. I'm all out of small bills. Tell him to send you out for some fives, twos, and ones."

The boy went at once, and the girl continued to take in money hand over hand. Finally she was swamped with large bills, and Mr. Hackett, who proved to be a silent partner in the auction-room, supplied her with all the change from his pocket.

The supply didn't last long, and a few minutes later I noticed somebody proffer a ten-dollar bill.

"I can't change it," she said hopelessly.

The girl was pretty, and caught me looking at her that moment. Something in my manner must have told her that I had two five-dollar bills. Anyway, she raised her heavy eyebrows in my direction, shifted her wad of gum, and said:

"You couldn't change a ten-dollar bill, could you?"

It was the smile that made me obliging. I reached into my pocket and handed her the two fives. I figured that I might do one good deed to stand out like a bright spot in all the trouble I'd had.

She thanked me with her lips and the gum, and I tucked the ten-dollar bill she gave me into my pocket.

A little ambition seemed to creep upon me unawares. I still had eleven dollars and twenty-seven cents. That wasn't so bad; I've known poorer people. I began to expand a bit and look around for some way to get enough money to make up my loss.

Then the auctioneer held up a dazzling array of dishes.

"Every piece hand-painted by Takahara in Tokyo. Guaranteed genuine. See the print on the bottom!"

He slipped a tea-cup from the Japanese set over a glaring electric light bulb. The china looked like egg-shell, and on the bottom appeared the scraggly signature of Takahara, of Tokyo.

I had never heard of the Japanese gentleman, but it seemed to me that my aunt, who was a great collector of

china, had mentioned his name in her holiest and most awful voice.

"Fifty cents," offered some unappreciative person in the audience.

The auctioneer fixed a baleful eye on the offender and paused for effect. Then he delivered a deluge of sarcasm, and finally held up one cup and saucer.

"I will sell them separately," he announced. "They ought to bring fifty dollars apiece. Any collector of china would pay that for them. Here, I'll sell two cups and two saucers this time. What do I hear?"

"One dollar," said somebody, emboldened by the auctioneer's argument and doing his best to show proper appreciation.

The auctioneer smiled in that expressive way they have. Then he fixed a piercing eye on me.

"You'd give two dollars, wouldn't you?"

I was as wax in his hands; an auctioneer can always hypnotize me. Suddenly I heard the birds sing, and all was spring-time.

I thought of my Aunt Elizabeth, who collected china. I could buy the things for a mere song and sell them to her for a grand opera.

"Yes," I murmured meekly, the great scheme beating at my heart.

"Sold!" barked the auctioneer the moment the words had left my mouth.

I reeled and felt that I was sold, but wouldn't admit it.

Stepping over to the smiling cashier, I proffered the ten-dollar bill.

"He hasn't come back with the change yet. Here, maybe I can make it, though. How much was your purchase; two dollars?"

She dived into a little drawer at the back of her desk and brought out three coins. With these she put a fifty-cent piece and handed them over to me.

I noted that the three coins were two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces. I had never seen one before and was rather suspicious of them, not being perfectly sure that the United States issued a gold piece of that amount.

"Haven't you any bills?" I protested.

"No; you'll have to take those or wait till the boy comes back,"

"Are they good?" I faltered.

"Of course," she cried. "I just took them in."

Taking my precious tea-cups, painted by Takahara, of Tokyo, I left before the auctioneer could fix his eye on me again and sell me a Brazilian diamond.

Aunt Elizabeth evidently had been cultivating a grrouch.

When I uncovered the gorgeous genuine articles and offered them to her for ten dollars, stating that was just what I paid for them, she denounced me for a fraud and led me by the ear to the nearest five-and-ten-cent store, where she showed me specimens of the same art, with the same name and design, on the five-cent counter.

That took the wind out of my sails. I started back to throw the china at the auctioneer's head and get put in jail, possibly as a murderer. That would be a good finish.

I still had nine dollars and twenty-seven cents; that could go to my heirs; I was determined to be buried at public expense.

I reviewed the whole sad, sweet story as I returned to the auction-house, with murder in my eye and the tea-cups in my hand.

As I neared the auctioneer's place, and was planning the most sensational way in which to throw my china bomb, a sign in a street-window attracted by attention.

I drew up and looked at the articles exposed. Then I dived into my pocket and pulled out the three two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces that I had been doubting all along.

I compared them with the ones on display in the window. I gave one wild whoop of joy and read the sign again:

PREMIUM ON \$2.50 GOLD PIECES.

The United States has called in the issue of two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces, and we are in the market for them.

We offer a premium of five dollars apiece. Bring in your gold pieces and get seven dollars and fifty cents in greenbacks for each one.

I dashed into the coin-and-stamp store, and in two minutes by the clock was standing on the curb, holding in my trembling hand \$22.50, which I had received in exchange for the three gold pieces.

I still had \$1.77, making a total of \$24.27.

I felt like a billionaire. I blessed the cashier in the auction-store who had been pressed by the lack of change to give me gold pieces. It was lucky she had not seen the sign or heard of the sudden recall of the little gold coins.

My landlady beamed on me that night when I paid the rent.

My wife was wreathed in smiles when I presented her with two hand-painted china tea-cups, done by Takahara of Tokyo, which I told her were valued at fifty dollars apiece.

Monday morning I went back to work with new zest. I had forgotten about the five dollars missing from my pay. The lucky purchase at the auction had more than made up for it.

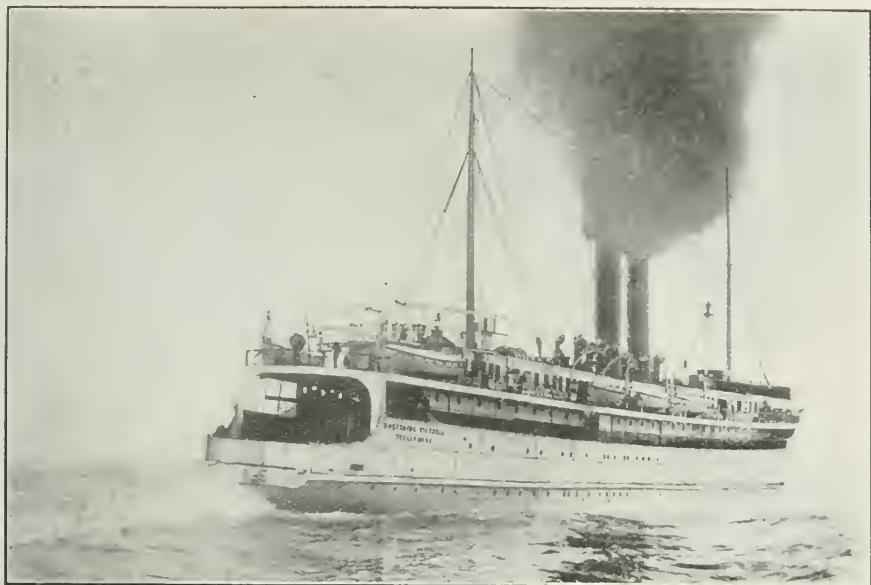
"John," came a sudden voice, as I was absorbed in my duties.

I looked up and beheld the shipping clerk extending a five-dollar bill in my direction. I took it, forgetting to ask what it was for until he explained.

"John," he said, "you gave me a ten-dollar bill instead of a five last Saturday. I never noticed till I was on the train."

Then I understood. The cashier had for once departed from his regular rule of four five-dollar bills, and slipped two fives and one ten in my envelope.

I blessed him for the mistake. It had put me on the road to Wellville. It had netted me just thirteen dollars clear profit, to say nothing of the handsome pair of tea-cups. We still have them in a conspicuous place on the plate-rack.



THE GERMAN-SWEDISH FERRY

Crossing the Baltic Sea by Train

TRANSLATED By MAX BRUNNER

From the Vossische Zeitung

WHO would have dreamt a generation ago of crossing the Baltic Sea on a train-ferry? Yet to-day it is done. Sweden and Germany are linked together even more closely than Britain with Ireland; and it is possible now to speak of a railway journey between Berlin and Stockholm as a literal matter of course. We wish to call attention to the four sea-going ferries which are now plying between Sassnitz, in Germany, and Trelleborg, in Sweden, a distance of no less than 65 nautical miles, and recent events are our justification for describing these remarkable vessels. The official inauguration of the service, which took place in July, marks the successful launching of a great Government enterprise.

The formal opening of the new direct route between the two countries and capitals took the form of regal ceremonies on German and Swedish soil, which were attended by the Emperor William, King Gustav and a distinguished company of officials. The illustrious party assembled on the ferry-boat "Deutschland," where Herr Breitenbach, the German Minister of Public Works, delivered a speech, in which he pointed out that the newly-established service would have the effect of vigorously promoting personal and commercial intercourse between Germany and Sweden. After the inauguration ceremony the Swedish visitors were entertained at lunch on board the Imperial German yacht Hohenzollern by the Emperor, who, addressing the company, thanked the



PARLOR OF GERMAN-SWEDISH FERRY

King of Sweden for his personal attendance at the ceremony, and expressed the wish that the new route across the Baltic might be the means of powerfully stimulating and promoting trade and intercourse between Germany and Sweden, and constituting a new bridge between the hearts of the two kindred nations. The King of Sweden, in reply, cordially thanked the Emperor for his friendly words, and expressed the hope that the new link between Germany and Sweden might help to strengthen and develop the cordial relations between the two countries, which had been friends from ancient times.

The Sassnitz-Trelleborg steam ferry boats are the largest hitherto built. The service will be maintained by four steamers, two German, the "Preussen" and the "Deutschland," and two Swedish, the "Oskar II." and the "Drottning Victoria." The last-named vessel was built in England to the order of the Swedish Government (Royal Administration of the Swedish State Railways) and was launched on the Tyne from the Neptune Works. She is 354 feet in length by

over 50-foot beam, and is propelled by twin-screw triple-expansion engines of 5,400 h.p., supplied with steam from four large boilers working under Howden's system of forced draught. The trains are carried on two tracks on the car deck, occupying nearly the whole surface of the deck. Above this deck are luxuriously-equipped rooms for the passengers, including smoking-room, lounge, and special suites. Underneath the car deck are many staterooms for passengers who are not occupying the sleeping berths on the train; both first-class and third-class are thus provided for. The vessel has been designed to be very steady at sea, and has unusually large bilge keels fitted to minimize the rolling. A large number of ring plates and screws and spring buffers are arranged to prevent the cars from moving when at sea. For safety in entering and leaving port a bow rudder is fitted, as well as the stern rudder, and both are controlled by steam from the captain's bridge. The steamer has been divided into a very large number of water-tight compartments, which, with

CROSSING THE BALTIC SEA BY TRAIN.

the Stone-Lloyd bulkhead doors with which she is fitted, render her practically unsinkable. She is also fitted with submarine signal instalation. The ventilating and heating is ensured by an instalation of thermo tanks, enabling fresh warm air to be forced into all the rooms in winter and fresh

cool air in summer. With a speed of 16.5 knots she will make her journey between Trelleborg and Sassnitz within four hours quite comfortably. It will be interesting to watch, and, if possible, compare her service results with those of the other three vessels on the route.



THE LANDING DOCK



Things that Shorten Life

By HARRISON L. BEACH

From Pearson's Magazine

SOME years ago, the Chicago police force boasted a lieutenant named Thomas Beck, whose skill as a detective and whose dauntless courage in the presence of danger never received full recognition from the public or from the department of which he was a member. He was slender, a consumptive, weak in body, and of limited endurance. Despite these handicaps, he never at any time hesitated to engage in combat with any man, no matter how large or powerful he might be.

"I generally hit him first," he used to say, "and if I just hit him hard enough that's about all there is to that particular fight."

Beck's reasoning was but a homlier phrasing of the ancient military maxim, "A vigorous offensive is the best defensive." It has required the world many centuries and much bitter experience to realize even a portion of this truth, but in no spheres of human endeavor has it been more generally appreciated than in medicine and in sanitary science. It is becoming every day more clearly understood that a disease attacked is far less dangerous and deadly than a disease attacking, and the trend of modern medical investigation is now even more toward methods of prevention than towards processes of cure. Physicians generally, and laymen occasionally, are now aware of the fact that if they can only strike the first blow and deliver it with sufficient vigor, "that's about all there is to that particular fight."

What the physician and the Board of Health may do is highly important, but much of it is nullified by what the layman does in violation, and fails to do in observance of sanitary laws and hygienic good sense.

What the layman can do, if he will, toward prevention and eradication of disease is so much, so important, so far-reaching, and generally so easy of accomplishment, that it is difficult to know where to begin to enumerate his possibilities, or having begun, to find a stopping place. The essence of the matter may, however, be comprehended in this statement:

There is no place in this world so unsightly or so unhealthy that it cannot be made as beautiful and as healthful as its residents desire it to be. That is a broad statement, and one which, in some instances, will require a very considerable expenditure of time and money to substantiate, but it cannot be disproved.

Obviously, the readiest way in which the layman can preserve the general health is to exercise perfect care in looking after his own. If this was universally done, the physical condition of any community or of any nation would within a few years reach a standard which has not been approached in our modern civilization.

The layman, however, will not take perfect care of himself for several reasons. The chief of these is that he does not know how; others are, lack of requisite strength of will and perseverance, indifference, and even

THINGS THAT SHORTEN LIFE.

laziness, for good health to be won or maintained must be worked for.

Another heavy obstacle in the path of perfect individual health is that men do not willingly abandon their personal inclinations and desires, even though aware that their indulgence is physically harmful. What they want, or what gives them pleasure, that must they have, and their health must do the best it can under the circumstances.

Foremost of all things that the layman can do for himself, for his family, for his race, for the good of the world, and for those who are to inhabit the world when he and his generation are gone, is to lead a clean moral life. His present and past neglect of this primary physical law is the blackest tragedy the modern world has known. All the wars of the last five hundred years, with their total of mental and physical agony, with their privation and hardship, with all their expenditure of blood and treasure, are insignificant compared to the suffering and financial loss caused by this one thing.

Those kindred horrors of war, famine and pestilence, are as nothing to it. When wars are finished, their dear are only dead. After years of famine and the sweep of the pestilence come other years of plenty and of health. The curse of immorality, however, lives on and on for years, blighting the lives of innocent people, and forever creating sorrow and wrecking the health of the race as it passes along. Its effects are felt long after he who caused and transmitted them has been forgotten. As a source of moral and physical deterioration, it has no parallel in the history of the world. Wipe out this living tragedy, and then let men do in all other things much of what they will in violation of the laws of health and the physical standard of the human race must of necessity advance.

Generally speaking, what the average man, outside the medical profession, does not know concerning the physical improvement and preserva-

tion of his own body is appalling. He cannot even tell how he is constructed. Not one man in one hundred thousand knows how many bones and muscles he has. He cannot tell the fibula from the tibia, and if metatarsal or metacarpal bones are mentioned, the strong probability is that he will instinctively think of his backbone. If he is asked to locate the occiput or describe the phalanges, he is reduced to hopeless impotence.

No man understands what to do with those things of which he knows nothing, and if this is what he knows or does not know, regarding the construction of his body, how can it be expected that he will know how to care for it?

It is the absolute truth that the great majority of men do not know how to eat properly, when and when not to drink, how to breathe, or how to exercise correctly. They do not even know how to stand up.

Making the violent assumption that the average man has an embryotic notion of these things, he so rarely puts it into practice that the net result is exactly as though he knew nothing. It must be remembered that it is not what the man may know about advancing the physical standard of the human race, but what he does toward that end, that counts. What the average citizen achieves in this direction is both pitiful and pathetic. It is even less than the sum total of his knowledge, insignificant as that total is.

Every day in every city in this country, which is large enough to boast a street-car line or a railroad suburban service, may be seen the spectacle of men hurling themselves through the air for half a square or more, with all the grace and speed of an aged, over-fed duck, in their effort to overtake a fleeting trolley car or to catch a departing train. They make this spasmodic exertion in cheerful ignorance of the fact that they are bringing a sudden and severe strain upon a heart that has not for years been asked to beat faster than

ordinary, unless indeed, it has palpitated in response to indigestion. A quick, sharp run of several hundred feet, is in reality a dangerous performance for any man not in good physical condition. All men, at least all men under forty-five years of age, should be able to pick up their feet, and run as the wicked flee, when pursuing a car; but not one man in twenty-five thousand makes anything but a tearful spectacle of himself as he runs, or presents anything but an apoplectic exhibition at the close of a dash of two hundred feet.

Any man of sense knows he could not demand a proportionate effort from a horse without danger of injuring it for life; yet he will do such things to himself without a thought. A man who values himself at \$25,000 worth of life insurance will take these sudden, swift runs immediately after eating, when he would not dream of allowing a horse worth \$200 to attempt the same thing. He would not call upon the horse for severe effort until it had been properly conditioned by careful training.

And when it comes to eating—the bare thought of what men do to themselves is enough to cause a marble statue of Hygeia to groan aloud. Hastily disposing of their breakfasts, and rushing to their offices, they work until the luncheon hour, and then in many instances tear out to a restaurant, toss down a mass of boiled cabbage, weighting it with a slab of beef the size of a door-mat, rush back to work, and then wonder why they do not feel bright and clever. If they patronize the eat-quick lunch-counters, their abuse of themselves is only intensified. The lunch-counter has but one hygienic advantage over the restaurant—the man who goes there eats less than he who patronizes the more pretentious place—but in other respects, due, in the greater part, to men's senseless hurry, it acts as a foe to digestive tranquillity and is a menace to health and comfort.

This catalogue of man's inhumanity to himself might be prolonged in-

definitely. It could easily be proven that men do not breathe properly because they inhale too quickly and superficially. They gasp with the upper portion of their lungs when they should completely fill them at every breath. It is a curious fact that bodily vigor in the animal world is in an inverse ratio to the number of breaths taken. An elephant will inhale about six times per minute while a mouse breathes one hundred and twenty times in the same period.

Men know about as much of hygienic drinking as they do of eating, and they practice sanitary sense in this direction even less than at the dinner table.

Whether alcohol is a food or a stimulant, is a matter which has been debated by keener intellects and more technical expert knowledge than is involved in the preparation of this article—and the question is still undetermined. No matter whether it is a food or a stimulant, the question for the layman to answer to himself is, "Does it benefit or injure me?"—and if he replies honestly and with full appreciation of all it involves, he will tell himself that it is a good thing to let alone.

No trainer of athletes will allow a man under his care to put alcohol into himself. He regards it, in fact, as equivalent to so much poison, and it is desperately poor logic to say that what is harmful to a man in approximately perfect condition can, on the whole, be beneficial to a man of inferior health. This is no argument in favor of prohibition, but it is safe to say, bearing in mind that no rule of physical culture applies impartially to all men, that any stimulant constantly taken will in time detract from the highest bodily welfare. No man in perfect health has need of a stimulant, and the man whose physical power is below par requires it still less, unless his condition is serious. A stimulus that lodges in the intellect is worth any number of stimulants that get home to a man through his stomach.

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In one sense, it sounds ridiculous to say that men do not know enough to stand up properly; but any instructor in physical culture will assert this as a fact. Probably the best example of perfect pose in the standing man with which Americans are familiar is a West Point cadet at "Attention." From his ear to his heel is one straight line, and from the arch of his chest to the line of his waist is a gentle concavity. He stands with, to use the military expression, "the body thrown forward on the hips." And his weight rests more on the balls of his feet than upon his heels. Now, look at any group of civilians anywhere in this country, and notice how they stand. To use an expression somewhat inelegant, they "slouch." Ask one of them to throw his body "forward on the hips," and he will poke it outward from the waistline, protruding still more an abdomen already too well advertised. Men habitually rest their weight in standing upon their backbones, when they should hold themselves erect by their muscles. It is inside the truth to say that not one man in fifty thousand stands correctly.

Having glanced briefly at what the layman in general knows about himself, and what he does to and for himself, and having seen that he does not eat, drink, or exercise properly, it is painfully evident that he is in vital need of instruction as to what is important for his physical well-being. If he will absorb this instruction and then live according to what he has absorbed, much will have been done for the community at large, because the health of no people can be better or worse than the average health of its individual members.

Turning now to the broader question of how the layman can aid the community by preventing disease, the possibilities seem even larger than before. There are so many things that it is almost impossible to enumerate them in an article of this size. Possibly, the entire proposition can be best summed up in the Golden Rule

of Municipal Health, formulated by Secretary Edward R. Pritchard, of the Chicago Department of Health—"A man should be willing to do as much to protect the families of others, as he wishes other families to do to protect his family."

It sounds easy—it is easy, but the vigor which most men exhibit in combating and circumventing the simplest and most fundamental rules of the Board of Health in our large cities would do wonders for the public weal if exerted in the contrary direction.

It is stating the simplest and most self-evident proposition to say that it is the duty of every man to aid in stamping out contagious disease. It is equally superfluous to assert that every inch of progress in this direction lengthens the average term of life. Yet men, sensible men, sensible at least on other propositions, constantly make all possible efforts to evade compliance with the laws devised for the control and supervision of contagion, when a member of their own family is involved.

For instance, if a man of this type, and he is an extremely numerous type, sees some day, tacked upon a neighbor's door, a colored card informing all readers that scarlet fever or diphtheria is in that house, he commends the advertisement as a wise and prudent proceeding, and praises the Department of Health for its energy and zeal. However, bring that scarlet fever or that diphtheria into his own home, nail that colored card on his own door, and then see what he does. Fifty times out of one hundred he will hasten to the Health Department and ask that the card be removed. Strangest of all, he almost invariably makes the request on the ground that he is "intelligent." That is what he claims to be—"intelligent." The trend of his argument is:

"It is all well enough to put such a card on Brown's door, but it is not needed with us. We are intelligent—we know what to do—we will see that the contagion is not spread."

What such a man would say of a

railroad company that failed to erect signs at crossings, or neglected to put red lights on the rear of trains, would probably be unfit for publication—yet here he objects and often does it loudly, persistently, and at much length, to warning possible visitors of the danger that may meet them at his door and slay them after they have departed.

This is no fancy sketch, no flight of the imagination. Any health commissioner in any large city in the United States can give countless instances of this kind, and the greater part of them are furnished by people who might naturally be supposed to know better.

There is nothing in fact more important for the layman to do in conserving the health of his community, than to make it his business to see that any contagious disease, either in his own family, or in that of one of his neighbors, is promptly reported to the health department. Under existing laws, the physicians relieve the householder of responsibility in this direction, whether he desires it or not. If, however, the layman acquires the habit of reporting contagion whenever and wherever he finds it, a long step toward eradication of disease will have been taken.

Beyond aiding the Department of Health by giving it work to do, let the layman see that he assists it by giving it money with which to properly care for the work he thrusts upon it. The lack of equipment, and the miserable facilities afforded the boards of health in many cities in the United States, is a standing outrage. Many men are of the opinion that a board of health has fulfilled its mission when it has lifted a dead horse from the street, tacked a colored card on a neighbor's door, or carted away from a vacant lot the corpse of a cat which died in the long ago. These things, to the average taxpayer, show vigilance on the part of the board, and yet they comprehend, important as they are, only the rudiments of the work. It is vitally important that a board of

health should be able to study and apply the most advanced methods for the prevention and eradication of disease. To accomplish this, its officials must be able to study the causes of epidemics, and, if possible, devise their cure. They must be able to instruct the ignorant, and to combat the "intelligent." To do these things requires money and no small amount of it. Any city can be made a health resort if its inhabitants so determine, and to be known as such is a tremendously valuable asset to any place, and one that is invariably worth more than it costs.

If the layman has properly cared for himself and has morally and financially held up the hands of the Board of Health, he has done much; but there is still more that he can accomplish. For example, let him see that stagnant water is not allowed to remain on his premises to serve as a breeding-place for mosquitoes, which, it is well known, are frequent carriers of disease germs. If the water cannot be drained away, the surface may be sprayed with kerosene, which will "do the business" for the mosquito.

It has been clearly established that the fly is also a conveyor of contagion, and if energetic attention is given to the questions of preventing its propagation and accomplishing its destruction, the health of the community will have escaped a serious handicap.

It is not difficult to kill a fly, and the majority of people can, after more or less thought, arrive at a tolerably effective method. Any plan is good if faithfully followed. The average citizen, however, is generally too deeply interested in other things than in giving himself an exercise gallop around his premises for the purpose of making war on flies. As a task it is tiresome, and as a sport it lacks variety and excitement. No person is likely to long continue at the work of destroying flies if constant personal exercise is required. It is best, therefore, to employ one of those semi-automatic methods which pro-

THINGS THAT SHORTEN LIFE.

duce results without excessive expenditure of physical force. The well-known fly-paper is one of these; filling shallow dishes with a seven per cent. solution of bichromate of potash sweetened with sugar is another. What will kill a mosquito will generally dispose of a fly, and spraying garbage boxes with kerosene is a most effective method of making war.

It is entirely possible that many people will think that the hygienic importance of killing flies is over-estimated. Let them remember, however, that eleven years ago the United States went to war with one of the great nations of the earth, and that all the American blood spilled by the soldiers of Spain was insignificant compared to the ravages made upon the nation's manhood by flies. Eighty-seven per cent. of the total deaths in that war was caused by typhoid, and in all, or nearly all, of these cases, the contagion was carried by the fly. We could crush the Spanish fleets in Manila Bay and off Santiago, we could storm the hills of San Juan and the town of El Caney, but we were powerless to defend our soldiers against the fly.

The crusade against the house fly has lately been given particular impetus in Berkeley, California, the seat of the University of California. Professor W. B. Hernes, of that institution, has shown that out of several hundred tests not one fly was found whose feet and mouth did not contain germs of disease. He has produced large cultures of bacteria by allowing flies, caught in various parts of the city, to walk in sterilized gelatine. The result of his experiments was a decided surprise to the people of Berkeley, and the black flag, as to flies, was instantly hoisted. If such conditions prevail in a town so comparatively clean as Berkeley, it is fair to assume that they are far more serious in the more congested centres of population.

The subject of ventilation is so vast, its bearings upon the physical welfare of the individual and of the

race as a whole so varied and manifold, and there is so much that can be done with it publicly and in private, that a series of books—large fat books—might be written upon it alone.

For a man to go to the mouth of a sewer for his drinking water is a most unpleasant suggestion, and yet few people stop to think that they may infect themselves just as surely by breathing vitiated air as by swallowing contaminated water. Every day and every night thousands of people deliberately poison themselves by living and sleeping in tightly closed apartments in which the air has been robbed of all its life-giving properties. The widespread and constantly growing practice of sleeping out of doors, or with the windows opened wide, has already done wonders in improving health in individual cases and is certain to work still greater benefits hereafter. It not only is one of the best preventatives of disease on earth, but it is the cheapest of them all.

The benefits of fresh air in the working and sleeping rooms are too well known to call for further mention in an article of this kind, and yet there is an amazingly large number of really intelligent people who know nothing, or care nothing, for what it can and will do for them, if they will only give it a chance.

A direct case in point in one of the most widely known contributors to the leading magazines of this country. A man of keen intellect, and mentally well organized save on the subject of "drafts," he lives in mortal terror of being struck by a current of air. The instant he feels the slightest motion in the atmosphere while inside his working room he conjures up a picture of his administrators parceling out his estate. He will, when preparing an important article, lock himself in a small room, and if the weather is cool, open wide the valve of the steam radiator, turn loose with a fast-burning and strong-smelling pipe—and then wonder why he "can't work more than two hours without getting a headache." The reason is

easy to see with the eye and still easier to appreciate with the olfactory nerve; but this man, neat almost to daintiness in his personal habits, calmly poisons himself, lowers the quality and lessens the amount of his work, and shortens his life because of his abnormal fear of moving air which could do him nothing but good.

He, and people like upon him, do not know, or they ignore the fact, that they rob the air of its oxygen, which is all that keeps them alive. As it decreases, their vigor of mind and body must of necessity decline.

Into this matter of ventilation comes the further question of procuring a bountiful supply of fresh air for all buildings that hold large numbers of people, such as theatres, assembly halls and churches. The last are often worse than either of the two first named. It is seldom that they are opened and thoroughly flushed with air, and still more rarely is sunshine allowed to enter them. It is no exaggeration to say that there are many churches in this country into which the sun has never shone since their windows were placed. It has, apparently, been the moving thought in the construction and material management of too many churches, that if the grace of God is made to overflow the soul of man, there is no need for God's good air to reach his lungs, or for God's bright sunshine to rest upon him.

It should be of some comfort to the clergyman who occasionally sees members of his congregation asleep during the sermon to know that they are made drowsy and heavy-witted more by the tainted air they breathe than by the lack of excitement in his discourse. It is not always that the minister is the sleep-producer in the church.

Aside from its benefits to humanity in general, good ventilation is a distinct and valuable asset for any employer of labor. It has been abundantly proven that in shops and stores where fresh air is circulated, more work is accomplished per head than in

establishments where conditions are bad. Viewed entirely from the standpoint of economy, anything that lessens the vitality of employes does not pay; and whatever increases their health adds to their working capacity. This has been so abundantly demonstrated that it seems strange that in many large commercial houses and manufacturing plants, fresh air is at a premium, and the quarters are so often overcrowded.

When the United States Government buys a horse for its cavalry service, it purchases that animal with the dual intention of getting as much work out of him, and of keeping him efficient as long as possible. It pays no attention whatever to the disposition of the animal, provided it is not an out-and-out man-killer. All it requires is that the horse shall be in good health. All things else are subordinated to that. If builders of factories and employers of labor would, leaving all other considerations aside, apply this rule to their business, and to their employes, it would be far better for the physical welfare of the human race than are the conditions which now so generally prevail.

One great preventative of disease is humidity, and an equally energetic promoter of disease is the absence of humidity. In all sanitary science there is no subject more important nor one more neglected than this. The lack of proper humidity causes catarrh, colds, and other diseases of the mucous membrane, and it is absent in comparatively large degree in the majority of modern homes.

If a man were requested to take up his residence in one of the most arid regions of the earth, where plants will not grow and where animal life barely exists, he would, in all probability, rebel in the most frantic manner. If he were asked to take his wife and children to such a climate and keep them there, he would refuse in the most peremptory fashion. If, on the other hand, he announced that he was about to seek a nice, comfortable desert and live there for the remainder

of his days just because he admired the climate, he would be regarded as a madman. It is true, however, that in many buildings heated to an average temperature of seventy-two degrees, the humidity averages twenty-eight per cent., and in the driest and most forbidding regions of the earth, the humidity averages thirty per cent. Such a region men will shun, and declare it to be uninhabitable, yet in thousands of overheated apartments and houses throughout the country they create a climate that is even worse and more injurious to health.

The average humidity out of doors is seventy per cent., and is it to be wondered at that the sharp and violent change experienced by the person who steps from a humidity of twenty-eight per cent. to one of seventy per cent. is productive of injury to, and prone to cause disease in, the membranes of the upper air-passages? Some years ago in Chicago, there was an alarming increase in cases of pneumonia, and after exhaustive investigation, the cause was traced directly to the overheated apartment with its absence of humidity.

If a room is not sufficiently warm for a healthy person at sixty-eight degrees, it is because the humidity and not the heat is too low. Water should be evaporated to make the room comfortable, and there is no need of burning additional coal. If proper attention is given to maintaining the humidity, about twelve and one-half per cent. of the present cost of heating modern apartments and houses can be saved.

Neither heat nor cold, moderate nor extreme, has ever, so far as is known, created a specific disease. It is only when separated from the degree of humidity that should accompany them that they become in any way effec-

tive as destroyers of human life through recognized disease.

Other simple things the layman can do tending directly to prevent disease and promote the public health are:

Promptly removing from his premises, or burning, all decaying material of every description.

Keeping covered all receptacles for garbage and frequently cleaning or sprinkling them with lime.

Watching the sewage system closely, seeing that it is kept in good order, does not leak, and is not exposed to flies.

Keeping all food carefully screened. This applies with especial force to grocers, butchers and all other sellers of edibles.

The layman may also, if he be the iceman, be certain of the purity of his ice. There is frequently great laxity in this direction. Ice companies every year in different parts of the country will pack and sell anything in the form of congealed moisture that is six inches thick and fairly clear to the eye.

There is almost no end to what the layman can do for the preservation of health. In his hands, in fact, lies the physical advancement of the civilized world. The Spartans once revealed what can be done in this direction, and it could be carried through again, if the layman only wills it, and will work to that end. There is no hope that in this age of commercialism he will emulate the Spartan, but despite his gastronomical follies, his hygienic faults, and his occasional sanitary crimes, he is acquiring knowledge and moving, with much deliberation it is true, but still moving in the right direction. He devotes more time and thought at present to physical improvement than ever before, and it is only fair to assume that his progress in the future will be more rapid and greater than it has been heretofore.

Chaperoning Camelia

By W. L. WENDALL

From Pearson's Magazine

"LONG distance from Rosemere for Mr. Ferrell," announced the office boy, at the establishment of Bowen, Bowen and Ferrell. Mr. John Blount Ferrell, in the act of struggling into a refractory sleeve, gave a desperate pull, felt and heard a responding rip, and dashed into the telephone box. He had just ten minutes in which to catch the Rosemere Special, leaving the Forty-second Street station at 5.10.

"Hello—hello!" cried Mr. Ferrell in pardonable haste.

"Hello," a faint murmur rippled back. "Is that you, John! This is Milly speaking — yes, your sister Milly. John, the Browns are in an awful fix. Hello! Can you hear? Yes, our next door neighbors the Browns. Mrs. Brown expected to br-br- New York to shop and meet br-br who is coming back br-br her. They were to meet at the station, but the baby swallowed—I mean, tried to swallow, a br-br- hook—what is that? You will miss your train? Oh, you mustn't. I'll hurry. The baby—yes, at the Forty-second Street station. She has never br-br- New York br-br- fore. You mustn't miss her—what? Yes, yes, you are to meet her and explain. How will you know her? Oh, good gracious, I haven't the slightest idea. Mrs. Br-bro- was so upset about the baby. Her name? Why, it's Ca-ca- br-br-r-brshl."

Mr. Ferrell pressed his hand wild-

ly to his forehead. "What?" he he shouted. "I didn't catch the name."

"Ca-ca-brsh-brsh," answered Mrs. Lancing from Rosemere.

"Line's crossed. Wait a minute, New York," said the operator.

Mr. Ferrell glanced at the clock. It was upon the stroke of five. He hung up the receiver, snatched his suitcase and dashed out of the office, wheeling from Thirty-ninth Street into Fifth Avenue, and tacked up that stately thoroughfare desperately, regardless of the indignant protests which greeted him on all sides as he came into violent contact with the pedestrians who, at this festive hour of five, were taking their daily promenade.

As Mr. Ferrell entered the station, he was greeted by the megaphone gentleman announcing in stentorian tones that the Rosemere Special would leave in seven minutes. Mr. Ferrell glanced helplessly around the green and white grandeur of the place, never as at that moment so conscious of its vastness. Somewhere, somehow, in that rushing, shouting multitude, he was to find Mrs. Brown's friend. "Where, Oh where, is the friend of the friend of my sister?" chanted the young man as he worked his way through the crowd toward the gateway leading to the Rosemere Special. An inconsiderate baby yelled blatantly in Mr. Ferrell's ears, but it did not prove to be the voice of the oracle.

A big, masterful-looking man with blue eyes and a brown curly beard was roaring above the baby's anthem at a young woman who stood at Mr. Ferrell's right.

"Well, Miss Campbell, my time's up. Train leaves in three minutes. Sorry to leave you alone."

The young woman held out a gray-gloved hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Roberts. Yes, do go. You mustn't lose your train. Don't worry about me. I am sure Mrs. Brown will come in time."

Mr. John Ferrell wheeled spasmodically toward the young person, fastened his eyes upon her and kept them there. The man with the blue eyes and brown curly beard had disappeared. Mr. Ferrell pressed forward and bared his head.

"I beg pardon. Are you waiting for Mrs. Brown of Rosemere?" asked he in his best tone.

The young woman, who was gowned in a dove-tinted tailor suit and wore a fetching little straw toque to match, raised dove-colored eyes to Mr. Ferrell. Their glance was cool and non-committal. It occurred to Mr. Ferrell that she resented his question.

"I have a message from Mrs. Brown," he explained hurriedly. "She, that is, my sister, Mrs. Lancing, who is Mrs. Brown's next door neighbor, telephoned me from Rosemere just before I left my office, to say that Mrs. Brown was unable to come to New York. She asked me to meet you and see that you reached Rosemere safely."

Miss Muriel Campbell's eyes did not change their expression; neither did they leave Mr. Ferrell's face. They were plainly saying: "Are you telling the truth? I have heard about innocent young women being abducted by wicked men in the heart of a great city, and before the gaze of multitudes." Yes, that is what the dove-colored eyes were saying to Mr. Ferrell.

Mr. Ferrell, reading their message, blushed the blush of affronted honesty. "My name is John Ferrell, and I am going out to Rosemere to visit my sister Mrs. Boyd Lancing. I am afraid I cannot offer you any credentials other than my word until we reach Rosemere."

The gray eyes smiled faintly. If looks were to be depended upon, they decided, Mr. John Ferrell was honest. Everything about his appearance and bearing indicated the gentleman. And Mrs. Brown had not come.

"All aboard for Rosemere Special. Have your tickets ready," came the summons from Track Four.

There was a startled movement at Mr. Ferrell's side.

"Oh—my bag—Mr. Roberts has it," gasped Miss Campbell.

Mr. Ferrell was cruel enough to smile, an indiscretion which he speedily hid behind his hand. "That will be all right" he reassured her. "I can telegraph him at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street station."

It was not all right, however, from Miss Campbell's viewpoint. Distress was plainly written in her eyes and voice as she made the tragic admission:

"But I haven't a cent! My pocket-book is in the bag."

"But my pocket-book isn't," said Mr. Ferrell cheerfully. "Just keep by me. We haven't a moment to lose."

From Forty-second Street to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Miss Campbell studied the passing landscape. Mr. John Ferrell studied Miss Campbell.

"It is a most unfortunate affair," Miss Campbell announced, suddenly turning her gaze upon the young man.

Mr. Ferrell hastily shifted his gaze upon the first object which presented itself within his range. "It might have been worse—for me," he re-

turned kindly. "Over there, for instance."

"I don't understand," said Miss Campbell, crisply. It was not the answer she had expected—if, indeed, it can be said that she expected any.

"Third seat across the aisle," directed the young man, "green feathers. It might have been she—she might have been you—you might have been she," he continued lucidly.

Miss Campbell beamed comprehensively. "It is what I should call an Irish idyl," she murmured. "Generations of hod-carriers are stamped upon that ample brow—and jaw."

"Especially the jaw," Mr. Ferrell added. "It is truly Celtic." Emboldened by this little exchange of humor, Mr. Ferrell ventured to say, "Aren't you glad for my sake that you arn't she?"

Miss Campbell opened her magazine. "Don't you want to smoke, Mr. Ferrell?" she asked gently.

"No," answered Mr. Ferrell promptly, "unless you want to read. Don't let me keep you from it," he urged politely.

Miss Campbell turned to the first article. It was on Municipal Government. "If you don't mind, I will," she said, and bent her eyes upon the page. "If he isn't telling the truth, I shall find it out when we reach Rosemere," she thought. "Rhoda or Dick will surely meet me at the station. He wouldn't dare carry it farther. What could have kept Rhoda away?" She glanced at her companion. His eyes were fastened in a mesmeric gaze upon the green feathers.

"Did you find out what prevented Mrs. Brown from meeting me?" asked Miss Campbell.

Mr. Ferrell's countenance cleared. "Why the baby swallowed the button-hook," he said brightly.

"What?" cried Miss Campbell.

"That is, he—she—it tried to swallow the button-hook. I don't

think it got all the way down," he reassured her. "The lines got crossed. It was awfully hard to understand what Milly said."

"Well, I hope it didn't go all the way down," said Miss Campbell. "Rhoda's baby is too old to swallow button-hooks. He must be four years."

Mr. Ferrell gazed absently out of the window. Babies were a subject of which he had little knowledge. He was the second and last child, and Milly had always played the role of "little mother" rather than of sister.

"Green feathers is going to sleep," announced Mr. Ferrell a moment later. "I am convinced that she is the sort of person who snores."

From the third seat across the aisle came an unmistakable sound. The feathers swayed wildly, then lurched forward.

"You are right; she is," said Miss Campbell. "When do we reach Rosemere?"

"In about ten minutes, I am afraid," said the young man.

"Rosemere! All off for South Rosemere!" shouted the conductor.

"We go to North Rosemere," explained Mr. Ferrell. "There are four Rosemeres, you know, like the Oranges."

"Then I should have been in a fix if I hadn't met you," Miss Campbell was gracious enough to acknowledge. "Mrs. Brown has invited some people to dinner to-night, I believe. There is to be a dance at the club later." Miss Campbell closed her remark with a conscious little cough. Mr. Ferrell's eyes were patiently asking a question. She hoped it would not get beyond the eyes. But it did.

"Then—I may have some dances," asked Mr. Ferrell audibly.

"Oh—poor Green Feathers!" cried Miss Campbell in distress. "She almost toppled off just then. Don't you want to waken her? Think

what a fall it would be if she did go down."

"But she isn't going to," said Mr. Ferrell calmly. "I — I think you were unduly exercised," he added primly. Did the child think him a fool?—wondered Mr. John Ferrell. All the king's horses could not have drawn his request for a dance from him again. He was a sensitive fellow, was Mr. Ferrell.

"Rosemere! All off for North Rosemere!" came the summons.

"Green Feathers is taking notice," observed Miss Campbell, as they passed down the aisle. "Do you think Rosemere is her destination?"

Mr. Ferrell glanced backward. "There is every indication that it is. Shall we hurry and avoid the brogue?"

A pretty little woman gowned in a fresh muslin frock was advancing down the Rosemere station platform. Two children trotted beside her. Mr. Ferrell raised his hat and waved it.

"There is Mrs. Brown," he cried. The muslin-frocked woman and the children waved and smiled their greeting. A moment later they were together.

"Well, did you find her, Mr. Ferrell?" Mrs. Brown's face wore an anxious look. "Oh, I hope you did," she gasped. "The poor dear soul could never get here alone."

"Did I find her?" chuckled Mr. Ferrell. "It was the easiest thing I ever had to do. Here she is, pre-paid, right side up, handled with care," the young man babbled on. "Miss Campbell"—he turned with a smile to his traveling companion. The smile died a young and instantaneous death. His glance traveled madly back to Mrs. Brown. A cold ripple shot down Mr. Ferrell's spine. Both ladies were starting at each other in dazed and stony silence.

"I never saw this—this young lady in my life, Mr. Ferrell." Mrs. Brown's tone was icy. Her smile had vanished. Her eyes were tak-

ing disapproving inventory of the perfect gown, the cool, self-possessed bearing of the younger woman. It was an appearance that would mislead the most circumspect young man. It had mislead poor, young Mr. Ferrell. But it had not misled Mrs. Brown. No indeed.

Mr. Ferrell gasped. Never saw Miss Campbell? He refused to accept the rejection. It left a conjecture too impossible to contemplate. The knight-errant raised fearful eyes to his lady. That the only explanation of this inexplorable situation devolved upon her he was most unhappily conscious. He saw, with a half fearful relief, that she was about to give it.

"Why—I never saw this — this lady in my life," cried Miss Campbell, flashing belligerent glances at Mr. Ferrell. His own glance fell beneath the scorn in hers. He could not face the accusation which it held. "Mr. Ferrell, where is Mrs. Brown?"

"Here," signed Mr. Ferrell "the only Mrs. Brown I know. Of course, there has been a mistake somewhere, somehow," he went on wearily. "I assure you, Miss Campbell—"

"Miss Campbell?" echoed Mrs. Brown. "Why, Milly told you Brewster—Camelia Brewster. Didn't you hear her?"

Mr. Ferrell smiled. It was not a happy smile. It was a weak, simpering movement of lips too weak to keep together. Face Miss Muriel Campbell he could not. He turned feverishly to Mrs. Brown.

"The lines were crossed. I had an awful time hearing Milly. There was something about the baby swallowing a button-hook. It prevented you from going into the city. (Mrs. Brown nodded.) You were to meet some one at the Forty-second Street station—am I right so far? (Another nod. Hope rayed the gloom in Mr. Ferrell's soul. He should, at

least, be exonerated from the base suspicion which lurked in Miss Muriel Campbell's breast.) Milly did try to give me the — the person's name. But the lines got crossed and I couldn't hear a word." Mr. Ferrell's forehead was damp. He absently mopped it with his sleeve and picked an imaginary thread from the lapel of his coat.

"Of course, there has been an unfortunate mistake. It seems to have been a misunderstanding on all sides." Miss Campbell's voice was cool and crisp. She was for the first time addressing Mrs. Brown. "I went to the station expecting to meet my friend, Mrs. Richard Brown——"

"Mrs. Richard Brown!" shrieked the other lady. "Mrs. Richard Brown!" she repeated in italics. The iciness in her voice melted into laughter. "Why, Richard Brown is my husband's brother. They live in West Rosemere."

Miss Campbell looked from Mrs. Brown to Mr. Ferrell with dazed eyes. "Then, where am I?" she demanded.

"You are in North Rosemere," said Mr. Ferrell gently.

"Then where is Camelia Brewster?" demanded Mrs. Brown. Mr. Ferrell did not know. Fortunately, he did not have to answer.

"Here is Camelia, Mrs. Brown dearie," cried a cheery voice from the crowd.

Then an unexpected thing happened. Miss Campbell gave a stifled shriek and stared at the approacher through streaming tears of laughter. Mr. Ferrell's broad shoulders collapsed suddenly. His body began to sway with an emotion which proved to be an acute attack of smothered mirth.

"Green Feathers, Green Feathers," gasped the young man, and was immediately seized with another attack.

True enough — Green Feathers. Her fat old face beaming with complacent joy, the green feathers waving jubilantly above an upholstered pompadour of wondrous design and hue, Camelia the Celt was sailing breezily down the platform, full rigged, with penants flying.

"'Tis in the smokin' cart yez must have rid, Missis Brown," was her greeting. "I come to the station airy and I sez to the gentleman at the gate, sez I, 'Whin Mrs. Brown comes for Camelia Brewster, till her I have wint into th' cart. You mind her?' sez I. 'Yes,' sez he, 'I know her well.' Whin th' injine het up, dearie, and begin to rip an' snort an' jerk (it minded me of me sister Ellie's boy Tim as had the St. Virtual's Dance, Mrs. Brown), I was crazy for sure. And was it in the smokin' cart yez rid, Mrs. Brown, dearie?"

"Mrs. Brown dearie" gently placed the children's hands in Camelia's. She was struggling valiantly against her desire to join in the song of mirth which still gurgled in the throats of Miss Muriel Campbell and Mr. John Ferrell.

"Take the children and wait for me in the trap, Camelia," she said, quelling the eloquent flow of Camelia's brogue with the tone and look which the old servant of twelve years' faithful service had learned to know — and obey. But Camelia's glance was roving toward the mirthful ones. Recognition gleamed in her eyes and drew a smiling gap across the ample jaw.

"Aw—aw—" she coquetted. "I seen yez in th' cart." Jubilant laughter bubbled through the gap. Camelia leaned forward confidentially. "But the cart is a gr-r-and place for sweetheartin'!" she whispered.

Miss Campbell's mirth subsided into shocked silence. She drew herself up stiffly and gazed after the departing train.

Mr. Ferrell's mirth subsided into

an hysterical giggle. He, too, sought refuge in the Rosemere Special.

"The trap, Camelia," Mrs. Brown pointed toward the road. Camelia obeyed. There was no mistaking that tone. Her mistress turned to the others. "I think that the situation has explained itself," she laughed. "Perhaps, Miss Campbell, you would like to telephone over to Rhoda. There is a trol——"

"I shall take Miss Campbell over in Boyd's auto," broke in Mr. Ferrell hurriedly.

"Is there no other way? Are there no trains?" asked Miss Campbell.

"There is a trol——" joined Mrs. Brown.

"There is no other convenient way. There are no more trains tonight," interrupted Mr. Ferrell emphatically. "I can get you over in thirty minutes, Miss Campbell. If you will wait here, I will run up and get the machine. We—we can arrange about those dances going over," he added boldly.

Miss Campbell inspected the landscape directly behind Mr. Ferrell. It was unresponsive, very, and non-compelling, whereas Mr. Ferrell's eyes——

"Yes—we can arrange that going over," she murmured, meeting the eyes, conscious for the first time that they were dark and long and had very bright lights in them — altogether attractive eyes and good to look into.

Two weeks later, the "Flyer," Mr. Boyd Lancing's touring car, swung leisurely down the Rosemere highway and into a world of gold. In the front seats were Mr. John Ferrell and Miss Muriel Campbell. The back seats were heaped with rugs and lunch baskets and a quantity of

magazines. It may be remarked here that while the rugs and lunch baskets were appreciated to the full, the magazines returned from that afternoon's trip with their pages uncut, their covers unturned.

"This is the fourteenth ride I have taken in the 'Flyer'," observed Miss Campbell. To whom, I wonder, does the 'Flyer' belong?"

"I guess Mr. Boyd Lancing is beginning to think it belongs to John Ferrell," grinned the young man. He slackened the machine from second to first speed. "I am thinking of buying a Comstock," continued Mr. Ferrell settling back and looking at his companion. "What do you think of it?"

Miss Campbell studied the sunlight effects upon an approaching haystack. "Two weeks ago you said that automobiles were the pest of modern civilization," she remarked. "Why have you changed your mind?"

"Do you really want to know?" asked Mr. Ferrell slowly. The world had turned from gold to green. The "Flyer," nosing her way through a woodland road, came to a standstill. Mr. Ferrell leaned toward his companion. There were danger signals in his eyes. But Miss Muriel Campbell came of fighting stock. Retreat was not for her.

"Yes, I really want to know," she answered bravely.

"In the words of Camelia," the young man's voice trembled between laughter and tenderness, "I have learned that 'the cart is a gr-r-and place for sweetheartin'!" Do you agree with me—Muriel?"

Miss Campbell looked into Ferrell's eyes. "Yes," she answered suddenly.





MISS VIOLA ALLEN
WHOSE EARLY YEARS WERE SPENT IN TORONTO

Canada and the Drama

By SHIRLEY BURN

From The Green Book

BECAUSE it has not a national drama of its own, Canada is dependent for the greater part of its theatrical entertainment upon the bookings that are made in the offices of the New York theatrical managers. Of course, the United States is not to blame for this condition of affairs.

it is hardly our fault, and we had believed we had been doing the best we could in sending over our amusements. But it seems our estimate is wrong all round, and we have been making unpardonable errors in the matter of attempting to supply entertainment for the Canadians. Our eagle, it seems, behaves very badly over there, and screams so loudly that the patrons have to wear ear-muffs at the theatre to prevent the drums and inner workings from being shattered to splinterines.

This has called down upon us a scathing criticism from a writer in the *Toronto Globe*. It isn't a bit complimentary, but it is just as well for us occasionally to hear the unvarnished truth, and besides, this is amusing.

Here is what our candid friend has to say:

In a new country, extending over an area of 3,000 miles, between two oceans, and with the cities, though expanding, still comparatively small and widely scattered, Canada can only await the future for the materialization of a national drama.

The fault does not lie in the Canadian people. The trouble is at present geographic. The people of this country have already produced such stars of the footlights as Julia Arthur, Margaret Anglin, Roselle Knott, May and Flo Irwin, James K. Hackett, Henry Miller and many others scarcely less notable.

In the meantime, the Canadian people have to gulp down whatever New York offers, whether it is distasteful or otherwise. A popular Toronto theatre last week presented a play which had interested United States audiences and had won kindly expressions from the press of that country.

To a Canadian audience, however, the objection to the play was that it typified the national characteristics of a people in whom Canadians have no more than a casual interest. A Canadian who follows the lines of a play in which the people of another country, with characteristic bombast, ascribe to themselves the attributes of the gods is apt to become restless and cynical.

Canadians, because of geographical considerations, have had all along to bear the brunt of this objectionable characteristic which knows no self-effacement, modesty, or thought

for others. The Canadian audience sits in silence thru lines such as indicated, where a United States audience would applaud in the rapture of self-glorification.

The Canadian theatre patron knows the American people well. He knows their many admirable characteristics and what they have accomplished as a people. The Canadian theatre patron knows also the weaknesses of the American character, and when he is typified as a tin god, the sentiment is not appreciated.

It is not to be believed that the Canadian drama—when it arrives—will be free from those characteristics which fire the pride of race, but just now the cities of the United States are, unfortunately, our theatrical headquarters, and from time to time, Canadians will have crammed into their systems a great deal of American sentiment that they cannot relish. As a spectator, the Canadian has sized up the American people and knows them better than they know themselves. They do not estimate the American people at the value they place upon themselves, nor do they underestimate them. They know that on this earth there are other great peoples who have accomplished more along certain lines in science, art, literature, music and the drama and had less to say about it.

The lesson is this: Canadian theatre patrons do not want to see a United States national parade in this country more than once in a long time, and then the steam calliope had better follow right after the route-marshal, to make it as short as possible. This is Canada, and the people who live here are Canadians, whether some people like it or not. Once in a while a United States manager has the good taste to remember that he is entertaining a Canadian audience; that a Canadian's interest in the United States is casual and in Canada supreme, and his modification of certain lines and flag incidents is appreciated more than he can know.

There is a good deal of satisfaction, sometimes, in telling a conceited officious person just what he thinks of him, and it is hoped that our splenetic friend, having relieved himself, feels better. Of course, our pride is a bit hurt to learn that so little brotherly love is leaping over the border from the Canadian side; but it is just as



MISS MARIE DRESSLER
WHO WAS BORN IN THE TOWN OF COBOURG

well to look truth in the face once in a while. It makes us reflect on things as they are, and not as Billiken would have them. And when we stop to think of it, possibly we have been inconsiderate of Canada's feelings in so persistently shaking our little red (white and blue) flag in the face of John Bull's distant relatives.

In that event we are sorry, and by way of an humble effort at expiation, we take pleasure in laying stress upon the great credit that belongs to Canada for the splendid contribution of histrionic talent that she has given to the modern drama. It is not without a pang of jealousy that we admit Canada's claim upon those who, in the conceit of our affections, we had appropriated as our own. There is May Irwin, for instance, the arch comedienne, whose humor is so distinctly American that it would never occur to the average theatre-goer in the United States that she could belong to any country than ours. Yet May Irwin was born in Canada. She and her sister, Flo, first saw the light in the town of Whitby, Ontario, and they grew on Canadian soil until May was thirteen. So that by no pos-

sible juggling of the facts can we claim May Irwin, except by adoption; and that wonderful sense of humor of which we have been almost nationally proud, is not ours at all, but Canada's. Miss Irwin was the daughter of Robert E. and Jane Draper Campbell, and the name by which the actress is known was assumed for stage purposes.

During her recent visit to the stage of Australia, Miss Margaret Anglin has been billed as an American actress. Of course, Canada is in North America, but with our customary conceit, we have been in the habit of appropriating the whole continent, so that unless the Canadian portion of it is especially stipulated, we infer that an American is a citizen of the United States. However, in the case of Miss Anglin, this inference is presuming, for as a matter of fact, the actress is a Canadian. She was born in Ottawa, and at the time of her debut to the world, her father was Speaker of the House of Commons. In fact, her birth took place in the Speaker's Chamber of the House of Parliament. So that to Canada, and not to the United States, belongs the honor of producing this talented player.

Miss Julia Arthur, whom we were accustomed to think of in the pride of possession was, after all, not ours at all, but Canada's. Miss Arthur was born in Hamilton, Ontario, and inherited her dramatic talent from her Canadian mother, who was a gifted and accomplished Shakespearean reader. Her father's name, by the way, was Thomas J. Lewis, and she was christened Ida. As a child of eleven years, she made her first appearance in the role of a player at an amateur performance at her own home, at which time she took the part of Zamora in "The Honeymoon." Miss Arthur has long made the United States her home, however, and in private life is Mrs. Benjamin P. Cheney, Jr.

Would you believe it, too, that our own Rose Stahl is not ours, either?



ROSE STAHL

IN HER ROLE OF PATRICIA O'BRIEN IN THE "CHORU LADY." SHE
WAS BORN AND-BRED IN MONTREAL.



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN
WHOSE NATAL CITY WAS OTTAWA

It's a wrench, but it's a fact. To those of us who didn't happen to know it all along, as, of course, our Canadian friends have done, it is something of a shock to realize that the impersonator of Patricia O'Brien could be anything but a daughter of the United States part of America. Rose Stahl has identified herself with the character of the "Chorus Lady" to such an astonishingly close impersonation, and the character of Patricia O'Brien is so distinctly a product of American soil, it is difficult to realize that,

after all, she is not ours. Miss Stahl was born and educated in Montreal, Canada.

Miss Eva Tanguay, too, belongs to Canada, and the sprightly humor of this clever actress did not spring from an American ancestor. Her parents were French-Canadians, and she was born in Marbleton, though she was educated in Ho'yoke, Mass., and there made her first appearance as an entertainer, when she was ten years old.

Mr. McKee Rankin, who has for so many years been identified with the



JAMES K. HACKETT

WHO WAS BORN ON WOLFE ISLAND, ONTARIO.

stage of the United States, as actor, manager, and producer, is a native of Canada, and was born in Sandwich. The work of this delightful artist has become so familiar to American treatre-goers, that we have long felt that he belonged to us. However, we are just now giving Canada the credit which is hers, and in so doing we must include the honor of having given McKee Rankin to the world of the theatre.

Mr. William Courtleigh, Sr., who has so long been known as a prominent American actor, is nevertheless a

Canadian by birth. Guelph, Ontario, was the first residence of this noted player, though he received the greater part of his education in St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. Later he studied law at the Washington University, and during this time became prominent in amateur theatricals. He soon came under the notice of a professional manager with the result that he was induced to adopt the stage as a career. His professional life has been spent in America, but Canada was originally responsible for him, just the same.

Miss Marie Dressler, one of the

cleverest entertainers of whom we have long been proud, has of late been severely criticized for attempting to make the people of London laugh at what was termed an American brand of humor. Miss Dressler, after convulsing audiences in this country, made a complete failure in London, and since her return has many times been told that she should have known better than attempt to entertain the Britishers with her particular kind of jokes.

After all, why shouldn't Miss Dressler feel that the English people could see a humorous situation as it appealed to her? She is not an American, but a Canadian, and was born in Cobourg.

Miss Hope Booth, whom Americans have been in the presumptuous habit of claiming, is a Canadian and was born in Toronto. She is the daughter of Dr. W. Beresford Hope, M.P., and was educated in Montreal. She made her first stage appearance at the Royalty Theatre, London. This charming actress, is however, the wife of an American, Mr. Renold Wolf, a well known newspaperman and authority on people and things theatrical, and a regular contributor to the pages of *The Green Book Album*, under the caption, "Chronicles, of Broadway."

Miss Roselle Knott, another actress well known to the American stage, was not only born in Canada but married a Canadian as well. Hamilton, Ontario, the same city that gave us Julia Arthur, is also responsible for Miss Knott, who, by the way, was christened "Agnes Roselle." At the age of nineteen she married Mr. Thomas Knott, and her stage name, Roselle Knott, was then assumed. The histrionic ambitions of this player were inspired by seeing the late Madame Modjeska as Rosalind in "As You Like It;" and one day it happened that a company which was playing in Hamilton became suddenly in need of assistance because of the illness of one of its members. Miss Roselle was asked to take the part,

and she assumed it with so much success that her professional future was assured.

Miss Catherine Proctor is one of the most talented players Canada has produced, and her preparation for the stage was gained largely in her own country. She was born in Ottawa and educated in Toronto. Her first public appearance was made when she was only about nine years old, and during her school career she made an especial study of elocution in which, from the beginning, she showed great talent. Though she has spent much time playing in the United States where she has been most successful Miss Proctor is still loyal to Canada and gives Toronto as her address.

Mr. Frazer Coulter, who has long been associated with the best we have in the drama, is a product of Canada, and was born in Smiths Falls, near Kingston. He is an accomplished actor who has supported many of the most noted players of our time, and we are very much obliged to Canada for producing him.

Mr. Arthur Deagon is a Canadian actor who deserves the greatest credit for what he has accomplished in the player's profession, for there is no one around to boost and educate him—he gained what he knows, himself. He was born in Seaforth, Canada, wherever that is. Anyway, when he was twelve years old, he was working in an iron mine in Wisconsin, and four years later made his appearance in a Dime Museum in Chicago where he sang baritone solos not only in one performance, but in ten consecutive shows a day. However, with such lusty perserverance, success was bound to come, and Mr. Deagon has reflected much credit on his native country.

Mr. William Hutchinson Clarke, who has long been prominently associated with the famous opera companies of the country, is a Canadian by birth. He, too, hails from Hamilton, Ontario, and his education was gained at the Galt Collegiate Institute, and at Victoria College. To have been born



MADAME ALBANI

BORN NEAR MONTREAL AND EDUCATED AT THE CONVENT
OF THE SACRED HEART.



MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD

IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND." MISS MACDONALD
WAS BORN IN PICTOU, N.S.

in Hamilton, for the histrionically inclined, seems to have spelled success.

Apropos of singers, Madame Albani, the famous grand opera prima donna, was born in Canada, near Montreal. Her father was Joseph Jeunnesse, a musician, and she was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Montreal, before going abroad for study. Albani now calls London her home, and her full name is Mrs. Marie Louise Emma Cecile Gye—which, to say the least, must be a handicap at times.

Mr. Eugene Cowles, so long asso-

ciated with the Bostonians, was born in Stanstead, Quebec, Canada. He was the son of a physician, and as a youth went to Chicago to engage in a business career. His magnificent voice, however, soon gained him a choir position, and ultimately led him to the professional stage where he belonged. We are perfectly willing to acknowledge the debt we owe Canada for the pleasure he has given us.

Mr. J. H. Gilmour, who made his first appearance on the stage as long ago as 1877, and who has played prominently with such stars as Julia

Marlowe, Maude Adams, Rose Coghlán, and others, was born in Montreal, Canada. Mr. Gilmour once showed his loyalty to the city of his birth by taking a company there for a summer season.

Mr. Eugene Redding, who made his first great success during the long run of "Foxy Grandpa" in New York, is a Canadian for whom Montreal is responsible. He was educated at the Jesuit College and at McGill University and started out to be a chemist.

The well known actor, Mr. Charles J. Ross, is another in the list of considerable length who hailed from Montreal. Mr. Ross has been connected with many prominent theatrical companies, and he is highly thought of in the profession. His real name, by the way is, Charles J. Kelly.

We are in the habit of regarding Mr. William Winter, the famous dramatic critic of New York, so entirely ours, that it takes quite a pull on our pride to realize that his son, Percy Winter, the actor and manager, belongs by birth to Canada. The greater part of his professional life has been spent in this country, but he was nevertheless born in Toronto.

Canada, too, claims Henry Miller, and though we in some way feel that he belongs to us, the feeling is really selfish and unwarranted. Mr. Miller was born in London, England, but he was brought up and educated in Toronto, Canada, hence the claim of our neighbors over the border. We will not quarrel over Mr. Miller—we are glad to have him, if only by adoption.

Mr. James K. Hackett is another distinguished actor whom we are accustomed to regard as typically American, and yet Canada says she belongs to him, and there is no use in trying to rob her of her own, even if we would, for Mr. Hackett was born on Wolfe Island, Ontario, which is Canadian ground. In fact, the list of Canadian actors whom we often think of as the product of the United States is astonishingly long. The players that have been named constitute a brilliant assemblage. Canada can cheer up. if she hasn't a national drama, she can at least congratulate herself on the splendid contribution of talent that she has given to the drama of another country.

WHAT people remember is what they are interested in. If, therefore, you are interested in much, you will remember much. Widen the range of your interests. It may be asked, How am I to become interested in new subjects? To this the answer is, Learn something about them. The more you know, the more interested you will be in adding to your knowledge.—*Claudius Clear.*

Nova Scotia's Famous Astronomer

By ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

From Review of Reviews

AMONG those in all parts of the world whose good opinion is worth having, Simon Newcomb was one of the best known of America's great men. Astronomer, mathematician, economist, novelist, he had well-nigh boxed the compass of human knowledge, attaining eminence such as is given to few to reach, at more than one of its points. His fame was of the far-reaching kind,—penetrating to remote regions, while that of some others has only created a noisy disturbance within a narrow radius.

Best and most widely known as an astronomer, his achievements in that science were not suited for sensational exploitation. He discovered no apple-orchards on the moon, neither did he dispute regarding the railways on the planet Venus. His aim was to make more exact our knowledge of the motions of the bodies constituting what we call the solar system, and his labors toward this end, begun more than thirty years ago, he continued almost until the day of his death. Conscious that his span of life was measured by months and in the grip of what he knew to be a fatal disease, he yet exerted himself with all his remaining energy to complete his monumental work on the motion of the moon, and succeeded in bringing it to an end before the final summons came. His last days thus had in them a cast of the heroic, not less than if, as the commander of a torpedoed battleship, he had gone down with her, or than if he had fallen charg-

ing at the head of a forlorn hope. It is pleasant to think that such a man was laid to rest with military honors. The accident that he was a retired professor in the United States Navy may have been the immediate cause of this, but its appropriateness lies deeper.

Newcomb saw the light not under the Stars and Stripes, but in Nova Scotia, where he was born, at the Town of Wallace on March 12, 1835. His father, a teacher, was of American descent, his ancestors having settled in Canada in 1761. After studying with his father and teaching for some little time in his native province he came to the United States while yet a boy of eighteen, and while teaching in Maryland in 1854-'56 was so fortunate as to attract, by his mathematical ability, the attention of two eminent American scientific men, Joseph Henry and Julius Hilgard, who secured him an appointment as computer on the Nautical Almanac. The date of this was 1857, and Newcomb had thus, at his death, been in Government employ for fifty-two years. As the work of the almanac was then carried on in Cambridge, Mass., he was enabled to enter the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, where he graduated in 1858 and where he pursued graduate studies for three years longer. On their completion in 1861 he was appointed a professor of mathematics in the United States navy, which office he held till his death. This appointment, made when he was twen-

NOVA SCOTIA'S FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

ty-six years old,—scarcely more than a boy,—is a striking testimony to his remarkable ability as a mathematician, for of practical astronomy he still knew little.

One of his first duties at Washington was to supervise the construction of the great 26-inch equatorial just authorized by Congress and to plan for mounting and housing it. In 1877 he became senior professor of mathematics in the navy, and from that time until his retirement as a Rear Admiral in 1897 he had charge of the Nautical Almanac office, with its large corps of naval and civilian assistants, in Washington and elsewhere. In 1884 he also assumed the chair of mathematics and astronomy in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and he had much to do, in an advisory capacity, with the equipment of the Lick Observatory and with testing and mounting its great telescope, at that time the largest in the world.

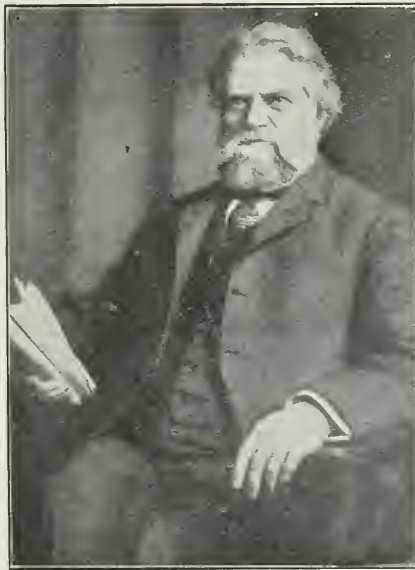
To enumerate his degrees, scientific honors and medals would tire the reader. Among them were the degree of LL.D. from all the foremost universities, the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London in 1874, the great gold Huygen medal of the University of Leyden, awarded only once in twenty years, in 1878, and the Schubert gold medal of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg. The collection of portraits of famous astronomers at the Observatory of Pulkowa contains his picture, painted

by order of the Russian Government in 1887. He was, of course, a member of many scientific societies, at home and abroad, and was elected in 1869 to our own National Academy of Sciences, becoming its vice-president in 1883. In 1893 he was chosen one of the eight foreign associates of the Institute of France,—the first native American since Benjamin Franklin to be so chosen. Newcomb's most famous work as an astronomer,—that which gained him world-wide fame among his brother astronomers,—was,

as has been said, too mathematical and technical to appeal to the general public among his countrymen, who have had to take his greatness, in this regard, on trust. They have known him at first hand chiefly as author or editor of popular works such as his "Popular Astronomy," (1877); of his text-books on astronomy, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and calculus; of his books on

political economy, which science he was accustomed to call his "recreation"; and of magazine articles on all sorts of subjects, not omitting "psychical research," which was one of the numerous by-paths into which he strayed. He held at one time the presidency of the American Society for Psychical Research.

The technical nature of his work in mathematical astronomy,—his "profession," as he called it, in distinction to his "recreations" and minor scientific amusements,—may be seen from the titles of one or two of his papers:



THE LATE SIMON NEWCOMB

"On the Secular Variations and Mutual Relations of the Orbits of the Asteroids" (1860); "Investigation of the Orbit of Neptune, with General Tables of Its Motion" (1867); "Researches on the Motion of the Moon" (1876); and so on. Of this work Professor Newcomb himself says, in his "Reminiscences of an Astronomer" (Boston, 1903), that it all tended toward one result,—the solution of what he calls "the great problem of exact astronomy," the theoretical explanation of the observed motions of the heavenly bodies.

If the universe consisted of but two bodies,—say, the sun and a planet,—the motion would be simplicity itself; the planet would describe an exact ellipse about the sun, and this orbit would never change in form, size or position. With the addition of only one more body, the problem at once becomes so much more difficult as to be practically insoluble; indeed, the "problem of the three bodies" has been attacked by astronomers for years without the discovery of any general formula to express the resulting motions. For the actually existing system of many planets with their satellites and countless asteroids, only an approximation is possible. The actual motions as observed and measured from year to year are most complex. Can these be completely accounted for by the mutual attractions of the bodies, according to the law of gravitation as enunciated by Sir Isaac Newton? In Newcomb's words, "Does any world move otherwise than as it is attracted by other worlds?" Of course, Newcomb has not been the only astronomer at work on this problem, but it has been his life-work, and his contributions to its solution have been very noteworthy.

It is difficult to make the ordinary reader understand the obstacles in the way of such a determination as this. Its two elements are, of course, the mapping out of the lines in which the bodies concerned actually do move and the calculations of the orbits in which they ought to move, if the ac-

cepted laws of planetary motion are true. The first involves the study of thousands of observations made during long years by different men in far distant lands, the discussion of their probable errors, and their reduction to a common standard. The latter requires the use of the most refined methods of mathematical analysis; it is, as Newcomb says, of a complexity beyond the powers of ordinary conception." In works on celestial mechanics a single formula may fill a whole chapter.

This problem first attracted Newcomb's attention when a young man at Cambridge, when by analysis of the motions of the asteroids he showed that the orbits of these minor planets had not, for several hundred thousand years past, intersected at a single point, and they could not, therefore, have resulted, during that period, from the explosion of a single large body, as had been supposed.

Later, when Newcomb's investigations along this line had extended to the major planets and their satellites, a curious anomaly in the moon's motion made it necessary for him to look for possible observations made long before those hitherto recorded. The accepted tables were based on observations extending back as far as 1750, but Newcomb, by searching the archives of European observatories, succeeded in discovering data taken as early in 1660; not, of course, with such an investigation as this in view, but chiefly out of pure scientific curiosity. The reduction of such observations, especially as the old French astronomers used apparent time, which was frequently in error by quarter of an hour or so, was a matter of great difficulty. The ancient observer, having no idea of the use that was made of his work, had supplied no facilities for interpreting it, and "much comparison and examination was necessary to find out what sort of an instrument was used, how the observations were made, and how they should be utilized for the required purpose." The result was a vastly

more accurate lunar theory than had formerly obtained.

During the period when Newcomb was working among the old papers of the Paris Observatory, the city, then in possession of the Communists, was beset by the national forces, and his studies were made within hearing of the heavy siege guns, whose flash he could even see by glancing through his window.

Newcomb's appointment as head of the Nautical Almanac office greatly facilitated his work on the various phases of this problem of planetary motions. Their solution was here a legitimate part of the routine work of the office, and he had the aid of able assistants,—such men as G. W. Hill, who worked out a large part of the theory of Jupiter and Saturn, and Cleveland Keith, who died in 1896, just as the final results of his work were being combined. In connection with this work Professor Newcomb strongly advocated the unification of the world's time by the adoption of an international meridian, and also international agreement upon a uniform system of data for all computations relating to the fixed stars. The former still hangs fire, owing to mistaken "patriotism"; the latter was adopted at an international conference held in Paris in 1896, but after it had been carried into effect in our own Nautical Almanac, professional jealousies brought about a modification of the plan that relegated the improved and modernized data to an appendix.

Professor Newcomb's retirement from active service made the continuance of his great work on the adequate scale somewhat problematical, and his data on the moon's motion were laid aside for a time until a grant from the newly organized Carnegie Institution in 1903 enabled him to employ the necessary assistance, and the work has since gone forward to completion.

What is the value of such work, and why should fame be the reward of him who pursues it successfully?

Professor Newcomb himself raises this question in his "Reminiscences," and without attempting to answer it directly he notes that every civilized nation supports an observatory at great annual expense to carry on such research, besides which many others are supported by private or corporate contribution. Evidently the consensus of public opinion must be that the results are worth at least a part of what they cost. The question is included in the broader one of the value of all research in pure science. Speaking generally, the object of this is solely to add to the sum of human knowledge, although not seldom some application to man's physical needs springs unexpectedly from the resulting discoveries, as in the case of the dynamo or that of wireless telegraphy. Possibly a more accurate description of the moon's motion is unlikely to bring forth any such application, but those who applaud the achievements of our experts in mathematical astronomy would be quick to deny that their fame rests on any such possibility.

Passing now to Professor Newcomb's "recreation," as he called it,—political economy, we may note that his contributions to it were really voluminous, consisting of papers, popular articles and several books, including "The A B C of Finance" (1877) and "Principles of Political Economy" (1886). Authorities in the science never really took these as seriously as they deserved, possibly because they regarded Professor Newcomb as scarcely orthodox. Some of his distinctions, however, are of undoubted value and will live; for instance, that between the fund and the flux of wealth, on which he insists in his treatises on finance. As to Professor Newcomb's single excursion into fiction, a romance entitled "His Wisdom the Defender," it is perhaps sufficient to say that, like everything he attempted, it is at least worth notice. It is a sort of cross between Jules Verne and Bulwer Lytton's "Coming Race."

Professor Newcomb's mind was

comprehensive in its activity. One might have thought that an intellect occupied to the last in carrying out one of the most stupendous tasks ever attempted by a mathematical astronomer would have had little time or little energy left for other things; but Newcomb took his rest and pleasure in popular articles and interviews. Only a short time before his death he published an essay on aeronautics that attracted wide attention, drawing the conclusions that the aeroplane can never be of much use either as a passenger-carrier or in war, but that the dirigible balloon may accomplish something within certain lines, although it will never put the railways and steamships out of business. In particular, he treated with unsparing ridicule the panic fear of an aerial invasion that so lately seized upon our transatlantic cousins.

Personally, Newcomb was an agreeable companion and a faithful friend. His success was due largely to his tenacity of purpose. The writer's only personal contact with him came through the "Standard Dictionary"—of whose definitions in physical science Newcomb had general oversight. On one occasion he came into the office greatly dissatisfied with the definition that we had framed for the word "magnet,"—a conception almost impossible to define in any logical way. We had simply enumerated the properties of the thing,—a course which in the absence of authoritative knowledge of their causes was the only rational procedure. But Newcomb's mind demanded a logical treatment, and though he must have seen from the outset that this was a forlorn hope, his tenacity of purpose kept him, pencil in hand, writing and erasing alternately for an hour or more. Finally he confessed that he could do no better than the following pair of definitions,—"Magnet, a body capable of exerting magnetic force," and "Magnetic Force, the force exerted by a magnet." With a hearty laugh at this beautiful

circulus in definiendo he threw down his pencil, and the imperfect and illogical definition was accepted.

Logical as he was, however, he was in no sense bound by convention. His economics, as has been said, was often unorthodox, and even in his mathematical text-books he occasionally shocked the hide-bound. I well remember an interesting discussion among members of the Yale mathematical faculty just after the appearance of Newcomb's textbook of geometry, in which he was unsparingly condemned by some because he assumed in certain elementary demonstrations that geometrical figures could be removed from the paper, turned over and laid down again,—the so-called "method of superposition," now generally regarded as quite allowable. Of course, a figure can be treated in this way only in imagination, and for this reason, probably, the method was not employed by Euclid. Its use, however, leads always to true results, as anyone may see; and it was quite characteristic of Professor Newcomb that he should have taken it up, not having the fear of the Greek geometers before him.

Such was Newcomb; it will be long before American science sees his equal. Mathematical genius is like an automobile,—it is looked upon in two opposing fashions as one has it or has it not. A noted educator not long ago announced his belief that the possession of a taste for mathematics is an exact index of the general intellectual powers. Not much later, another eminent teacher asserted that mathematical ability is an exotic,—that one may, and often does, possess it who is in other respects practically an imbecile. This is scarcely a subject in which a single illustration decides, but surely Newcomb's career justifies the former opinion rather than the latter; the amount and kind of his mental abilities along all lines seemed to run parallel to his mathematical genius, to resemble it in quantity and in kind.



AT WORK ON HIS FARM
MR. STRINGER GOES IN FOR AGRICULTURE WITH ENTHUSIASM

A Farmer Who Produces Books

By

R. M. HADLEY

A FARMER by trade, a writer by vocation. This is what Arthur Stringer styles himself. The noted Canadian poet and novelist travels much, writes a great deal, hibernates for five months of the year in the heart of New York city and summers for at least six at his pretty rustic retreat on the shores of Lake Erie.

Ten years ago Mr. Stringer was unknown beyond the boundaries of his native county of Kent, Ontario. To-day his name in the literary world is dangerously near the top. The causes that have contributed to his swift success as a litterateur are many but the salient one is genius—the capacity to master things and to carry them to a logical conclusion. Then he has energy, ambition and a sane conception of life. His outlook is

broad and his varied experiences have added to his general equipment.

His figure is almost as commanding as his genius. Big of frame and supple of movement, he is tall, lithe and erect. His shoulders of generous width, his sunburned complexion, piercing black eyes and curly raven locks would attract attention in any gathering.

In New York he gets the stimulus, the atmosphere and the ideas for his literary work, and at his charming Canadian home beside cool, expansive waters works them out. His methods differ from those of the ordinary man of letters. He does no writing during the day. He begins in the evening about eight o'clock but never labors later than three in the morning. This is from force of habit. He was a newspaper man for years and be-



MRS. ARTHUR STRINGER

THE DARK OBJECT ON THE LEFT IS HER TWO-YEAR-OLD THOROUGHBRED JERSEY.

came a "night owl." His early tendencies cling to him. He has never been able to get away from the habits of youth or home associations. He loves nature, her rivers, lakes, elevations and valleys, and amid such scenes, produces his best and most effective stories.

Mr. Stringer is in his thirty-sixth year. His father, at the time of his birth, was the captain of a lake vessel and, of the great fresh inland sheets of water, he had sung sweetly and frequently. He has always gloried in the land of his birth and is a staunch Canadian. Throughout all his work there is a strong, firm and free tone of sentiment and individuality that is characteristically Canadian. His abode on the shores of Lake Erie is cosy and attractive. Its aspect is pleasing from every view point and its outlook as large as the thought and ideals of its eminent possessor. It is surrounded by sixteen acres of ground and the air is redolent of flowers and fruit. Located on a bluff fifty feet in height with a fine bathing beach, from the generous verandah the perspective is enchanting, while all around is color, variety and abundance—everything to tickle the palate or gratify the eye. In this atmosphere amid

such quaint, rustic environs is an ideal spot to court the muse. Everything breathes of peace, happiness, freedom and inspiration. The poet works many hours in his garden each day and enjoys raising his own fruit, vegetables and flowers. Asked recently by a friend what were his favorite amusements, he answered that his fixed idea of Heaven was eating Rockyford muskmelons to the sound of harps and, with a significant smile added, "You must raise the melons yourself to appreciate the right flavor." Here you are afforded some insight of the talented author's love of the soil, its splendid products and his great admiration for horticulture and floriculture.

Arthur Stringer's father wanted him to go into the ministry, but an interview with the late Rev. Dr. Sheraton, Principal of Wycliffe College, showed the collegian his deep-rooted unfitness for the cloth—for, just previous to the memorable meeting, the future poet had been detected climbing up a water pipe to get in through a window many hours after the college door had been closed and barred. It was really a heart-to-heart talk lasting several hours with Professor Alexander of Toronto University, that decided the fate of the young



A SOUTH AMERICAN "HOTEL"

HERE ARTHUR STRINGER SPENT A WEEK COLLECTING MATERIAL FOR "THE GUN RUNNER"

A FARMER WHO PRODUCES BOOKS



ARTHUR STRINGER
POIT, NOVELIST AND FARMER

man and turned his steps in the literary pathway. The kindly, patient and considerate professor went through his manuscripts and showed Mr. Stringer where they failed and in what respect. It was one of these manuscripts revised at his suggestion that carried Mr. Stringer into the metropolitan magazines of New York city.

There is no place quite so congenial and attractive to Mr. Stringer as Lake Erie. He has never been able to disassociate himself from the environment of home and the playground of youth has practically become the literary workshop of later years. He was educated in his natal City of Chatham, educated there and also at the London Collegiate institute, Wycliffe College and Toronto University. Shortly after he began his literary career, although during his student days, he contributed a number of prose studies to the *Varsity* and some of his lyrics appeared in *The Week*. To-day the author of the "Gun-Runner," "The Wire Tappers," "Phantom Wires," "The Silver Poppy," "The Under Groove" and other popular and widely read novels commands the highest price for his stories and is invited by the most exclusive literary publications of America to contribute to their pages. There have flowed from his facile pen stories of child life, dramatic productions and lyrics that have helped to make him almost as celebrated a poet as he is a novelist. His first volume was entitled "Watchers of the Twilight" and his second published a year later was called "Pauline and Other Poems." Both are now out of print. His most widely known edition of verse is "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems"—dramatic and lyric.

After leaving Toronto Mr. Stringer journeyed to the Northwest "to try a year of ranch life and to see if that would not knock the nonsense out of him" as he expressed the object of his mission. Later he came east and went to England to take a course in Oxford University. He penned a series

of delightful descriptive articles on the life and classic associations at this ancient seat of learning and next spent some months on a continental pilgrimage. Shortly after his return to Canada he took a position on the editorial staff of the *Montreal Herald*, and afterwards went to New York where for two busy years he occupied an editorial chair, doing literary work for the American Press Association. Then he cast aside the shackles of office duty and became a free lance.

Mr. Stringer is a tireless traveler and has visited many distant climes and foreign countries. He believes that, while poetry receives recognition nowadays, it is accorded very little financial support. The man who writes serious verse must be satisfied with the sheer pleasure of writing it. He thinks that verse is its own justification, but if it is in a man it has to come out. If nine-tenths of the lyric poets would only turn toward the drama they would find an audience. Mr. Stringer says that, although he hates to say so, he is of the opinion that the age of the lyric is becoming as obsolete as that of the epic, but that the chances and the necessity of the drama are increasing at an unrealized rate. Through the drama the poet can keep in touch with life and mean something to life while lyricism after all belongs to youth, and maturity demands more than the lyric. All who have read Mr. Stringer's entertaining and racy stories are aware that he has written considerable in the telegraph vein, the "Wire-Tappers" being a striking example. It may surprise the readers who find therein the most minute and thorough acquaintance with gambling, wagers, batteries, currents, coils, sounders, keys and tapping apparatus to learn that Mr. Stringer was never in a pool room in his life, and that he obtained the rich fund of material with which that work abounds from a broken-down gambler who night by night gave him stories, dates and description. The author, however, does not think that it pays to specialize in this

A FARMER WHO PRODUCES BOOKS

way and declares that he will never write another telegraph tale.

Speaking recently of Canadian literature he said "I believe that Canada's national and distinctive note will come from her west. The intellectual boundary of this continent, it seems to me, should run north and south instead of east and west, as the geographical one does. We of the east are held too closely in the arm-crook of the United States to be free of her influences and activities, both as to the press, the periodical and the stage-production. New York is necessarily the Mecca of the news-bureau and syndicate, and of the magazine and of the drama. There manuscripts are marketed and dramas are mounted. There's no use even mentioning poetry, for nobody takes serious poetry seriously nowadays."

Mr. Stringer leads a busy life; his pen, his hand and his brain are never idle. He is fond of children and dear-

ly loves their play, their prattle, their joys and the fancy world in which their imaginations dwell. While his poetry is human, delicate and sympathetic, his stories and studies in child life as in "The Loom of Destiny" are clear, sparkling and refreshing—as beautiful as the sunshine of youth and pure as the thoughts of childhood itself. He has successfully passed the probationary period through which all literary workers must pass, and in breadth, tone, quality and merit is merely on the threshold of a career which, bright and promising as it has been, bids fair to dwarf into significance what he has already accomplished. His pleasing personality, healthy optimism, broad Canadianism, generous outlook, sound judgment and marked ability have endeared him and his works to thousands of readers not only in Canada and the United States but also in the Old Land and the continent across the sea.



"SHADOW-LAWN"

THE CHARMING SUMMER HOME OF THE NOVELIST AT CEDAR SPRINGS, ONTARIO

Why I Prefer England

By AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE

From London Mail

THERE is a good deal of agitation among my countrymen because a great many Americans who can afford to live outside the United States are purchasing homes in England or occupying one of the many of your delightful and most comfortable hotels.

I am of opinion that this movement is only in its infancy. England, with its delightful town and country houses, is likely to become the headquarters of the more wealthy of the English-speaking peoples, and there is a sort of rough justice in the movement, inasmuch as the United States and Canada have been almost entirely populated, so far as their better elements are concerned, from England, Scotland, and Ireland. One of the real reasons so many of us are escaping from America is the desire to be let alone. In London, and for the matter of that in Paris, though not so much there as in London, people are accustomed to mind their own business. Private gossip and scandal are at a minimum here, not only in houses, but in clubs; and your newspapers do not print it.

My day, as a wealthy man in England, is so entirely different from my day in the United States that I will describe both for the benefit of American friends who may be desirous of joining us in life in this delightful country.

It is the London season. I rise at half-past eight or nine to a quiet meal, at which we help ourselves without the aid of servants—who are not pre-

sent at English breakfasts—to the accompaniment of newspapers that prefer world-politics to what we call "neighborhood news." I walk or ride as I choose, and there is no crowd of curious spectators to watch me as I make my exit. There is, in fact, no curiosity with regard to rich people in England. Only the other day there died in England your Mr. Morrison, one of the richest men in the world, and I had never heard his name, nor had any of those at the clubs in which the matter was being discussed. Mr. Astor and Mr. Morgan, whose smallest doings would be chronicled in the United States, may move as freely as they please here, and their private comings and goings are not recorded, for the simple reason that no one wants to hear about them.

The absence of class feeling in England is another reason why many of us prefer to live here. The rich and the poor are not divided into two hostile factions. Every man has his place. There is not the rush, envy, and malice of New York society, with its continual struggle of Western and Pittsburg people to get into that curious circle "The Four Hundred." New York society is not what it was in my early days. When old Mrs. Astor reigned supreme, society in New York was not at all unlike society in London. There was no ostentation, and any persons of birth, brains or breeding were freely admitted. To-day it is merely a question of money, and such charming

WHY I PREFER ENGLAND.

salons as exist in London, where rank, money, and brains occupy about the same position, are now impossible in most American cities, and certainly in New York.

From a man's point of view, the constant dressing up of the American man is extremely trying. Here, contrary to the average American notion, there is very little formality of any kind; too little, many people think in these days of what is known as the "rat-catcher" style of dress adopted by the Englishman. Such things as card leaving and calling are rapidly going out of fashion, and one is free to do as one chooses. If I desire to entertain at luncheon, I can ask whom I choose, provided, however, that there is something beyond food to offer. Authors, actors, poets, playwrights, statesmen, men of business, distinguished foreigners, the delightful members of your Royal Family, all mix and meet here on terms that at first amaze the American.

Now at home I have to deal with people who are all shaped in the same mould; for, able, virile, and splendid as the American man is en masse, you will realize that there are very few outstanding individualities in that population of ninety millions.

Your political world, too, possesses a charm which, alas! is not yet possible in America. The idea of a younger son of an American aristocratic family taking part in the management of national affairs is almost impossible on that side of the water. Mr. Roosevelt was a notable, a fine, exception. Of late years we have got to regard politics as a trade, and a pretty bad one at that.

In London I am not perpetually stared at, telephoned at, written at, paragraphed at, and libelled.

The afternoon is spent here in any of a hundred pleasant ways, and an intellectual dinner is enjoyed without mention of stocks and shares.

I have only one objection to your English life, and that is your super-tax on the wealthy man, which we are still, I am glad to say, able to avoid in the United States.

Now compare my day in the particular American city which was my headquarters. I lived latterly in a palatial hotel, beautiful in design, in mechanical comfort far superior to anything in England, but over-decorated, over-heated, over-noised, and with very little of the milk of human kindness about it. Just as it takes half an hour to get shaved in America, so does it take twice as long to be waited on at table. The waste of time in these matters is intolerable to one accustomed to the quickness of London. I am barely awake when I am, once a week at least, beset by reporters asking for information in regard to the affairs of my friends. As like as not, were I to say a word—which I do not do—it would be twisted and distorted. Fortunately, I established such a reputation for never speaking to the newspapers that even when interviews are ascribed to me my friends know they have not taken place.

Hastening down town to attend to the affairs of the corporations with which I am connected, I am snapped by photographers, worried by impecunious acquaintances, hustled by timewasters all day long, so that concentration of business is almost impossible. I am glad to return at night to my noisy hotel to seek a little relaxation in a quiet dinner and a game of bridge with a few friends—which gets into the newspapers as a huge gambling gathering.

I have said nothing of your public school and university education; nothing of the unpretentious quiet national spirit of England—too self-deprecating, too much inclined to put its worst foot forward; I have said too little of the fact that a man is received here for what he is, and not for what he is worth.

The Magnanimity of Mrs. Stallabrass

By E. M. CHARMON

From *Lady's Realm*

"I DON'T want her," said Mrs. Stallabrass unhappily.

"Then don't have her," said Dr. Stallabrass, with masculine finality.

"But it seems so unkind—when I've no reason!" faltered Mrs. Stallabrass.

"Plenty of reason!" said Dr. Stallabrass crisply. "She bullied you when you were at school together. Your mother says that she was the most unpleasant visitor she ever had, when you were grown up. And I'm hanged if I ever met a ruder woman in my life than I thought her, the only time she has ever been to see you since we were married!"

"She was always—blunt," murmured Mrs. Stallabrass faintly.

"Blunt! I call it something more than bluntness to tell a man to his face that his name sounded as if it belonged to a comic character in Dickens! And I never saw you more nearly angry than what she said about the children!"

"It was silly of me to mind so much," Mrs. Stallabrass apologised. "If you remember, all that she said was that she never thought a straight-haired child worth looking at. Of course, she has such pretty hair herself—I believe it runs in her family. And I'm afraid she will think me so unkind. You see, she only asks if we can give her lunch, as she is passing through——"

"I suppose her trains don't connect well," said Dr. Stallabrass. "As for being unkind, you couldn't be unkind

if you tried, Emmy. Oh, have her by all means, if you want to! It won't affect me particularly."

"I should like to see the little girl," said Mrs. Stallabrass, obviously beginning to turn over in her conscientious little mind a form of answer that should be at once truthful and polite.

"Let's hope her hair is as straight as the proverbial poker!" said Dr. Stallabrass vindictively: whereat Mrs. Stallabrass was mildly shocked.

The formidable visitor had given as little notice as possible of her coming—only just time, in fact, to answer her note by return of post, turn out the drawing-room, clean the silver, get out the best glass and china, and send for the girl's white frocks from the laundress. Mrs. Stallabrass superintended their toilet on the eventful morning, in a nervous flutter. She had had some thoughts of putting up their thick hair in curl-papers the night before; but had refrained, partly because a similar attempt once before had resulted in an ignominious and untidy failure. Certainly, the hair was deplorably straight; but it was thick and long and glossy. Similarly, the white frocks were home-made and very simple; but they were fresh and clean and neat. The anxious eye of Mrs. Stallabrass slowly brightened until, falling upon sturdy four-year-old Tom, it fairly beamed. Mrs. de la Bere had at least nothing to compare with him.

But: "I never did care for boys. I am so thankful that mine is a girl," Mrs. de la Bere announced casually,

in her high-pitched voice, within three minutes of her arrival. It had a blighting effect; but then so had her whole presence. "She makes me feel as if I were just born!" Dr. Stallabrass had commented angrily, on the occasion of her former visit.

She sat on the drawing-room sofa, rustling opulently with each of her restless movements. Her quick, light eyes seemed to take in every detail of the room: penetrating even to the worn place in the carpet, which Mrs. Stallabrass thought to have concealed so successfully with a stand of plants. The price of her very hideous hat would have paid for every garment that her hostess was wearing. In fact, she approached so nearly to the fashion-plate ideal, that she was extraordinarily disconcerting; yet less so than the little girl who sat beside her, eyed with astonishment and alarm by the Stallabrass children. So far as features went, she was not a pretty child: she was too white, too delicate, too precocious and self-satisfied. But all round her little pale face and escaping under her little Dutch bonnet behind, was a mass of golden curls whose beauty there was no denying. As for her clothes—Mrs. Stallabrass, with a quick glance at her own children and back again realized that she had never known the difference that could exist between one white frock and another.

"Won't you come and take your hat off, Florence?" she said; and was instantly given to understand, by a half smile, and a certain tone in Mrs. de la Bere's answer, that she was guilty of a serious breach of etiquette. In a scarlet confusion, she remembered vaguely having read something to that effect in a lady's paper; but it had not occurred to her simple mind to treat an old school-fellow with ceremony.

"I—I don't think I know your little girl's name," she said timidly.

"Daffodil Florence—after me and my favorite flower. My husband insisted; he is so absurdly sentimental!"

said Mrs. de la Bere, with a little tight, complacent smile.

"Wouldn't Daffodil be happier without her bonnet?" said Mrs. Stallabrass emboldened to a gentle persistence by a motherly knowledge that her own children would have been utterly miserable if they had sat down to an indoor meal in their outdoor clothes.

But it appeared that the little lady was as great a slave to etiquette as her mother. Mrs. Stallabrass, sorry that she had pursued the subject, was thankful to hear the gong sound for lunch.

It seemed to her that everything that could go wrong took a pleasure in doing so. She knew that Mrs. de la Bere's eyes were keenly noting every deficiency: saw that the joint was underdone, the pressed beef home-made, the pudding-plates cold, the jelly limp and tottering. It seemed to her that her little house-parlormaid usually so deft and nimble, had never waited so slowly, or left the door open so persistently. She had a presentiment that the subsequent coffee would be a failure. She could have cried, in her nervousness and humiliation.

It was not made easier by Mrs. de la Bere's conversation, which ran exclusively on her own concerns and their perfections. The only ruffles in the placid sea of her existence seemed to be the uncertain temper of her maid, the extravagance of her chauffeur, and her husband's conviction that the head gardener converted an undue number of peaches to his own ends.

The Stallabrass children listened, absorbed, round-eyed, until Dolly, in her excitement, overturned her glass, and made a fine spreading pool of lemonade on the table cloth. Little Miss Daffodil, picking affectedly at her food and leaving half of it, looked across with disdainful surprise; her mother did not try to hide her condescending smile. Mrs. Stallabrass felt herself blushing like a girl; it seemed to her that that dreadful meal would never come to an end.

She glanced nervously at her husband, and found in his face the very rare look that she most dreaded: a cynical curl that twisted his usually good-tempered mouth into quite a different expression. A certain odd, puzzled look there was too, as he listened to the unceasing glorification of Vinning Hall. He seemed to be trying, and failing, to piece together some half-forgotten memory.

"Shall we go into the drawing-room?" said Mrs. Stallabrass at last, rising with a very hot face; and Mrs. de la Bere floated out, with the opulent rustle that was beginning to get on the nerves of her hostess.

"Mother—may Daffodil come out and see our gardens?" Molly whispered shyly to her mother.

"Certainly, if she would like to," said Mrs. Stallabrass, with a ridiculous feeling of relief. She could not have believed it possible that a five-year-old child, however well-dressed and supercilious, could have made her feel so small in her own house.

Mrs. de la Bere did not seem too well pleased with the arrangement. "It is hardly worth while—there is so little time before our train," she said sharply. "Besides, Daffodil will get herself hot and untidy. She is not used to playing with—bigger children." Her tone supplied a less flattering adjective.

"Molly will be very careful with her. She is quite a little mother to the younger ones," said Mrs. Stallabrass, her maternal plumes ruffled.

Mrs. de la Bere sat down on the sofa with a little angry founce, and pulled her spotted veil ostentatiously. No, she would not have any coffee. She made a point of never drinking it in England—unless she was sure it was made by a French cook. The sation cab was due in ten minutes; and she really must say that it was the dirtiest and stuffiest of its kind that she had ever met with. "Really, my dear Emmy, I can't think how you can exist in this hole of a place, where you can hardly get even the bare necessities of life!"

"It is rather necessary, you see, for my husband to live where his practice is," said Mrs. Stallabrass, with something as much like anger as her mild nature could produce.

"Ah—I had forgotten that!" said Mrs. de la Bere, smiling a little, superior, aggravating smile; and she ostentatiously twisted the many rings on her fingers, before putting her gloves on.

"Besides the country round is charming; and I'm sure the children look as if it agreed with them," said Mrs. Stallabrass, unable to resist the temptation of giving that little stab, as she thought of her rosy quartette, and then of the little white-faced visitor.

"Oh, I'm sure they look as robust as possible," said Mrs. de la Bere, with a little stifled yawn. "As for the neighborhood—oh yes, I daresay it is pretty enough; but I never think any other part of the country is worth mentioning in the same breath with Devonshire."

As Mrs. Stallabrass could think of nothing else to say, an uncomfortable silence fell. She had never been so thankful to see her husband, who came in, she was surprised to see, with his most agreeable smile.

"I thought it might perhaps interest Mrs. de la Bere to see the red cactus—a little hobby of mine," he explained affably. "I've always had a fancy for them, and cultivated them in what spare time I had; and this is really a rather fine specimen. Though probably you can show many better ones at Vinning Hall!"

"No. We have none. I always think them such perfectly hideous flowers that I won't let the gardeners grow any," said Mrs. de la Bere agreeably; but she rose, however, with sufficient alacrity. Dr. Stallabrass was a very personable man, and could make himself vastly pleasant when he was so minded.

"I will go and fetch Daffodil," said Mrs. Stallabrass; and departed gladly from her guest's society.

The garden was long and narrow,

and the children's part, screened by trees and a thick yew hedge, was quite out of sight; but Mrs. Stallabrass had no sooner opened the door than her ears were greeted by an appalling series of shrieks, coming from that invisible distance.

"Children! Children!" cried Mrs. Stallabrass; and was answered by a horrified chorus of: "Oh, mother!"

And indeed Mrs. Stallabrass, almost as paralyzed as the children, could do nothing else but look, with eyes growing momentarily more amazed. For the dancing, raging child was not only crumpled and disheveled where she had been an immaculate little fashion-plate, not only red where she had been delicately pale; she was as nearly bald as a five-year-old child could well be. Her little head was only adorned with straggling wisps of scanty, two-colored hair; and the lovely golden curls were all stitched neatly into the little Dutch bonnet.

"Come, dry your own eyes, like a big girl," said Mrs. Stallabrass, producing her handkerchief. With dexterous hands she whisked the Dutch bonnet and the curls into place, and tied the strings, and straightened the silk frock.

"Daffodil! Daffodil, where are you?"

"Just coming," Mrs. Stallabrass called back again. She could meet Mrs. de la Bere's eyes with all her accustomed placidity now; it was surprising to her that she had been so shy and nervous.

"You look ridiculously young, Emmy, to be the mother of all these big children!" said Mrs. de la Bere, with a sudden softening of her hard voice, as she kissed her good-bye. "And your second girl is really quite pretty—or, would be, if her hair weren't so deplorably straight!"

Mrs. Stallabrass's lips twitched a very little. "Yes; it is a pity," she said; and looked down very demurely at Daffodil's yellow curls.

"You must be sure to look us up if

you are ever near Mellotton," Mrs. de la Bere added graciously, as she picked up her skirts preparatory to stepping into the cab.

"Mellotton!" exclaimed Dr. Stallabrass. A great elation seized him, and the puzzled look left his face. "Why, that is what has been worrying me all the time you have been here! I was sure I had heard before of Vinning Hall, but it was your name that puzzled me—"

"My husband does a good deal of public work in the neighborhood," said Mrs. de la Bere largely; but her eyes flickered.

"Public work! Ha, Ha! Excellent! And they say that women have no sense of humor!" cried Dr. Stallabrass, with an excited laugh. "Why, your husband and I were at school together. We used to call him Swipes—"

With a flash of baleful eyes, a flutter of offended skirts, and a very red face, Mrs. de la Bere was gone.

"His name was Beer in those days—almost impossibly appropriate for a brewer," said Dr. Stallabrass, returning to his wife with an expression of unholy rapture. "I hadn't heard that he had changed it—but, of course, that was Madam's doing. It was not till she mentioned the name of the place where they live—"

"Oh, Jim, you should not have teased her so! Poor Florence—she will never forgive you!"

"That won't trouble me much," said Dr. Stallabrass comfortably. "And really, Emmy, you could hardly expect me to keep such an excellent joke to myself after the way she had treated us.—What are you smiling at?"

"Only at Daffodil's curls," said Mrs. Stallabrass demurely; and then proceeded to unfold her garden experience.

"And you never let her guess that you knew!" cried Dr. Stallabrass. "Well, I always said that my wife was the most remarkable woman in England!"

The Story of My First Success

By E. H. SHACKLETON

From M. A. P.

I REALLY do not know anything of a first success, though I am quite well aware that the people who have been good enough to concern themselves with my work would consider that I ought to regard my Antarctic expedition in that light. And, indeed, I feel that it has been successful, but it was not the work of a moment.

Success in an expedition of that sort can only be gained by two great forces. The first of these is attention to detail and organization, and the second to the co-operation of good men. The good men I certainly had with me, so that if the expedition is my first success, they share it with me.

All success, however, has its limitations, and a man may do good work without of necessity considering that it is a "First" success. For my own part, I believe that when a man begins his life work young, and

has the definite carrying out of an object in view for which he feels fitted, his success must come gradually and be quite unlike that indefinite thing which is the result say, of putting one's money on a race-horse

or into a gold mine and saying that that speculation or investment was one's first success.

I know that the expedition has been successful, but I should be inclined to say that my first success came when I read in the *Geographical Journal* that the National Antarctic expedition was going to start. I mean the first expedition that went out under the command of

Captain Scott. At that time I was on board a troopship conveying troops to South Africa. During a period of eight or nine months, whenever I returned home, I tried to become a member of that expedition.

Eventually, as you know, my application was accepted, and I was



LIEUT. ERNEST H. SHACKLETON
WHO HAS SET UP A NEW RECORD IN SOUTH
POLAR EXPLORATION

taken on. As you ask, I may tell you it was no new-born or sudden desire, for I have always been interested in Polar exploration. I can date my first interest in the subject to the time when I was about ten. So great was my interest that I had read almost everything about North and South Polar exploration.

When, therefore, this opportunity of going with Captain Scott presented itself, I naturally tried to take advantage of it. One thing in my favor was that I had been a sailor since I was sixteen. I had been all over the world in all sorts of ships—sailing ships, tramp steamers, troopships, mailboats, ships carrying submarine cable, and so on. I had, in fact, been round the world four times, and could also claim to know something of navigation, having navigated a tramp steamer twice round the world.

In my early seafaring days I had learnt to handle boats on the coast of Chili, where we had to go through the surf, which was very heavy, and where the rocks are very dangerous. This experience I found very useful when, in the middle of the night on March 11th, 1902, I had to take a boat to find a party of our men who had been lost in a blizzard. We set out in the middle of the night, with a very cold temperature, and the sea all massed up with broken ice.

In connection with my South African troopship work, it may interest you to know I made my first plunge into literary work by writing a book on the transport service. It was called "O.H.M.S.," and it had a practical bearing on my life, and I may, therefore, refer to it here in this very personal record which I make under a certain feeling not of compulsion, yet of regard for the firm which publishes M.A.P. The public will readily understand what this feeling is when I explain certain facts.

I was selected to go on the Southern journey towards the barrier with

Captain Scott and Captain Wilson, when we were away for ninety-three days and reached the most southerly point up to that time. Scurvy broke out and affected me so badly that I was invalided home. I should like to pause here for a moment to set right a matter which has often been wrongly written about.

Certain papers have said that on the return journey I was hauled back on the sledge. This is not so. I was very much "knocked out," and it was always on the cards that I should not get through. In spite of my illness, however, I managed to march back. I could not pull my load, and so could not ease the burden of my comrades.

This time, on my own expedition, except for an attack of dysentery and heart failure, from the effects of falling one night, on a glacier, I was absolutely all right and as fit as could be when I got to the end of the journey, though I had lost three stones in weight from the time I had set out. In that, however, I was not singular, for every one of the men with me also lost weight.

After I was invalided home, I became assistant editor of the Royal Magazine, which is published by Messrs. Pearson, who also publish M.A.P., and it is this feeling of loyalty to the firm I served which has overcome my scruples about talking of such a thing as personal success. After leaving Messrs Pearson, I was appointed secretary and treasurer of the Royal Scotch Geographical Society. I, however, gave up this post on being asked to contest Dundee at the last General Election. It was a forlorn hope, but was amusing in many ways, for the Dundee people are noted hecklers. Throughout the whole of the contest I received the utmost courtesy from the opposite side.

On one occasion when I had to address a meeting I missed my train, and had to take a special to get

through. I arrived at the hall just in time to hear the chairman apologising for my absence. I, however, made my speech. What my opponents thought of it was voiced by one of them, who got up and said: "He took a special train to get here, and when he got here what did he say? nothing."

I need scarcely remind you that I was defeated, and I became personal assistant to Mr. William Beardmore, the head of the firm of great armour-plate makers and battleship builders, and he was one of my principal supporters in the expedition, and helped me in financing it.

The financing of the expedition was no easy matter, and getting the money for it might almost be regarded as my first success. I wore out a good deal of shoe-leather in London and elsewhere, going to see people, and I spent many postage stamps in writing letters to get others to help the new expedition. I, however, obtained little assistance from most of those to whom I applied. I was sufficiently fortunate, however, to find enough people to believe in me and to guarantee me a large part of the money required for the enterprise. These guarantees will now be paid off by me. This, I hope, will be done by my lectures and by the sale of my book which will be published later in the year.

Some other money I obtained from relations and friends, but the only public assistance I received were sums of £5,000 from the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia, and £1,000 from the New Zealand Government. In addition to the £1,000, the New Zealand Government paid half the towage of the *Nimrod* from New Zealand to the ice, and gave free port dues and every possible assistance to the expedition. The interest and enthusiasm displayed in Australia and New Zealand towards our work were among the most marked features of

the whole expedition, and we who took part in it will never cease to appreciate them.

On these guarantees and the funds I have mentioned, I opened a little office in London, and, with the assistance of one man, Mr. Alfred Reid, I set about preparing the expedition. Having the equipment in our own hands and not having to wait for committees, we naturally got ahead very quickly. The formal announcement that the Antarctic expedition was to start was made on February 12th, and on the following August 6th we sailed from Cowes, after their Majesties had inspected the ship and the Queen had entrusted to us her Union Jack to carry to the South. On January 1st, 1908, at 4 p.m. we cast off from New Zealand.

I naturally cannot go into the details of the expedition here. The work that has been done is already known in outline, and the full narrative will appear before the end of the year. The scientific results will take longer to prepare, and therefore to publish; but, in talking of the success of the expedition, I must mention that it is not my success alone, for I am not "the only pebble on the beach." It was due to the unity of purpose, the irregardlessness of self, the desire to give and take of the fourteen men who were on the shore party with me, and the twenty-two men on the ship which made the expedition as successful as it has been generously described to me by the world.

If I went into the recital of the work and energy, the thought and endeavors, of my comrades, I could fill pages of *M. A. P.* before I did justice to them. Here, I can only say I owe them a debt of gratitude as the leader of the party; and the world, which will profit in future from the scientific work done on the expedition, will recognize that they are responsible in the greatest pos-

sible measure for the work which was carried through. With regard to the success, I recognize, as every man must recognize, that the pioneer of every movement is largely responsible for the success of those who follow him.

Captain Scott was the pioneer of Antarctic travel, and the experience gained with him proved most useful to me, though my course lay well to the east of the Discovery's journey. Still, the barrier surface presented somewhat similar features to what it did on the last Southern journey I was on, though the snow was undoubtedly deeper this time.

Tennyson says in "Ulysses";

"All experience is an arch where
through,
Gleams that untraveled world,
whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I
move."

Our southern work, based on the experience of the past, proves the truth enshrined in those words. It also proved our indebtedness to Dr. Nansen. He was the inventor of the sledge, which, with slight modifications, we used, and he was the inventor of the cooker we took with us.

It only weighed about 15 lbs., and 94 per cent. of the heat generated was used. Indeed, while Nansen may be said to be directly responsible for the large amount of knowledge we have of the North Polar regions, he is indirectly responsible for the length of journeys, dependent on efficiency of equipment in the South Polar regions.

Down south every man had his own cubicle which he decorated in his own particular way. One of them was exceedingly devoted to the career of Napoleon, and was a great authority on the Napoleonic period. He decorated the partition of his cubicle with a portrait of his hero. When we returned from one journey

he found that an artist had made Napoleon's nose red and had painted fires about his feet. When the owner of the cubicle returned and saw the changes that had been made, he promptly renamed the picture Sir Hudson Lowe.

Many people have naturally been curious about our going without a bath for over 120 days. To a certain extent we were prepared for this, for in the hut we washed only once a week, if as often. On the march we had no inclination to wash, even if we could have done so. The cold, however, prevented that. Indeed, we never took our clothes off during the whole time. You must remember that one does not need washing in the Antarctic, for there is no dust, and we never got dirty. We might have washed our hands and face, but we didn't, for it was much too cold, and it would have used up our valuable oil.

The question of temperature naturally suggests that of food. I have been asked very often whether our appetites increased as we went south. Our rations certainly decreased. We started out with ninety-one days' provisions, and we spun this out for 126 days. In the original ration with which we began we had thirty-two ounces. Meat, however, did not play a very large part in it. The instinct in the Antarctic is for heating foods—Plasmon chocolate, cheese, butter. We also took pemmican, which was made in Copenhagen, where they probably know more about it than anywhere else. Nansen's and the National Antarctic expeditions' pemmican was made there.

On the march, for lunch, we used to have chocolate four days a week and cheese three days. We all much preferred the chocolate days, and greatly enjoyed our two sticks, which was our ration, and which we found highly nutritious. One point which struck us all was how man's

attitude towards food alters as he goes south. At the beginning, a man might have been something of an epicure, but we found that before he got very far even raw horse-meat tasted very good.

It may interest you to hear that in Sydney on my return from this expedition I had a very large audience—over 4,000 people in the town hall—and this is a contrast to a lecture I gave in Leith a few years ago. I hired the hall and advertised my lecture. On the evening of the day I drove from my house in Edinburgh, and, instead of finding the place full, as I hoped, I saw one drunken man, two old women, and a couple of boys assembled to hear me.

I went down stairs and asked the cabman whether he would not like to come to the lecture. He thanked me, but assured me that he would rather not, as he was "very comfortable where he was."

Eventually about twenty people turned up, and to them I delivered my lecture. When I went home I related my experience to my wife, and we went into a calculation that I had spent something like seven pounds in hiring the hall and advertising the lecture, and that all I was likely to receive was twenty-five shillings. "No," said my wife, "you won't get as much, for I sent the maid and the cook to hear you; so that is two shillings off."

Useful Diversions

HERE is an affection in every employment, and it gives the spirit energy, and keeps the mind intent upon its work or study. This, if it be not relaxed, becomes dull, and its earnestness flags—as salt that has lost its savor, so that it has no pungency or relish; or as a bended bow, which, unless it be unbent, loses the power that it derives from its elasticity. Just so the mind, kept from day to day in the same ideas, without variety. So the eyes, when they look only at one object, or continually upon one color. For, to look continually at a thing which is black, or continually at red or at white, destroys the sight. Thus, if one looks continually at the snow the sight is destroyed; but it is enlivened if he looks in succession at the same time upon many colors. Every form delights by its varieties—as a garland of roses of different colors arranged in beautiful order. Hence it is that the rainbow is more charming than the light itself.—*Emanuel Swedenborg.*

Scott: A True Merchant Prince

By THOMAS DREIER

From the Book-Keeper

IT ISN'T often, is it, that a man going quietly about his own business, without making the slightest attempt for public recognition, has thrust upon him honors plus? Yet that is what happened to Scott—George E. Scott, of Prairie Farm, Barron County, Wisconsin.

It was Emerson—and I trust no one will dispute this—who said: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten track to his door." But one man whose early education had not been received in colleges, and who had never had the opportunity of reading Emerson in his early days, did not know this. He did not know that if he built a store just a wee bit better than anyone else had ever built one, he would become a marked man, and would ever after have to stand in the calcium light of public interest.

Scott was 23 years old when he happened into Prairie Farm in 1883. He had been a clerk for several years, and—so folks tell me who used to know him—was a quiet, thoughtful youngster, with whom the women and the little children loved to trade. Little Johnnie Jones with his penny would always exchange it for candy if Scott happened around. The candy, somehow, seemed to taste better when Scott smiled as he handed it out.

Scott, as I said, was a clerk, but he was not a common clerk. He was not one of those fellows whose one de-

sire is to get a check on Saturday night. He never spent his time figuring out how little work he had to do in order to hold his job. He wanted to be a partner. He wanted to be his own boss. He was not quite satisfied with the way the manager ran things. He did not know exactly what was wrong, but he knew several places where changes should be made.

In the course of time there came changes. The old lumber firm, which owned the store and the grist mill, went out of business, Scott was given a chance to buy. Having saved a bit of money and possessing that far more valuable asset, a straight-edge reputation, he was able to become owner. The store prospered. Everybody liked George. He always tried to give the square deal to all, thus anticipating in practice what the name of the Teddy bear has since most persistently advertised by preaching; and, when he counted up receipts at the end of the year, he found it had paid. Other years told the same story. Scott was a success.

It came to him suddenly about twelve years ago that the old store was not what his customers deserved. The folks on the outside of the counter were making the man on the inside rich. For a small town he was being made vulgarly rich. His bank account was leaping upward, and little worry lines began to appear in Scott's face. His money was worth little to him in that small place. He could use only enough for creature comforts—board and clothes and a

house to live in—and there was no one around who cared for show. Of course, he might stay there for a few more years and annex much more money, and then move to the city and enjoy the “advantages.”

But the advantages of the city did not appeal to Scott. A man who has always lived in the country and who knows the joys of hearing the hearty “Good morning, George,” and who has felt the honest grasp of a man who works near the soil, does not care much for the veneer of the city. Besides, there was in Scott a certain Thoreau-like quality to which the fresh air and sunshine and the great out-of-doors irresistibly appealed. No city could give him those advantages. And so Scott decided to stay.

He promised himself always to make Prairie Farm his home. He promised himself that he would do all in his power to make it a desirable place in which to live. “I’ll have to build a new store,” said he; “this old one is a disgrace to the firm. It’s a queer thing that some of the owners—some of the customers who are furnishing me the money—do not protest. Perhaps they know no better.”

And the customers didn’t. They had never been used to anything else, and the time when the gaily colored mail-order catalogue came in by the sack full was not yet. This was twelve years ago.

“I guess I’ll buy that three acres and a half, Charley,” he said one afternoon, as he and one of his clerks were sitting in front of the old building, Scott pointing to the plot across the road. “I’m going to have a nice store put up there one of these days. But I cannot tell what kind of a store it will be. Business is a bit dull just now, so I’ll take a little trip around the country, just to get ideas, you know.”

And so the Boss went sightseeing. He visited all the towns round about. He loafed in all the stores, and when the proprietors were not busy he took them off into a corner and told them things and asked questions. For

the most part he asked questions. The proprietors always told what finely arranged stores they had. Scott said nothing. But he never left without talking to the clerks. The clerks told him the truth. No one ever thinks of lying to Scott. They showed him where changes could be made, and if they got real chummy, they used to tell what they intended to do when they built their own stores—those stores they were to build a little later on, when they had saved a bit more money, you know.

The man from Prairie Farm absorbed all this. He also made notes. His ideas grew larger. The new store he had in mind when he left home dwindled down and soon faded from sight. Scott went back and said to the clerks:

“Building a store that will suit me, suit you, and suit the customers, is quite an undertaking. It is more serious than I at first supposed. I guess we won’t be in any great hurry about it. But this I want all of you to do: Keep thinking all the time about building a store that would suit you exactly, and when you have it clearly in mind tell me all about it. If we work together we will get what we want.”

And they all worked together. Everybody helped. In the winter, when the snow and wind swept over the prairie and kept trade away, Scott and his clerks used to gather round the stove and the fun they used to have planning the new store was almost as good as holding Aladdin’s lamp in their hands. It seemed as if they had to do no more than rub something and wish, and the store would appear by magic. It was heaps of fun. But the fun could not be compared to the good fellowship, the brotherhood, that was then formed. For nine years this planning kept up. Then came the time when the beautiful dream was to materialize. The design had been decided upon. It was something new, something unique. No store building in America was

SCOTT: A TRUE MERCHANT PRINCE



GEORGE SCOTT

there to be found that resembled it. The man from Prairie Farm was a pioneer. He was the light preparing the way.

The design selected was copied from one of those old Spanish missions which at one time dotted Southern California. And when Scott selected it he "struck thirteen." He did not know his building was to be a mission where would be preached a gospel of beauty and utility that would influence a mighty business world. He built wiser than he knew. That he could one day be hailed as the greatest country merchant of his time never for a moment entered his head. He

was but trying to give to his friends a building such as they deserved. He did his work as well as he knew how. That is all. Those who came and saw did the rest.

"We have waited many years to perfect our plans," said Scott one day to his friends. the clerks, "and we'll not spoil them by rushing the work along. We can wait a year or so longer in order to get the best—the best there is. All of us deserve the best the world can give us—when we earn it. And I guess we have worked well enough and hard enough to deserve what we have coming."

It took two years to build the new

store, but Prairie Farm folks enjoyed those two years more than they care to tell of now. They had heaps of fun with Scott. They called him a fool, and those not so harsh called him a dreamer. But Scott smiled that inscrutable smile of his and kept right on at work.

"The idea," said the croakers, "of putting up a store like that out here in the country! What is Scott thinking of? Why, he'll put up such a high-toned place that the farmers won't go near it. He'll bankrupt himself if he don't watch out."

But Scott did not bankrupt himself.

"The store I am building over there," said Scott to a number of farmers with whom he was talking one morning just after they had unloaded their milk at the creamery—"that store I am building is your store. I've been thinking a great deal about this matter for a long time. It has come to me forcibly that without you fellows I could do nothing. I have depended upon you all these years and you have depended upon me. We have been useful to one another. I served you as well as I could, and you have paid me well for that service. You have paid me so well that I am able to build a store such as exists in no other small town in the country.

"Now, I am not building this store because I want to erect a monument to myself; I am not building this store because it will enable me to make more money than I have been making; but I am building it in this way because I feel you fellows deserve it. When I started this work I had no such thought in mind, but it has come to me during the days I have been dreaming."

It was the people Scott had in mind when he made his plans for the best store in the state. He was considering their comfort and the comfort of his clerks. He recognized what few storekeepers ever recognize, that his success had been made possible wholly because of the assistance of his cus-

tomers and the help of his clerks. By himself he could have done nothing.

Thus it was he built a store resembling a Spanish mission at a cost of \$30,000. It is set in the centre of a three and one-half acre square, and is reached by wide driveways which thread their way between shrubs and flowers. The building is 80 by 110 feet in size and has a basement ten feet from its cement floor to its ceiling of solid plaster. The ground floor salesroom is sixteen feet in height, with a steel ceiling, a large, well-lighted, airy room, clean as those who love cleanliness can make it. The second storey is finished as if for a child's nursery. It is all in white. And when it is said that Scott never has to send a clerk ahead of him to clean up when company comes, some idea of the cleaning-up system may be had.

The building has its own gas plant, and the merry gurgle of the steam in the radiators in the cold winter makes the clerks think of the time long ago when they used to gather round the big stove in the old building to dream of the good days in the future. And, it is said, no clerk has yet been found whose dream even approached that of the Boss.

Those who dream of the time when employer and employe will live in absolute harmony, or, better still, when there shall no longer be any distinction between those who lead and those who follow, cannot imagine conditions any more ideal than those prevailing in the Scott store. The clerks are perfectly contented. When Scott planned the store he reached back into his own experience and dwelt upon the troubles he used to have working behind narrow counters. "The clerks have to be here longer than the customers," said he to himself. "They deserve the greater conveniences. I will see that they have all the room they need back of the counters, so that one may pass another without touching." And it was so done. There is as much room for the clerks as there is in most stores for the customers. Back of the counter it is



HOME STORE, PRAIRIE FARM, WISCONSIN

always just as clean as it is in front. There is no hypocrisy about the store of Scott. Everything is on the square, an outward manifestation of the inner make-up of its owner.

And the women, too, were provided for. A beautiful toilet room fitted up with all the latest conveniences, including hot and cold water and plenty of towels, is given them. What this means to those hard-working bearers of children of this northern country, after driving many miles over the prairie, may be imagined.

But the place to wash up and make themselves clean is not all that Scott did for them. He remembered how they used to come into his store and sit around on the cracker boxes, trying to get a bit of rest before starting their shopping. And he remembered, also, that many of them brought their lunches with them. Thus, there appeared in his new building a large room fitted up with couches and chairs and tables, a room devoted wholly to the women and children. Here there were all the monthly magazines, and picture books, for the children were not absent. This room belonged to the women absolutely. Only

the women clerks ever entered it. It was as sacred to the women as their own homes. Is it any wonder Scott gets the trade?

For the men there was also a room. This was clean and convenient, but there is lacking those little refinements which make the women's apartments such a cozy place. Toilet facilities are provided, and there are seats where they may sit and discuss the crops or the countless other things which occupy the thoughts of the farmers.

But it is out in the big salesroom that you would delight in staying. Clean it is as the kitchen of a careful New England housewife. It is finished entirely in birch, and the hand-rubbed finish makes it shine and glisten like the interior of a parlor-car. The counters were made especially for this room. Nothing was picked out of a catalogue and used because it was expensive. Scott had taste, although he would probably deny that if put on the witness stand.

Mirrors multiply the charms of the place, and unkind folks say Scott placed them there merely to attract the women! Seats and couches are

to be found in all the little nooks and corners, and there are no signs around the place telling the clerks these resting-places are for customers only.

The absence of signs and advertising matter of all kinds is one of the things that instantly strikes the visitor entering the Scott store. There are no directions to anyone. There are no "Don't" signs around. The beauty of the place serves as its greatest protection. Not a farmer enters the place but first wipes his feet on the large mat at the door.

arrange the grounds. In the summer time there are beds of flowers in continual bloom, and out under the shade of the trees are resting places where the mothers and the children may while away the waiting hours.

Of course you will ask: "Does all this pay?" And that was just what I asked Mr. Scott. But there was no need of asking the question after knowing the man responsible for it all. He breathes success. Not the success of the city man who rides rough-shod over his competitors, but the success



CORNER IN PRIVATE OFFICE OF HOME STORE

Back of the store are the stables. Here are kept the teams of all customers, free of charge. These stables did away with the posts which always are to be found in front of country stores. They are so large and roomy that one may drive in with large wagons and protect their contents from the rain. Toilet rooms may be found here also.

The grounds are beautifully laid out. Nearly one thousand arbor vitae trees line the drives which wind in and out, just as one finds them around public buildings where men of taste

of a man who has read "The Law of Love" as touched into English by William Marion Reedy.

Scott loves his fellowmen. Not with a sentimental love, mind you. It is a love which folks do not analyze. It is a love sadly rare in these competitive, commercial days, for it is based wholly upon the Golden Rule, and folks who have tried say the Golden Rule is the one rule that needs no amendment.

Scott has been a success in more than a financial way. He has been a greater success in making himself and

others happy. He believes much in the preachment of "An Apology for Idlers," an essay written by one Robert Louis, called the "Well Beloved." To be happy is the mission of Scott, and he has discovered there is no true happiness outside of service to one's fellow men. "The greatest among ye shall be your servant," remembers Scott. And he has served.

His friends have twice sent him to the State Legislature to look after their interests there, and no opposition was offered. Everybody trusts Scott, and few there are who do not call him by his first name—to be called by one's first name by several thousand persons is no mean honor.

Yes, Scott has been a success. He has taught to the world better merchandising. He has dignified his calling. He has been a pioneer, a Voice crying in the wilderness. Because of his store in Prairie Farm, Wis., Scott

has sent messages of hope throughout the world, and no one will ever know what an inspiration he has been, not even Scott himself.

He will continue to live his own life there among his friends in the little country village. And when the Last Invitation comes it will find Scott ready, with the smile of one who has done his work as well as he knew how and who has been more than fairly kind.

Scott is preaching the practical religion, the religion which, we hope, will be the religion of the future. His store has done this weary old world more good, and his unconscious preaching has sent home more truths than many churches, whose business it is to make men better. Scott has raised the ideals of his community until they have overflowed and spread throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Work for Yourself

WORK for yourself. Don't do your best to please some boss or foreman or superintendent or president. That's a hireling trick. Do your best because you cannot afford to do less; because you owe it to your self-respect. Merit your own esteem. Dig for it. Do your own fault-finding with your work. You know it best. You can see the flaws quicker than any one else. Don't hide them. Talk about them if you must talk about your work. Let others discover the merits, if they exist. Shut your ears to praise. Why should you be pleased that your work finds favor in the eyes of others? Who are you working for anyway, the other fellow or yourself? Stick to that point of view. That way freedom lies, for no man who works for himself is dependent. Make your employer dependent upon you. That will put you beyond the reach of dyspeptic caprice. Men who are afraid of their jobs are plenty; men who idealize their work are mighty scarce, and all the arrogance in the world cannot change the man who works for himself into a trembling, cringing wretch.



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The Conquest of Leprosy. Edward Irwin—World To-Day.

House, Garden and Farm.

A Swimming Pool for Private Gardens. Barr Ferree—American Homes and Gardens.
Gardening for Pleasure and Profit. Mary Rankin Cranston—Craftsman.
Running Water for Country Homes. H.H. Henry—Suburban Life.
When Planning the House of Satisfaction. Fred H. Daniels—Suburban Life.
A House for Suburb and Country. E. I. Farrington—Suburban Life.
How the Drainage Improves the Garden. Mrs. Charles C. Woods—Garden Magazine.
The Status of the Dwarf Fruit Trees from Two Standpoints—Garden Magazine.

Life Stories and Character Sketches.

A Professor Who Became a Great Engineer—Business World.
Dr. Hale As I Knew Him. W. H. McElroy—Woman's Home Companion.
The Boyhood and Youth of General U. S. Grant. Helen Nicolay—St. Nicholas.
Melba; The Authorized Biography. Agnes C. Murphy—London Magazine.
George Meredith. Walter Murdoch, M.A.—Lone Hand. (Aug.)
Simon Newcomb: The Astronomer. A. E. Bostwick—American Review of Reviews.
McCormick—A Pioneer of Big Business. H. N. Casson—System.
Scott: A True Merchant Prince. Thomas Dreier—Book-Keeper.
The Duke of Connaught, King Edward's Only Surviving Brother. Wm. S. Bridgman—Munsey's.
Shakespeare And His Famous Contemporaries. W. J. Price—Munsey's.
John Quincy Adams Ward. Montgomery Schuyler—Putnam's.

Miscellaneous.

The Strange Case of John Early. Iola Forrester—Munsey's.
One Man's Recipe for Railroad Success—Business World.
The Earthquakes in Mexico—Outlook (Aug. 14.)
Sympathy With the Oriental—Outlook (Aug. 14.)
The Passion for Achievement. Orison Swett Marden—Success Magazine.
The Evolution of the Sky-Scraper. Montgomery Schuyler—Scribner's.
Courses of Novel Reading—Ladies' Home Jour.
Divorce in England. Sydney Brooks—Harper's Weekly (Aug. 14.)
The Hudson in History. Henry J. Markland—Munsey's.
Slumming in New York's China Town. W. Brown Meloney—Munsey's.
Running a Big Hotel. Arthur E. McFarlane—Everybody's.
Co-Operation Close to the Soil. Forrest Crissey—Everybody's.
What Ails New England. Edward Vollandigham—Putnam's.

Municipal and Local Government.

- Lessons From Europe in City Planning—American Review of Reviews.
 Beer and the City Liquor Problem. G. K. Turner—McClure's.
 The Efficiency of English Courts. Jesse Macy—McClure's.
 Policing of our Lawless Cities. General Theodore A. Bingham—Hampton's Magazine.
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 Organized Citizenship Fighting for a Better City. D. E. Mowry—World To-Day.
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 The Finest Police Headquarters in the World. F. M. White—Harper's Weekly (Aug. 14.)

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- Do Plants Thirk? Percy Collins—American Homes and Gardens.
 In the Cool of the Summer Woods—American Homes and Gardens.
 A Camp in the Canadian Forests. Lawrence H. Tasker—Travel Magazine.
 The Call of the Out of Doors. Bradford Leavitt—Sunset.
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- Home Rule and the Saloon—Outlook (Aug. 14.)
 Women and Public Affairs Under the Roman Republic. Frank Frost Abbott—Scribner's.
 Affairs at Washington. Joe Chapple—National Magazine.
 Cuba's Inefficient Congress—American Review of Reviews.
 The Revolution in Persia—American Review of Reviews.
 China and the United States vs. Russia—Am. Review of Reviews.
 Lloyd George and the British Budget. W. T. Stead—Am. Review of Reviews.
 An Englishman's Impression of American Rule in Cuba. Sir Harry Johnson—McClure's.
 Why Japan Does Not Want to Fight. Thomas E. Green—Hampton's Magazine.
 Being a Woman Legislator. Alma V. Lafferty—Delineator.
 The Georgia Race Strike—World To-Day.
 The Confusion of Law in San Francisco—World To-Day.
 The Protective Tariff and Railway Regulations—World To-Day.

Railroad and Transportation.

- Railroads of Europe: The Russian System—Moody's Magazine.
 The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Its Chief—World To-Day.

Science and Invention.

- An Inventor Who Sees With His Fingers—Business World.
 An Engineer and His Life Work—Am. Review of Reviews.

- New Tests for Building Construction. G. E. Mitchell—Am. Review of Reviews.
 American Men of Science and the Question of Heredity. Dr. Frederick Adam Woods—Science.
 The Aerological Conference at Monaco. Professor Rotch—Science.

The Stage.

- The Theatrical Syndicate from the Outside. J. J. Shubert—Sat. Evening Post (Aug. 14.)
 The Flying Matinee. Arthur Eckersley—English Illustrated (Aug.)
 Plays and Players: A First Nighter—Ainslee's.
 Realism in Opera. Rupert Hughes—Smith's.
 The Moving Picture Show, the New Form of Drama for the Millions. William A. Johnson—Munsey's.
 Kicking Out American Drama. By a Professional Play-Reader—Munsey's.
 Maude Adams as Joan of Arc, at Harvard—World To-Day.
 An Actress and Her Farm. Blanche Bates—Country Life in America.

Travel and Description.

- A Week in Canadian Back Woods. Davina Waterson—Rod and Gun.
 Before the C.P.R. and Now. Martin Hunter—Rod and Gun.
 A Motor Trip to the Boyhood Haunts of Tenyson. Thos W. Wilby—Travel Magazine.
 Coastwise From Seville to Barcelona. L. H. Ives—Travel.
 Tramping the Ranges Around Tamalpais. A. E. Graupner—Sunset.
 Holidaying on the Broads. Aubrey Gentry—London Magazine.
 Nearest the South Pole. Lieut. Shackleton—Pearson's (English.)
 Survey and Exploration in the Ruwensori and Lake Region, Central Africa—Geographical Journal.
 The Land of Opportunity. John Kimberley Mumford—Harper's Weekly (Aug. 14.)
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Women and the Home.

- Problems in Home Furnishing. Alice M. Kellogg—American Homes and Gardens.
 Adventures in Home Making. R. Shackleton—Saturday Evening Post (Aug. 14.)
 The Bachelor Girl Confesses. Elizabeth K. Stratton—London Magazine.
 Letters of a College Girl. Elizabeth Grey—Pall Mall (August.)
 The Parlor Back Home. Eugene Wood—McClure's.
 Why I Will Not Let My Daughter go to Business—Ladies' Home Journal.
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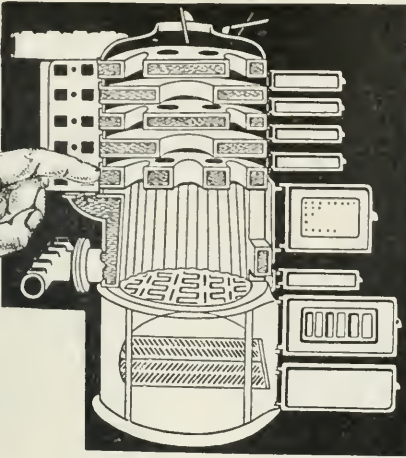
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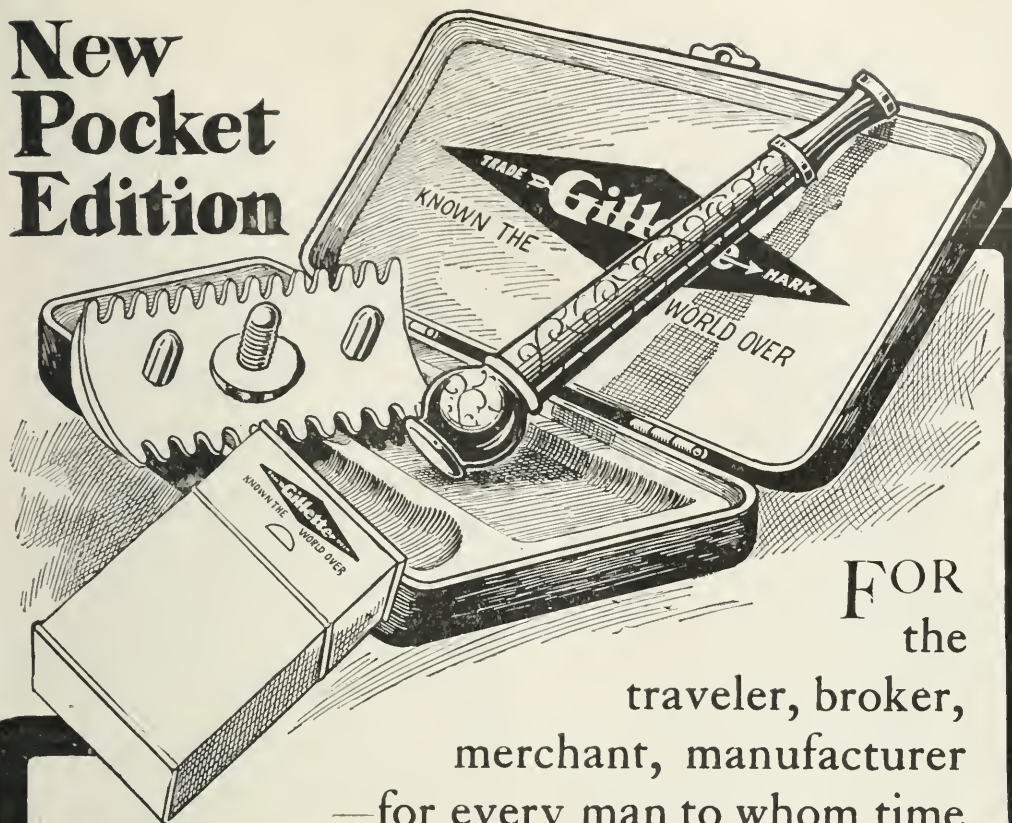
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Every advertisement on this page merits your attention.

BACKBONE vs. WISHBONE

By KARL LUDWIG KRAFT

Proportionally, if a man's backbone weakens his "wishbone" develops.

The nine-dollar-per clerk wastes his time in wishing he had the luck of a Rockefeller, a Carnegie, or a Morgan—wishing that he had this, that, or the other job—continually wishing.

The material parts of the human body, muscle or bone, develop only by usage. There is not, in nature, any spontaneous generation; everything comes by propagation.

Which are you developing—your backbone or your "wishbone?" Do not compagnate them. By constantly using your "wishbone," it will develop in undue proportions. On the other hand, in properly strengthening your backbone you should have no cause to wish.

"Brace up;" stand erect; strengthen your backbone—also, your jawbone. Learn to say "I will," instead of that monotonous "I wish." The world bestows prizes on men with a backbone, while to those with a "wishbone," asking for fish, she gives a serpent.

Motion propagates motion and life throws off life. Wishing you were fabulously rich leads you to the bread line.—*The Bookkeeper.*

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVIII TORONTO OCTOBER 1909

No 6

The Protectors of Royalty in Canada

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

A POLICEMAN is the first person you encounter on entering any public building in the national Capital. There he stands—straight, strong, and stalwart. At the threshold of every departmental structure is an obliging, blue uniformed officer with a spiked helmet adorned with the Dominion coat of arms, trousers with a wide red stripe, and a red and white band around his left arm—the distinguishing mark that he is on duty. Ask what the powers and jurisdiction of this man are and you will probably get the reply "Oh! he keeps guard around the buildings, directs inquiring visitors to the various offices and keeps his eye on suspicious characters and intruders."

This is only routine duty. A messenger could perform such a task equally as well. These men—members of the Dominion Police Force of Canada—afford protection night and day to all government structures in the construction of which some twenty or twenty-five millions of people's money have been invested—but they do much more. The nor-

mal strength of the force is 58 men, but in periods of stress, danger or excitement, the number is increased. During the time of the South African war, when a desperate attempt was made to blow up the locks on the Welland canal—special constables were engaged to protect the government works, the temporary strength of the constabulary being 125.

A squad of six men do duty guarding gold and silver in the Royal Mint. A special detail continually watches over the heavy, strong vaults of the government. At Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, four men are on patrol while, at the House of Commons, during the session, a like number do service when the legislators are sitting. The Government Archives, the Militia Stores and other buildings claim the general supervision of the constables. A police mail service is also performed between the various departments. From 10 o'clock in the morning until 4.30 in the afternoon collections and deliveries are made every hour.

All letters are signed for when received, making it a complete register system.

The Dominion police also enforce law and order on the Indian reserves, attend to the extradition of fugitive offenders from foreign countries, make enquiries as to the whereabouts of relatives when the government has been appealed to in the matter, and furnish protection to members of the Royal family, foreign potentates and guests of the government visiting the Dominion.

When a convict is released from any of the penitentiaries—ticket-of-leave-men as they are often called,—the Secretary of State notifies the Commissioner of Dominion Police. All such convicts when released report to the chief of police or sheriff of the county where they reside. The majority report once a month during the period of their parole, but in a few special cases, it is once in six months. The Commissioner of Dominion Police requests the various sheriffs and chief constables to regularly send reports to him as well as any notification when convicts change their address. In its general administrative relations the system of ticket-of-leave is directly under the Dominion force.

The history of the force is interesting. Previous to, and for some years subsequent to Confederation, there were two Commissioners of Police, C. J. Coursol, afterwards Judge Coursol, and Gilbert McMicken. The administration of the former was in Lower Canada and the latter in Upper Canada. When the federal government took over the Province of Manitoba from the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Micken was sent to Winnipeg, as Assistant Receiver General and stipendiary magistrate, being succeeded as Commissioner of Police by General Bernard, C.M.G., who was also deputy Minister of Justice. He was in turn succeeded by August Keefer, who died in 1885. The head of the force to-

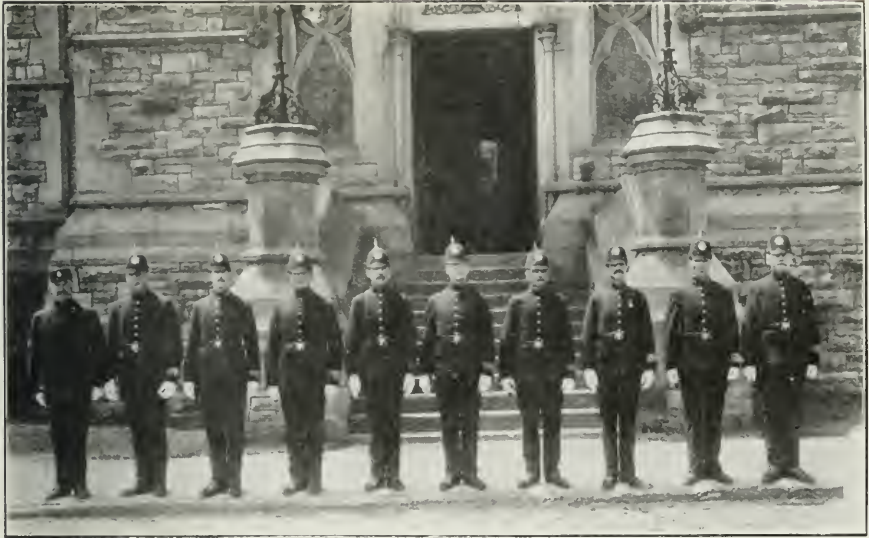
day is Lieut.-Colonel A. P. Sherwood, C.M.G., M.V.O., A.D.C., who comes of good old United Empire Loyalist stock. His father was registrar of Carleton County. Colonel Sherwood began his official career as deputy sheriff of the County of Carleton, and later was chief of the Ottawa City police.

He was made superintendent of the Dominion force in 1882, and three years afterwards was elevated to his present position. Inspectors Denis Hogan and James Parkinson, are his right hand men. The former, a graduate of the Ottawa City police force, was appointed inspector some ten years ago. Mr. Parkinson, who is chief officer of the secret service branch, has been a Dominion constable for many years. His clever detective work in many important cases resulted in his advancement to the post he now holds.

A visit to the offices of Chief Sherwood in the West Block on Parliament Hill, discloses no outward marks or evidence of the long list of criminals captured by the members of the force, or crimes that have been unearthed. The walls are not decorated with bowie knives, pistols, revolvers, jimmies, bludgeons, sand bags, burglars' kits, drills, counterfeited plates, bogus money or other trophies, which many a city police department preserves as souvenirs to satisfy the curious or to impress the visitor with the history and character of past operations. The apartments are plainly, but comfortably furnished. In no way are they different from those occupied by officials in other branches of the government. There are several large scrap books, filled with newspaper clippings, which merely serve as convenient records for purposes of reference, but the tributes from the press, which have been gleaned from all over Canada, bear testimony to many brave captures, and clever coups.

The offices of the Inspector, the

THE PROTECTORS OF ROYALTY IN CANADA



A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF DOMINION POLICE

sergeants and the secret service branch are located in the East Block. These are fairly well equipped, but one need remains to be satisfied, and that is, the establishment of a complete identification bureau, where the Bertillon and finger print system may be installed, and a full description, as well as pictures of each convict, his record, etc., preserved. An identification bureau for all Canada would prove of the greatest assistance and convenience in the administration of justice.

The number of felons undergoing penal servitude, who have been brought to bay by the secret service branch, is large. One of the most brilliant achievements was the arrest of the notorious trio—Dulman, Nolan and Walsh—in connection with the attempt to use dynamite upon the locks of the Welland canal a few years ago, for which dastardly outrage the offenders got life sentences. Then the operations of the big gang of counterfeiters at Lindsay, Ontario, their capture and confiscation of their dies, plates, and cash, form another interesting chapter. The culprits were given terms

of various length. Still another sensational case was the famous bogus ballot box episode in West Hastings, in 1904. Shibley and Lott, the chief political conspirators, fled from the country, and are still fugitives abroad, while Riley, the young Kingston student, who was mixed up in the affair, got a year in Belleville gaol. The arrest of A. Martineau, a civil servant and noted motor cyclist, created a big sensation. From the Militia Department he embezzled about \$75,000, and was sentenced to seven years in the Kingston penitentiary. The conviction of the Deckers—Anthony, the father, and Paul, the son—at Woodstock, Ontario, caused a stir. They were each given five years imprisonment. The exposure of the exploits of J. R. Lobbatt, a bright and well educated young man of Ottawa, who, by threatening letters, attempted to levy blackmail on leaders of society in the capital, including a former cabinet minister, came with startling suddenness. Lobbatt, it will be remembered, demanded large sums of money as the price of silence, or else threatened scandalous revela-

tions. He was let off with a comparatively short term of incarceration, his previous good character weighing strongly in his favor.

The part that the Dominion force played in prosecuting the charge of conspiracy against Hon. Thomas McGreevy and N. K. Connolly, in

No more trying or responsible commissions were ever given Commissioners Sherwood and his men than those of guarding the Prince and Princess of Wales during their tour of Canada eight years ago, and again on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness at the Tercen-

tenary celebration in Quebec last summer. To the commissioner was confided in 1901 the personal safety of their Royal Highnesses. Associated with him were S. H. Carpenter, chief of the Montreal Detective Bureau; Mr. William Stark, now deputy chief of the Toronto force, and half a dozen secret service men in plain clothes. It has been said of the guardians who traveled on the royal train, that like Charles the Second's favorite courtier, they were "never in the way and never out of the way." It was a period of anxiety. On September 13th, when H.M.S. Ophir, on which their Royal Highnesses arrived from Australia, was sighted off Cape Breton, it was met by the cruiser Indefatigable, bearing news of the cowardly attack by Czolgosz, an anarchist, upon President McKinley, at



LIEUT.-COL. A. P. SHERWOOD
COMMISSIONER OF DOMINION POLICE

1893, in connection with the Quebec Harbor works, the Lachine bridge scandal, the St. Louis affair, and other cases of embezzlement, which are now matters of history, stand as evidence of its usefulness and activity in unearthing political and other offences.

the Buffalo Exhibition. When the ships reached Quebec City the bulletin boards conveyed the startling information that McKinley was dead. This caused the guardians of Royalty to be unusually alert, especially as it was reported that anonymous letters of warning had been received, indi-

THE PROTECTORS OF ROYALTY IN CANADA

cating that the anarchistic movement was wide-spread and developments might be expected at any time or place. The actions of every crank, freak and suspicious character were carefully watched by the police. Several erratic and ominously visaged individuals, whose presence in the crowds evidently boded no good, were either locked up or conducted to the outskirts of the waiting throngs. It was a time of agitation and suppressed excitement all over America.

A rather amusing incident occurred at Quebec. The news of Mr McKinley's death had affected every one deeply. All the members of the Royal party and invited guests were gathered on the platform while the Mayor of Quebec, Hon. Mr. Parent, was reading an address of welcome. He read it first in French and during the reading, a high wind raging at the time, a door near by was blown shut with a terrific bang. The sharp, sudden noise, when all was so still, sounded like the report of a revolver. The royal couple and several members of the company were quite alarmed, until it was seen what was the cause of the great racket, and then the general perturbation gave place to nervous laughter.

The police officers can relate many racy anecdotes of the memorable trip. At Sussex, N.B., when the royal representatives were returning from across the continent, it was a bitterly cold October day, and a large concourse was at the station, accompanied by the band, to greet the distinguished party. It was



THE INSPECTOR OF DOMINION POLICE

D. HOGAN AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE IN THE EAST BLOCK

usual as soon as the car door opened for the musical bodies joining in the welcome to play the national anthem. All the persons on the platform of the royal car at the first notes of the familiar air, as well as all the male members in the waiting throngs, invariably stood with heads



THE INSPECTOR OF SECRET SERVICE
JAMES PARKINSON AND HIS OFFICE STAFF

uncovered as a mark of respect. Just before the door opened, the Princess of Wales, ever thoughtful of the comfort of those about her, told the gentlemen that it would be unwise for them to remove their hats on the platform as, on account of coming out of a warm compartment to the chilly atmosphere of an October morning, there would be danger of them contracting cold. Accordingly when the band struck up "God Save the King" those persons on the platform kept on their headgear. As soon as the selection had been played a tall, lanky countryman on the outskirts of the crowd yelled, "Why don't them galoots on the platform take off their hats? Don't they know nothin'?" and the assembly enjoyed a general laugh. After the ceremony, as the Princess was bidding good-bye to the Mayor of Sussex, she humorously remarked, "Will you please tell your friend,

who made the observation, that I am responsible for the gentlemen on the car not removing their hats."

The Princess was greatly interested in children, and if there was a baby carriage anywhere near, in the crowds she would invariably stop and say a bright word or two to the infant and its proud mother. This was done on several occasions. In an eastern Ontario town, where the royal car had stopped over night, and many had driven as far as thirty and forty miles to join in the welcome to the royal couple, several children, who had gathered several wild flowers to present to her, stood around in the bitter cold, thinly clad, and shivering in every limb. The Princess seeing them from a car window came out and shook hands with them, thanking them kindly for their floral offerings, and a happier throng of little folk was never seen, their

THE PROTECTORS OF ROYALTY IN CANADA



THE COMMISSIONER AND HIS SECRETARY AT WORK

sunshiny faces reflecting the pleasure they felt.

In a western town an Indian was giving an exhibition of lassoing a wild steer. He threw the rope dexterously, but by some mischance instead of landing on the head of the animal, it caught around one of its hind feet. He was not aware of it so intent was he on the task, and winding the rope around the pommel of his saddle, he started to veer the mustang which he rode off in an opposite direction. The steer howled with pain, as its limb was drawn out straight, and the Princess asked that the display of lassoing should immediately cease.

In another town a funny contretemps occurred. Three bands of musicians were massed to play an air of welcome. By some means the engineer of the royal train did not stop at the place appointed, but went two or three car lengths past the spot. The crowd started to

break through the enclosure and follow the coaches. They disrupted the bands and here, there and everywhere in the crush and jam were men playing individual instruments, blaring out notes of "God Save the King." The intended harmony was turned into one disconcerting jumble of sound, and a pandemonium of notes, false and true, while a big Scotch piper, who intended to skirl the bag pipes, nearly had the instrument knocked out of his hands by the rushing, jostling crowd.

The most trying experience, perhaps, of the protectors of the Prince, was at Niagara Falls. The vigilance of the officers at this point was unceasing. The enterprising proprietors of hotels and summer houses on the American side had advertised all over New York state, that the Prince and Princess of Wales would visit the Falls, and fully 50,000 people had gathered. The royal guests viewed the wondrous handiwork of

nature from the Canadian shore and did not cross to the American side. Nearly all the other members of the Royal suite, except Lord Wenlock, went over. Many of the excursionists thinking their Royal Highnesses were present, pointed out certain persons as the Prince and Princess, and went home, supremely happy in the belief that they had gazed upon the future King and Queen of England.

Another amusing incident was, where a paper in a western Ontario town referred to a civic official as being presented to the Prince and Princess, by his old college chum, Prince Alexander of Teck, the alleged "Prince" being in reality Lieut.-Col. Septimus Denison, one of the A. D. C.'s to His Royal Highness, during the tour. At Calgary, there was a big Indian pow-wow, where some 2,000 red men, their squaws and papooses had gathered. During the progress of a lively dance, the dusky spectators became so interested that they pressed in upon the royal party, subjecting them to some inconvenience. Their Royal Highnesses were in danger of being jostled by the enthusiastic throng, and it required the personal interference of the guardians of royalty to obviate this annoyance, but the situation was accepted good naturedly by the Prince. At another town

in Alberta, a bluff, breezy alderman, who was a member of the civic reception committee extended his palm to the royal guest, and in an off-hand style, exclaimed, "Glad to meet you, Prince. I had the pleasure of shaking hands with your father, when he visited Canada forty years ago. Give him my best will you."

It is a high compliment to the Dominion police and the other guardians associated with them, that amid all the multitudes which foregathered, no unwarranted indignity or wilful annoyance was offered to the representatives of the Sovereign, so perfect were the arrangements for their protection carried out. Colonel Sherwood was created a Companion of St. Michael and St. George, as a mark of appreciation of his services. He has executed other commissions for which he has several times received mention in the Canada Gazette. In 1893 and in 1897, he was entrusted by the Government with special duties in the Behring Sea arbitration. In addition to his excellent police record, the head of the force has had a conspicuous military career, and is at present the Officer Commanding the Eighth Infantry Brigade. The Dominion police force is a body of upright, well trained and admirably disciplined men, of which Canada may well feel proud.

WHAT if you fail in business? You still have life and strength. Don't sit down and cry about mis-haps, for that will never get you out of debt, nor buy your children frocks. Go to work at something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing exciting. And above all, keep a merry heart. And you'll be up in the world.—*Franklin.*

Geoffrey's Panklaggephone

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

From the *Cosmopolitan*.

IF you can't pronounce it, never mind; neither could Casey. It is a sort of amateur Greek word that Geoffrey made up himself, so it would fit in the same list as telephone, phonograph, cinematograph, megaphone and so on; and Casey was no Greek. Far from it. If you had mentioned Demosthenes and Solon to Casey he would have said, "Sure now, an' I dunno anny av thim fruit-stand fellers." All he knew about Greece was that it was somewhere in Italy, where the dagos and Portuguese come from.

As Casey came along one morning on his way to his boiler-shop he noticed that a sign was being painted on the small factory next door; and when he went home that night he saw that the sign was complete, "The Geoffrey Panklaggephone Company." By the name he guessed carelessly that it was a company to make either some new-fangled moving-picture machine or a patent medicine, and forgot all about it. When a man is trying to run a boiler-shop these days he has his hands full with that. He hasn't time to stop to study out Pan—panklag—pan-whatever-it-is. No, sor.

The way that Geoffrey got the name was this. He looked up "noise" in the dictionary, and it didn't have a Greek root, so he found a synonym, "clangor," and he looked that up, and that did have a Greek root. He had to have Greek in the name. The word was "klagge," so he took "klagge" and tacked "pan" on one end, to mean that his machine was good for all

kinds of noise, and then he stuck "phone" on the other end, because that never seems to do any harm, and makes a good ending for any sort of newfangled machine; and there he had his word—"panklaggephone." It didn't mean anything, but it looked whooping on a sign. That was just the kind of word Geoffrey wanted; the kind a man like Casey couldn't pronounce. It looked as sweet as "vitagraph."

It is wonderful what simple little things hide under big names, sometimes. There Geoffrey had worked out that tremendous word for his machine, and the machine was just a simple little every-day invention, a noise-absorber. Nothing more. Just a noise-absorber. Anyone could have invented it. Geoffrey happened to think of it first.

The whole thing was so simple that it was almost childish. I can describe the panklaggephone in a very few words, so that anyone can understand it and, if he desires, make one himself. The idea is simply this: If we have too much water anywhere, and we want to get rid of it, we get a sponge. A sponge is a water-absorber. If we have too much electricity and want to get rid of it, we get a storage-battery. A storage-battery is an electricity-absorber. If we have too much money and want to get rid of it, we get an automobile. An automobile is a money-absorber. But what Geoffrey wanted to create was a noise-absorber. Water makes a noise, electricity makes a noise, money makes

a noise; therefore Geoffrey built a machine that was something like an automobile, something like a storage-battery, and something like a sponge. Having done this, and found that his model worked all right, Geoffrey formed his stock company, rented the factory building, and began making panklaggephones.

Great is modern science! A friend of mine went out the other day to kill a man who had insulted him. He took his rifle, which was the new soundless kind, and loaded it with smokeless powder. He walked up to within twenty feet of his enemy, aimed full at his heart, pulled the trigger, and shot him dead. All his enemy did was to say, "Don't point that gun at me!" No smoke from the gun, no sound from it, how was the man to know he had been killed? My friend went up to him and told him he was dead, that he was shot through the heart, and still he wouldn't believe it. No smoke, no sound—he simply couldn't believe he was dead. My friend showed him the hole he had shot in him, and that it was a new hole, but the fellow was still skeptical. He didn't weaken until my friend got a paper and showed him an article about soundless guns and smokeless powder, and even then he said he half believed it was a newspaper fake. But he hated to disoblige, so he died. But he wasted half an hour of my friend's time uselessly. It was one of the fruits of ignorance. It was the same kind of ignorance as that which afflicted Casey.

Casey's boiler-shop was built on the principle that seems most approved for boiler-shops—the reverberant principle. In a boiler-shop of that kind, if you hit a sauce-pan with a tack-hammer the sound will boom up to the ceiling, and echo back along the walls, and roll up and down, multiplying as it goes, until it is making as much racket as a Wagner crescendo. But if you put two men at work on a big iron tubular boiler in that sort of shop, one man inside the boiler and

one outside, both with heavy hammers, the utmost limit of slam bang noise is reached. Casey had forty-one men at work in his boiler-shop. When he went up to a workman and shouted in his ear at the top of his lungs all the workman could hear was the warm breath of Casey on the back of his neck. When Casey wanted to talk to a workman in his shop he had to take him by the sleeve and lead him one block east and two south, and draw him into the recesses of a lumber-yard.

Near the front door of Casey's boiler shop was the machine that takes the flat plates of boiler-iron and rolls them into cylinders. It was a pretty good noise-maker, too. Off to one side of that machine was Casey's own boiler, the one that ran the machines in his shop, and it was a boiler Casey was proud of. It was the first boiler he had ever made, and it was breaking the age-record for boilers. Everyone said it was already ten years beyond the utmost age-limit for boilers, and it was patched up with squares and oblongs of riveted iron until it looked like a cylindrical crazy-quilt. Everyone told Casey he ought to have a new boiler. Every time he took a workman one block east and two south the workman would give notice that he was going to quit unless Casey got a new boiler. They told Casey it wasn't safe to work in a shop where there was an old, rickety boiler that leaked so it put out the furnace fire. Then Casey would say he guessed he'd make himself a new boiler as soon as he got time; but he never got time, and the next time he had a chance to speak to the workmen they would tell him it was absolute suicide to carry seventy pounds of steam in that old teakettle; that forty pounds would be dangerous. Casey stood it as long as he could, and then, one morning, he called all his workmen together and made them a speech. He said he had been making boilers before most of them were born, and knew more about boilers than any man in the country, and that they need not be

afraid of that boiler if he wasn't. He said he had had that boiler years and years, and it had never exploded yet, and that he was tired of having men, in his shop, work with one eye on their job and one on the old boiler.

"Go awn back t' worrk now," said Casey, "an' whin ye see me makin' fer th' door 'twill be plinty av toime fer ye t' think av th' boiler bustin'. Pat Casey is th' biggest coward av th' lot av ye, make sure av that."

Then he went around behind the boiler and changed the gauge so that it registered forty pounds when it was carrying seventy, threw a cup of kerosene into the furnace to encourage the fire and forgot all about it.

The third day after the sign of the Panklaggephone Company was painted on the wall of the building next door to his boiler-shop Casey got down to work early. It was his custom. If he had any orders to give it was necessary to give them before work began, so that they might be heard.

One by one the men dropped in, and when Casey blew the whistle they set to work, all at once and heartily. It was a grand noise, forty men pounding on boiler-plate with heavy hammers, and one rolling steel plates through the machine. It was the climax of clangor. It was so noisy that not a sound could be heard; it was roar! bang! clank! continuously, without intermission. Each man was making so much noise himself that he could not hear any other man's noise. Casey was behind his boiler, stopping up a leak in a seam with wet ashes.

Suddenly a look of anger darkened his face. Silence, utter silence, had settled over the boiler-shop. Casey knew what was the matter. The cowards had taken fear of the old boiler! Rage filled his heart. After him making them a speech about it, too! He took off his greasy felt hat and threw it down and stamped on it. He pulled off his greasy coat and threw that down and kicked it, too! He rolled up his sleeves and doubled up his fists, and stepped from behind the boiler.

He yelled the war-cry of all the Caseys. Then he stopped short. Not a man was gone from his place. Not a man had stopped work. Everywhere hammers rose and fell against boiler-plates. And everywhere was absolute silence. Not a sound; not a murmur. Absolute silence.

For one minute Casey stood absolutely still, and then a pale, scared look came over his face. He glanced around cautiously—no one seemed to be observing him. He swelled out his chest and yelled twice, like a scared jackal, but he could not hear his own yell. He could not hear anything. He began to perspire.

There is so much noise in a boiler-shop that often the boiler-makers cannot hear the noise. Casey was pretty sure he had gone suddenly deaf, but he was not quite sure. With a cautious motion he bent slowly down and picked up a square of boiler-iron and a hammer. If he was once outside the shop and beat on that square of iron with the hammer he would soon know if he had gone deaf. Slowly he turned and stepped cautiously toward the door.

The boiler-makers saw him and got there first. Long before Casey had reached the sidewalk the last boiler-maker was on his way to the lumberyard, with one eye on safety and the other on the air, where he expected to see Casey's boiler soaring. He was a cross-eyed boiler-maker or he could not have done this. There were plenty of lumber-piles, and the boiler-makers went so far under them that Casey had to pry them out with a piece of scantling.

"Ye fools!" said Casey, when he had them all out again.

"Aw!" said the foreman; "you said yerself we was t' git out when we seen you git out. Wasn't you gitting out?"

"I'll not say but what I was steppin' outside a bit," said Casey, "but I was not runnin'. I was walkin' easy. 'Twas not because av th' boiler I was goin'."

"How was we to know what you was goin' out for?" asked the fore-

man angrily. "What was you goin' out for, anyway?"

"Nawthin'," said Casey evasively. "I fergit what it was, now. 'Twas nawthin' important, anyhow. Mebby 'twas some wan goin' by I wanted a word with."

"All right," said the foreman sulkily. "All I got to say is it must have been some one you're mighty scared of, by the looks of you when you was goin', for——"

Suddenly the foreman stopped speaking. His lips kept on forming words, but they made no sounds. Casey was walking on with his head down, and, as his words faded away, the foreman turned pale. There was something the matter with his voice, but he did not know what. He glanced secretively at Casey, but Casey was not looking. He tried a few words experimentally, but the experiment worked badly. He whistled. Not a sound. Deaf and dumb both! The scared look gathered on the foreman's face. Casey and his foreman and his boiler-makers went back to the boiler-shop as silently as a funeral driving over moss.

"Well, byes," said Casey, when they were all inside, "'twas no wan's fault. Git t' work!" but his voice fell silent. Hodges picked up his hammer and hit the side of a boiler. He might as well have hit a roll of cotton batting. He looked at the boiler in surprise. Then he looked at the head of his hammer. Then he hit the boiler again, and the pale, scared look came upon his face. He glanced around cautiously. Casey was paying no attention to him. No one was. All the boiler-makers were pale and scared, and were tapping on their boilers experimentally. Pale and scared, they all went to work. They motioned and gestured to each other, just as they did when the shop was full of clangor. They were like pictures of a boiler-shop and its workers thrown on a sheet by a cinematograph—all motion and no noise.

When the day's work was ended the workers did not troop out together

as usual. They stole away one by one, and they did not go home immediately. One by one they sought their favorite doctors.

"I'm thinkin'," said Casey to his, "there do be somethin' th' matter with me ears, Doc. There be flushes av silence come over me t'-day, whilst I'm worrkin' in me shop. Would ye be testin' me ears for me?"

"Step into the operating-room here," said the doctor. "Now, let me see, what is your business?"

"I'm Casey, th' boiler-maker."

"Oh!" said the doctor, and then turned to the door, where his attendant had come. "A man? Well, have him wait. What is his trouble?"

"He thinks he's going deaf," said the attendant.

The doctor took up Casey's case. He tested him in every known way. He told Casey he had ears so perfect that they were almost marvelous.

"Excuse me, Doctor," said the attendant, looking in, "but there is another man here now."

"What is his trouble?" asked the doctor.

"He thinks he is going deaf," said the attendant.

"Tell him to come in," said the doctor, "and tell the other man to come in, and if any more men come thinking they are going deaf have them come in."

A few more did drop in soon. They were all pale and scared-looking.

"Now, men," said the doctor, when he had examined them all, "you have not a thing to worry about. Your ears are all perfect. Your cases are peculiar, but not inexplicable. I might say that they resemble the snow-blindness that is caused by too much light. You are evidently suffering from something that I may call boiler-shop deafness, caused by too much noise. The nerves of the ear are temporarily paralyzed by too many and too violent sound-waves. In order to prevent a recurrence I advise you to wear ear-muffs stuffed with cotton."

At the end of his first manufactur-

ing week Geoffrey had twenty panklaggephones completed, ready for shipment, and he went home to his young wife beaming with happiness, riding beside the driver on the high seat of a delivery truck. Behind him, in the truck, was a full-sized panklaggephone. He was taking it home. It was his wife's birthday present.

Geoffrey had had a panklaggephone in his house, but it had been the model merely, a small affair. It had been enough to prove to him that his idea was a good one, and that the panklaggephone would absorb noises, but the machine had been so small that it left much to be desired. It was strong enough to absorb the noise of a mosquito or two, and had been useful in that way, giving one perfect rest from mosquitos in the bedroom, until the mosquito really but; but Mrs. Geoffrey had been losing sleep night after night on account of the crying of her baby, and was growing pale and thin. She knew that the best thing to do was to let the baby cry itself to sleep again, but she was so nervous she could not, and Geoffrey felt that a panklaggephone in the house would be a great boon. It would not only absorb the baby's cries, but the street-noises, Mrs. Geoffrey's snores (she would sleep with her mouth open), the crowing of the neighbors' roosters in the early morning, and a lot of other unpleasant sounds.

He and the driver of the truck unloaded the panklaggephone—it was quite a large affair—and carried it into the house. They set it, temporarily, in the hall, and Geoffrey touched the button that started the absorber. As he did so he said:

"Now, dear, you will see how it works. You hear the baby crying at the top of his voice" ("I should think I did," said Mrs. Geoffrey) "and all I do is touch this button——"

Geoffrey touched the button. The baby cried louder than before, and his voice was quite as apparent. A frown gathered on Geoffrey's brow.

"That's funny," he said. He pushed

the button again and again. The panklaggephone would not absorb. "That's very funny," said Geoffrey.

"Well, never mind just now," said Mrs. Geoffrey. "Here is a telegram that came to the house just a few minutes ago. I opened it. And you must come to your dinner right away if you are to catch the train."

The telegram was from Geoffrey's agent in Chicago. He wired that he hoped to close a contract for one hundred panklaggephones, but thought Geoffrey himself should be on the spot.

Geoffrey hurried through his dinner and ran to catch the train, and the last thing he said, before he went, was that he would fix the panklaggephone when he got home Monday. He supposed there was something wrong with the mechanism. He did not know that the panklaggephone had absorbed up to its full capacity.

The home of the Geoffreys was in a very refined and quiet section of the town; a section so quiet that, after ten o'clock at night, the steps of the police offices could be heard for several blocks, and when Mrs. Geoffrey went to her dining-room that night at one o'clock to see if she had really forgotten to lock the windows, she was greatly pleased to hear the steps of the policeman on the street before the house. It made her feel much safer. She was always a little nervous when Geoffrey was away.

The moment she reached the top of the stairs she paused, listening. From below, somewhere, she heard the sound of a heavy truck jolting over a stone-paved street. The sound seemed to come from the front hall, as if the truck were being driven about the hall itself. Mrs. Geoffrey turned pale, and a scared look settled upon her face. She could hear the heavy breathing of the horses, the crack of the whip, and the creaking of the harness. Then, suddenly, from the hall, came two wild Irish yells, and instantly a boiler-shop burst into full voice. Her ears were deafened by the clangor of metal against metal, of hammer

against boiler-plate, a wild hurricane of noise, terrific, unbelievable, stunning. Mrs. Geoffrey put her two hands straight out in front of her and fainted backward with a thud that was lost in the racket.

The panklaggephone was unloading the boiler-shop.

The house shook with the noise, the windows rattled. It was a rude shock to that refined and quiet neighborhood, and the policeman dashed up the steps and kicked in the front door. He stopped, stunned. To the best of his knowledge and belief there were forty-one boiler-makers busily making boilers in that house. There was noise everywhere—it did not seem to come from any one spot. The house was all noise. He dashed upstairs, and tripped over Mrs. Geoffrey—not another soul but the baby. He dashed to the garret—not a soul. He dashed down to the first floor—not a soul. Not a soul in the cellar! No one in the house but a fainted woman and a baby. And the racket of forty-one strenuous boilermakers pounding on iron with steel hammers! The policeman yelled once and ran.

All up and down the street windows opened and heads were put out. People came forth dressed in nothing much with a spare sheet over it. The fire department came on the run, and so did the police reserves. Police reserves are useful in keeping people away from places, but there is not much a fire department can do in putting out noises, but it did what it could. It worked on the principle that the noise was coming out of Geoffrey's house, and that if there was no house the noise could not come out of it, so they did what they could to do away with the house. They were pretty successful. A fire department can do a great deal when it tries. Of course there were some pieces of plaster here and there that would not come off the walls easily, but when they turned the hose on them they began to weaken, and they would have had them all off had a stream of water not brought Mrs. Geoffrey to herself.

Pat Casey himself helped carry the panklaggephone out of the house when she had explained that the noise probably came from that.

When Geoffrey reached his office Monday noon he found Casey awaiting him.

"Good day t' ye," said Casey. "Ye're Mister Geoffrey, I'm thinkin'?"

"I am," said Geoffrey.

"Casey's me name," said Casey. "I'm th' man what runs th' boiler-shop that meks th' noise thim machines av your'n has been absorbin'."

"Now, Mr. Casey," said Geoffrey firmly. "I am very busy to-day. I have been away, and I have come home to find my house a wreck. I am willing to do what is right in the matter, but I really cannot take the time to go over it to-day. If the absorption of your noise by my machines has caused you any loss my company will pay for it, but——"

"'Twas not that I was thinkin' av," said Casey. "I was wonderin' what wan av thim pank—thim pank——"

"Panklaggephones?" said Geoffrey.

"Yis; wan iv thim. I was wonderin' what th' cost might be?"

"Certainly," said Geoffrey. "Such a machine should be of the greatest use in a boiler-shop, particularly if this crusade against noise—Now, we will guarantee to supply one that has not absorbed any noise."

"Well, 'twas not wan av th' absorbin' kind I was thinkin' av," said Casey. "I mek out very well at th' boiler-shop; very well. But there do be some toimes whin me ould woman has th' gift o' speech, an' th' house do be anythin' but peaceful an' quiet, an' I'm a man that loikes quiet, Mister Geoffrey. I was after hearin' th' pank—th' machine goin' off at yer house th' other night, Mr. Geoffrey, an' I would loike t' have wan av thim loaded up with a boiler-shop t' take home. 'Twould be restful, loike, t' turn awn whin th' ould woman breaks loose."



MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Benjamin Prince, Merchant Senator

WHAT shall be done with the Senate? Shall it be abolished or shall it be reformed? While the country, the press and Parliament itself debate these momentous questions, hoary Senators shuffle off this mortal coil and new ones must perforce be chosen to fill their places. When Parliament assembles next month, among the ranks of the Dominion Senators will be found for the first time, the Hon. Benjamin Prince, Senator for the Battleford District, a virile westerner, whose training as a business man should make itself felt for good in the Senate Chamber. A native of Three Rivers, Quebec, Senator Prince went to Manitoba in 1878 and in the following year moved onward to Battleford, where he has ever since resided. He first engaged for three years in farm-

ing and ranching, and then, in company with A. McDonald, now a Winnipeg wholesaler, erected and ran flour and saw mills on the banks of the Saskatchewan. Cattle shipping also claimed his attention for a lengthy period. In 1899, in partnership with his brother, J. A. Prince, as Prince Bros., he purchased the general business of Mr. McDonald, in Battleford, and this business is still being carried on by them. In 1898 Senator Prince was elected to represent in the Territorial Legislature the District of Battleford, which was then one of the largest constituencies in the Dominion, and in this capacity he served for two terms. Since that time he has thrice been elected mayor of Battleford, and as well has held the position of president of the Board of Trade



HON. B. PRINCE

SASKATCHEWAN'S NEW MERCHANT SENATOR

continuously since its organization. He has played no unimportant part in the development of the district, which can lay claim to being one of the experimental stations of agricul-

ture in the great west. He brought the first threshing machine there and so made possible grain-growing on a more extensive scale. This is but one of his progressive moves.

Sir James M. LeMoine, Veteran Litterateur

THOUGH Professor Goldwin Smith is two years the senior of Sir James Le Moine, the latter's Canadian birth entitles him to be called the Nestor

of Canadian writers. The knightly scholar of Quebec,—the sage of Spencer Grange—is now in his eighty-fourth year and can look back on a

long and honored life, well and profitably spent. Born in the City of Quebec, Sir James spent his early years at the seigneurial home of his Scotch grandfather at Isle aux Grues, where he imbibed many a valuable Scotch teaching of self-reliance and industry. On his father's side his ancestry is traceable to old France, so that Sir James can thus claim double racial origin. He studied for the law and practised that profession for many years, devoting his spare time to historic research and ornithology. In recognition of his services to Canadian literature, he was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1897.

Spencer Grange, the home of Sir James, adjoins the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, Spencer Wood. It is an interesting old house and is in reality a private museum of great value. Here have been gathered together all manner of curios. Every wall tells of the reputation of



J. M. LEMOINE, KT
A GRAND OLD MAN OF LETTERS



SPENCER GRANGE
RESIDENCE OF SIR JAMES LEMOINE

the owner as an ornithologist. Historic curios, such as Sir Isaac Brock's cane, the key of the old St. Louis Gate, ancient French cannon, claymores and bayonets, fill the house and grounds.

An event, savoring of old times and old customs, used to take place annually in the month of September, at Spencer Grange. It was the festival of the grapes, which was observed for forty years. After partaking of the luscious Royal Muscadine, Black Hamburg and Frontignan grapes from the vineyard of the Grange, the drinking of toasts to the visiting friends took place. Many of the most famous men of Canada and other lands have foregathered under the grape arbors of Spencer Grange on these historical occasions and the only regret is that the age of the distinguished has prevented their being held in more recent years.

And what has been his literary service to Canada? The scope of his work has been exceptionally wide. When, on Coronation Day, Sir James was presented by his friends with an oil portrait of himself, the address that accompanied the work of art contained an admirable epitome of his life work in the broad domains of literature and science. In "Quebec, Past and Present," and in "Picturesque Quebec," the stirring and romantic history of the old fortress city is fascinatingly set forth, and in the better known series under the title of "Maple Leaves," the succession of volumes contains a rich store of the folk lore, traditions and customs of French Canada. In the gathering of his material in his earlier days, Sir James thoroughly explored his native province, and the delightful chapters over the pen-name of Jonathan Oldbuck, are the record of these trips by sea and land.



WHITELAW REID

Whitelaw Reid, Ideal Ambassador

WHITELAW REID, proprietor of the New York Tribune, and Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, since 1905, has so ably fulfilled the duties, both state and social, of the United States Embassy in London, that he is to continue to represent his country in England for some time to come. It requires a man of means, as well as of brains, to occupy the post so admirably held by Mr. Reid, and one contributory cause of his success has been his ability to entertain lavishly. Mr. Reid celebrates this month his seventy-second birthday, and from the elevation of these many years he can look back over a life filled with activity and accomplishment. A native of the same state as his President, Mr. Reid started his career as so many other notables have done in the humble position of country school teacher. Then, like many another rising man, he drifted into journalism, that profession of oppor-

tunity, and in it he made good to such an extent that he rose to the position of editor-in-chief and chief proprietor of the New York Tribune by 1872. He twice declined an appointment as Ambassador to Germany, but accepted the French Ambassadorship in 1889. In 1897 he represented the United States Government at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and again in 1902 he was his country's special representative at the coronation of King Edward. Mr. Reid displays all those qualities of mind and soul which have been characteristic of his distinguished predecessors and which have made the line of American Ambassadors to England famous.

Strange to say, there is no official residence for the American Ambassador in London. There are some offices in Victoria Street that call themselves an Embassy, but, except for providing their representative with a desk, chair, pens and pencils, the Unit-

ed States Government does not take any account of his need for a bed or a roof over his head. These are lux-

uries he is expected to furnish out of his salary, which is only about \$1,500 a year.

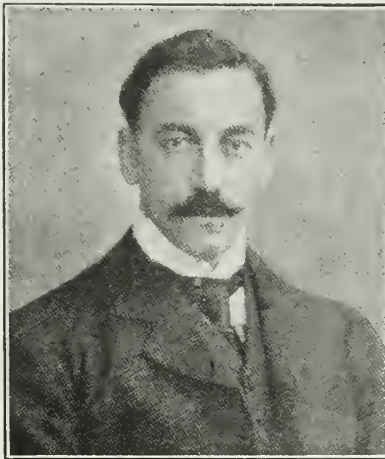
Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel, Children's Champion

THE recent appointment of Mr. Herbert Samuel to the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster has more than the usual interest attached to the advancement of a talented young man to a position of trust and honor. Mr. Samuel is in reality the first Hebrew Cabinet Minister to hold office in a British Government. It is true, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Goschen were Jews, but they were, nevertheless, Christians. Mr. Samuel is a Jew both by birth and by religion. He is a son of the late Edwin L. Samuel, who was head of the great banking firm of Samuel, Montagu & Co., and was born in 1870. He was educated at University College, London, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1902 at the early age of thirty-two years.

As Under-Secretary for the Home Department, Mr. Samuel had entire charge of the Children's Bill, which was recently passed. No more humane measure has ever been before Parliament, and certainly Parliament never saw a measure more ably handled, both in the House and in committee. It was impossible to find a flaw in the workmanship, and Mr. Samuel's skill in committee won the rare distinction of a dinner in honor of his success. The bill covers the oversight of children put out to nurse, inspection of homes, suppression of cruelty, cleansing verminous

children, no alcohol for children under five, juvenile offenders' courts, the abolition of the death penalty for children, etc.

In his enormous capacity for mastering the details of a subject, Mr. Samuel is typical of his race. The genius of the Jew is the genius for taking infinite pains. He may lack inspiration, but his power of application, his mastery of the letter, give him a knowledge that is more potent than inspiration. He gets up his subject with a thoroughness that the Englishman rarely imitates. Mr. Samuel has all the patience and the indefatigable perseverance of his race, though in most other characteristics he is the very opposite of the Oriental. To study principles, to collect facts, to wait his time, to be fully equipped when



RIGHT HON. HERBERT SAMUEL

the clock of opportunity strikes the awaited hour—that is his way.

His favorite amusement as a youth was politics, and while other boys were reading Ballantyne and Henty, he was reading Blue Books. He is to-day one of the potentialities of the liberalism of the future. His path is as defined and absolute as a geometrical line, for he is secure in his opinions and inflexible in his purpose. He and Mr. Masterman are supposed to be the coming men in the liberal party in England. Mr. Samuel represents the cool, calculating type of statesman, Mr. Masterman the inspirational.



JAMES R. KEENE

James R. Keene, Believer in Chance

JAMES R. KEENE, the eminent American financier and racing man, is a firm believer in chance, and has recently been making public some of his opinions. He would probably say that it was chance that led his father to migrate from England to California before the gold boom, thus giving the son an early opportunity to make his fortune in the gold fields. From miner to speculator was a natural step, and Mr. Keene cleared up six million dollars during the bonanza period of the seventies. Since 1877 Mr. Keene has been an operator on Wall Street, where his goddess has evidently stood faithfully by him, for he still ranks high among the financial magnates of America.

"By those who understand it," says Mr. Keene, "stock speculation is always based on proper knowledge. There can be as much knowledge acquired by industry and application respecting these matters as can be obtained in the prosecution of other businesses. There are just as many

things to know about them—and if you have studied them, I am not at all sure that there are any more chances in stock speculation than in business speculation. Take a railroad stock, for instance. You should buy it according to the conditions governing the railroad; what its earning possibilities are, the ability of the men who control it. There are all sorts of contingencies one should think about in relation to it. A person who is qualified makes a careful study of those things and he follows his judgment just as he would if he were engaging in any business. If people go into any business and do not understand it, they are not likely to succeed. They are just as likely to lose as in any stock speculation.

"Some people think they can stop speculation. Old Mrs. Partington believed in her ability to sweep back the Atlantic. She tried—she worked heroically. But she didn't succeed. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington.

"The spirit of speculation is born

with the man. Providence has impressed in his brain and heart the betting instinct. It is the one greatest of all gifts with which we are endowed. It is responsible for civilization's progress in every country of the world. Without it in our own land, population and wealth would represent but a third of what they do to-day: science and invention would be back one hundred years, and the immeasurable aid our country has given, through its wonderful development, to the teeming and half-fed population of the

older countries would still be in the womb of the future. Without speculation—call it gambling, if you wish—initiative and enterprise would cease, business decay, values decline, and the country would go back twenty years in less than one. It is the fashion now to inveigh against Wall Street and its speculations. Yet Wall Street is the brains and heart of the country, and with its wondrous speculative activities is the greatest force behind our national growth and expansion."

Hon. H. F. McLeod, Rising Statesman

THE Solicitor-General in the New Brunswick Cabinet, Hon. Harry F. McLeod, is a young man of promise, from whom easterners of the conservative persuasion hope great things. Born at Fredericton in 1871, of Loyalist descent, he was educated at the Collegiate School in that city, during the time that Dr. Parkin was headmaster. He continued his studies at the University of New Brunswick, and graduated at the early age of nineteen, being first honor man and winner of the Governor-General's gold medal for English and Philosophy. He took up the study of law in the office of the present Judge Gregory and was admitted to the bar in 1895. In every election in York County since 1891 he has taken an active part, being an aggressive campaigner. He contested the seat in 1903, but was defeated. Trying

again in 1907, he won with the largest majority ever given in the constituency. Premier Hazen, recognizing his ability, lost no time in securing his services as Solicitor-General. In addition to his interest in politics, Mr. McLeod is a loyal Orangeman, and in 1906 and 1907 was Grand Master of the association in New Brunswick. He is also a military man, having risen in ten years to the command of the 71st Battalion. It is a fair speculation that Mr. McLeod will in time enter the federal arena. The men of the east have always made themselves felt at Ottawa, and it is the usual thing for the public men of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to look forward to service at the capital. We may, therefore, expect to see so popular a man as the Solicitor-General take his place in due time, and when he does so, his friends be-



HON. H. F. McLEOD
SOLICITOR-GENERAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK

lieve that it will be in no minor position.

This reference to Mr. McLeod serves to emphasize the somewhat regrettable lack of acquaintance Canadians in general have with the public men of the various provinces. Here

is a man deserving of recognition in all parts of the Dominion, but it is safe to say that, outside his own province and the sister maritime provinces he is not as well known as he deserves to be. This is a defect which should be remedied.

Lord Kitchener's New Command

THE problem of the disposal of Lord Kitchener at the end of the tenure of his command in the East Indies has been solved. "In conformity with the wishes of His Majesty's Government" the famous general has accepted the post of Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief and High Commissioner in the Mediterranean.

The Mediterranean command was a paper invention. It was a clever idea emanation, towards the end of the year 1907, from the Directorate of Organization at the War Office. Employment, sufficiently dignified and sufficiently high-sounding, had to be found for the Duke of Connaught when he handed over the post of Inspector-General of the Forces to Sir John French. An extremely astute War Office clerk conceived the idea of the Mediterranean command. The authorities welcomed the scheme with open arms. Gibraltar, Malta, Crete,

Cyprus and Egypt were hastily scooped together (on paper) and given this fine collective title. The five stations were artistically grouped in the army list immediately following, and cleverly made to look as important as the command in the East Indies. The layman probably thought for a moment that we had conquered a new empire.

But there cannot be any doubt that the scope of the appointment which Lord Kitchener assumes will be a great deal wider. There would be nothing surprising in the creation of a post for general overseas inspection. Such an experiment would be extremely valuable, and Lord Kitchener is an admirable selection for the first holder. A general inspector and auditor, acting on behalf of the War Office for all our colonies would save the nation untold wealth and enormously increase the efficiency of colonial defence.



LORD KITCHENER'S NEW COMMAND

MAP OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SHOWING THE DISPOSITION OF BRITISH TROOP



WILLIAM WINTER

William Winter, Great Dramatic Critic

NO MORE striking proof could be desired of the authority wielded by William Winter as a dramatic critic than the wide-spread comment on his resignation of the position he has occupied so brilliantly for the last forty-four years as dramatic critic of the New York Tribune. For a generation, at least, his reputation has been bounded only by the limits of the English-speaking theatre. To all lovers of the stage his name is almost as familiar on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. Those who know him best will be the last to believe that his critical career is ended. His headquarters may be shifted, but the spirit of combat is yet strong in him and only death or disability will compel him to lay down the pen which, in his hands, is still so potent a weapon.

There is, perhaps, no man living—certainly but very few—with a more intimate and scholarly knowledge of all things pertaining to the playhouse, before or behind the curtain. He has devoted a long life-time to the observation and the study of the stage, of the men who write for it, the public that support it, the actor folk who strut their brief hour upon it, the directors who have managed or mismanaged it, and of the whole Bohemian world that revolves about it. In his capacity as critic, therefore, he has written with the fullest comprehension of the practical, æsthetic, and personal considerations which are such important factors in the theatre; and his judgments, even if his warmest admirers could not always agree with him, carried the weight univer-

sally conceded to long and varied experience, great ability, and lofty aim.

Mr. Winter was born in Gloucester, Mass., on the 15th of July, 1836, his father being an old sea captain. From his youth his inclinations were toward the literary life, and he began writing for various magazines and periodicals when he was only about sixteen years old. He attended the Harvard law school and was graduated in 1857, but never seriously attempted to practise his profession, having in early youth attracted attention by the smooth melody and tender feeling of his verse, and the description and analytical power of his miscellaneous and critical writings. Opportunity, taste, and the development of a special ability led him into a course of dramatic criticism, and in 1865, before he was thirty years old, he was appointed dramatic editor of the *Tribune*, a position in which he soon began to attract the attention of discriminating readers, who could appreciate the excellence of a fluent and polished style—at once picturesque, humorous and incisive—and a keen and well-informed critical observation.

Although it is as a critic and historian of the theatre that Mr. Winter has been best known to the general public, his fame as a writer does not rest entirely upon his theatrical essays and biographies. His books on Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, Henry Irving, and others have had a wide circulation, but much of his most attractive work is to be found in his volumes of foreign travel, such as "Shakespeare's England," "Gray Days and Gold," "Old Shrines and Ivy," etc., which are filled with descriptive passages of great, if sometimes almost too luxurious, beauty.

As a journalist he is contemporary with the elder Bennett, with Bryant, and with Greeley. He was on close terms with Dickens and Wilkie Collins, the bosom friend of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, an intimate of George William Curtis, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He has survived nearly two generations of journalistic, theatrical, and literary life, and still retains all his intellectual and much of his physical vigor.

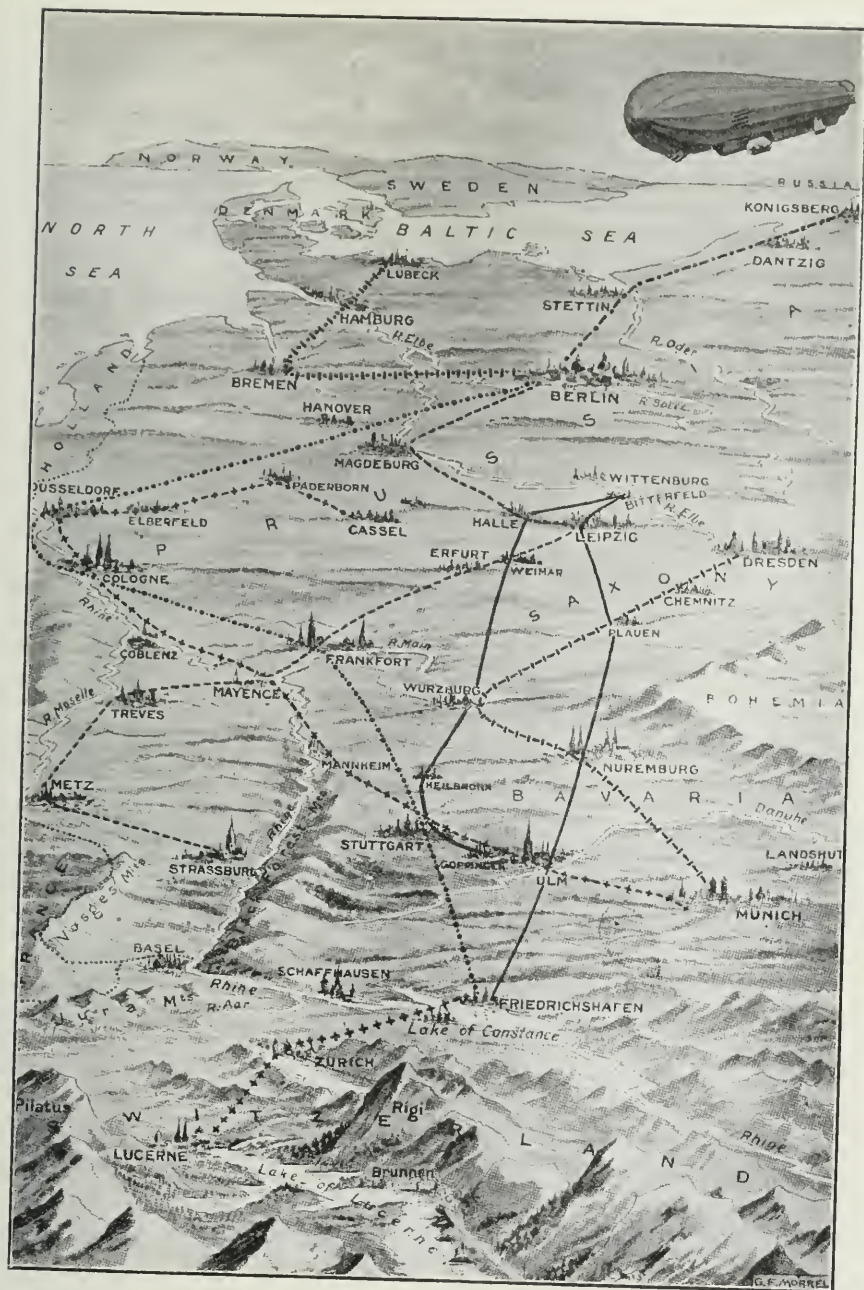
All old theatre-goers know his silver head and frail, but still active, figure, which are often the centre of a listening group between the acts. Mr. Winter is a capital story-teller, and a humorous anecdote from his lips loses none of its point. As a public speaker, especially in the after-dinner hour, he has been in request for many years. In matter and manner he is wont to be equally felicitous. His eloquence has been the chief feature of many a great dramatic feast, while he has been the accepted laureate of the stage for many years. Some of his tributes to the famous dead are wonderfully sympathetic in their plaintive melancholy. But Mr. Winter, although his poetry often sounds a sombre note, and he himself is of a reflective habit, is essentially a cheerful man. A Bacchic ode comes to him as readily as an epitaph. He laughs easily himself, and is a source of frequent mirth in others. The theatre of the future will be a dark place without the light of his countenance. It is, happily, too soon to attempt anything like a detailed review of his, as yet, incomplete work, or to discuss his exact position as a critic, but, should his retirement prove final, both the public and the theatres are likely to find it a cause for regret.

Professor Thomson, Brilliant Scientist

PERHAPS the greatest honor which could be accorded to any city came to Winnipeg in the event of the conference of the British Association

for the Advancement of Science. Delegates from the greatest centres of learning in the world assembled in the youthful prairie city to discuss

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE



COUNT ZEPPELIN'S PROPOSED AIRSHIP PASSENGER SERVICE,
WHICH, IT IS ANNOUNCED, WILL BE INAUGURATED
BY THE SPRING OF 1910

- 1.—Berlin, Stettin, Dantzig, and Königsberg.
- 2.—Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck.
- 3.—Berlin, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, and Friedrichshafen.
- 4.—Berlin, Magdeburg, Halle, Leipzig, Erfurt, Frankfurt, Mayence, Treves, Metz, and Strassburg.
- 5.—Cassel, Paderborn, Elberfeld, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, Mannheim, Stuttgart, Ulm, and Munich.
- 6.—Dresden, Chemnitz, Plauen, Würzburg, Nuremberg, and Munich.
- 7.—Friedrichshafen, Zurich, and Lucerne.
- 8.—Shows the route followed by "Zeppelin II." on its famous thirty-eight hour flight last Whitsun.

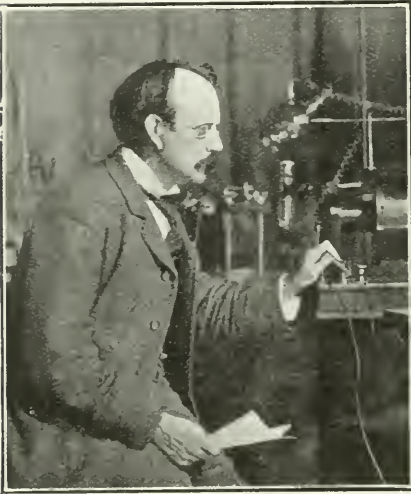
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questions which were vital to the scientific world. It was remarked on several occasions, and particularly by Lord Strathcona, who was a guest in the city at the time of the conference, that Winnipeg, in doing honor to men of learning, was taking the next essential step to place her in point of importance among the greatest cities in the world. As a commercial and industrial centre the city is well recognized, but when with audacious modesty she pays her tribute to leaders

experimental physics has for years been world-famed.

Professor Thomson became Cavendish professor in 1884, after this celebrated chair had been filled successively by Clerk Maxwell, and Lord Rayleigh, both of them eminent physicists. He is known both as "The Man of Ion," and as the man "who split the atom." The professor's labors have contributed perhaps more towards establishing physics and chemistry on a new basis than those of any other inquirer. When radium was discovered by Madame Curie and her ill-fated husband, Professor Thomson's theories received remarkable support. The Beta rays of radium were found to be composed of electrons, having a mass apparently greater than that of the slower radium electrons. Professor Thomson calculated the mass which ought to correspond to the different velocities on the assumption that the mass of the electrons was entirely of this electrical nature, and the observed values agreed with the calculated ones with an accuracy quite surpassing.

His enthusiasm is infectious and his unbounded energy impresses all who come into contact with him. He lectures to his advanced class, making scientific history as he goes; he lectures to his elementary class on the properties of matter, giving it a liberal education. He does the thinking for his own researches and is always ready to do some more for the twenty or thirty men whose work he supervises; yet, in spite of it all, he has more time for other interests than most men. How he does it is a mystery. When he sleeps, or, indeed, whether he ever does sleep, his students cannot say, but the fact remains that in recent fiction, in the drama, in sport, and in politics, he is abreast of the times and ready to be entertaining or entertained on one or other of these topics.



PROF. SIR JOSEPH JOHN THOMSON, F.R.S.

—From the Graphic

in the world's thought from such renowned centres as Cambridge, Oxford, Leipzig, or even Harvard and Yale, she formally enters into sympathy with a feature of the world's life quite new to her.

To Professor Sir Joseph John Thomson, F.R.S., the president for 1908-1909, of the British Association, every Canadian may well do homage. When the announcement was made in 1908 that he had been elected president, it was received everywhere with satisfaction, for his research work in



A LIVING ROOM FIFTEEN BY THIRTY FEET ILLUMINATED BY CONCEALED LIGHTS

Concealing Lights to Save Eyes

By DANIEL HIRCHELL

From Technical World Magazine

THERE is a biblical injunction against hiding our "light under a bushel." Yet it is probable that in a short time nearly every one who has gas or electricity for lighting will be literally covering the source of light with a metal shade that looks very much like a small bushel measure. For several years, lighting experts and more particularly specialists in eye troubles have decried the evil effects upon the eye of the direct rays from our modern brilliant light sources. This has been made more evident by the introduction and general use of the new high candle-power metallic filament incandescent lamps. There have, therefore, been many attempts to devise a method of interior

illumination by which the rays are reflected once at least before reaching the eye.

There is a considerable number of installations in which this "indirect illumination" is applied in different ways, the most successful heretofore being that in which the light is hidden behind brackets around the edge of the room and reflected towards the ceiling. It has been very limited in application owing to the loss, or absorption, of light by the reflecting surfaces, but where the expense is not considered, very pleasing results were produced. Recent developments have been made that probably mark an epoch in interior lighting and will make indirect illumination a very gen-



A TASTEFULLY ARRANGED ROOM ILLUMINATED BY THE NEW SYSTEM OF CONCEALED LIGHTS

eral system. In order to make this method commercially available, that is, bring it within the reach of the man of ordinary means, two things were necessary. First, a light of high candle-power at low cost. Second, a reflecting surface that would give the first reflection of light upward without material loss.

Where it was used the necessary candle-power and economy are found in using the higher grade incandescent mantles. During the past year a new type of electric lamp having its filament made of the rare metal, tungsten, has been put on the market, and where electricity is used it proves an ideal source of light for this system. It is an interesting fact that the introduction of the tungsten lamp which made indirect lighting almost a necessity is one of the factors that made it possible. With this lamp the same amount of electric energy will produce about three times the light that would be produced by the old style carbon filament lamp. Electrical energy is mea-

sured in watts, a watt representing 1-746 part of a horse-power. It takes about $3\frac{1}{2}$ watts of energy to produce one candle-power of light with the carbon lamp. With the tungsten lamp it requires about $1\frac{1}{4}$ watts to produce a candle-power. Consequently, for the same expenditure for current for lighting we can get three times as much light with the tungsten lamp as with the carbon lamp, and can thus economically use a brighter light and have it reflected before reaching the eye.

The reflecting surface of the reflector surrounding the lamp or mantle offers no difficulties, that problem having been solved already after many years of struggle and experiment, and marketed for several years under a somewhat misleading trade name. Reflectors of this type consist of a single piece of blown glass coated on the outside with pure silver, and giving a reflection of remarkably high efficiency. The silvering is protected on the outside by coats of elastic enamel.

CONCEALING LIGHTS TO SAVE EYES



A BED-CHAMBER IN WHICH THE CONCEALED LIGHTS ARE USED

Much greater efficiency and durability is claimed by the maker than is obtained by ordinary mirror coatings. The reflector used has, of course, a vital influence on the results in the long run. The necessity for efficiency and durability is evident. It is equally important that the reflector be capable of being molded so as to be uniform and correct in design and compact in form, and to permit of easy and thorough cleaning.

The design or shape of the reflector also has an important bearing on the efficiency and on the effect produced in the room. The correct shape of this inverted reflector for throwing the rays of light to the ceiling without shadows, as adopted, has been the result of considerable calculation and experiment. The perfected design is of a bell shape, having peculiar spiral corrugations. The exposed glass surface is fire-glazed and so is easily cleaned with a soft cloth.

The indirect lighting units worked out consist of this scientifically cor-

rect reflector, fitting in a spun brass casing. On gas fixtures this casing rests on the base of the mantle like a globe. On electric fixtures it can either be suspended by chains or supported from below, as in the case of gas fixtures. It is evident that an infinite variety of ornamental designs can be worked out embodying these units, and judging from the great interest shown, fixture manufacturers in the near future will be designing fixtures for use with this method of illumination.

These lighting units can be easily installed on gas or electric chandeliers already in use. Unless the chandelier arms are very heavy, it can be applied on any electric fixture where the sockets are pendant. The arms do not cast annoying shadows on the ceiling, since the corrugations cause the light to come from so many directions.

The fixtures should be at or near the centre of the room, though side lights can and have been used with satisfactory results. Light-colored

walls are not essential as most of the light is directed to the ceiling. The units can be arranged in a variety of ways. Only a few simple designs of fixtures embodying them are here shown. The fixtures can be installed in single units or multiples, either electric, gas or combinations of both, and it is practical to illuminate in this way, not only residences, but halls and auditoriums.

Of course, this system of illumination is not as successful with beamed ceilings or those of dark tint, but in the majority of instances the ceilings are light and the conditions favorable. There are at present many experimental instalations of this system in use among professional and business men in their residences and offices. Without exception, they are enthusiastic in its praise, and are so impressed with the eye-comfort derived from its use, that they would go back to the old system of lighting only under protest. Direct light rays from the filament of the lamp striking the eye cause much trouble and discomfort. We all know that a rough paper which partially breaks up these rays by diffuse reflection is far preferable to the glazed surface so commonly used in our magazines. The rays of light striking first the reflecting surface of the ceiling lose their injurious effect and the eye-comfort experienced by this

method is very noticeable. One is enabled to see better. While it is true that there is a loss of light, another factor enters to overbalance this. The more easily details can be seen, the more effective is the illumination. When there is a bright naked lamp in front of the eye, the pupils contract and, therefore, the eye takes in less of the light and the things that are illuminated are not seen as clearly as with less light and a wide-open pupil. Hence the fact that there may be less light with indirect illumination does not mean that we see less clearly, but on the contrary, we really see better.

The cost of instalation and maintenance does not much exceed that of the ordinary methods now in vogue. The benefits and comfort are unquestionably so far superior that to many the cost would not be a matter of consideration. A fixture of one reflector and one 100-watt tungsten lamp or a good gas mantle burner gives a beautiful illumination in a room up to fifteen feet square. This consumption makes the cost very reasonable, being at the cost of gas or electric current of from a half to one cent per hour. This is probably not more than it costs in the majority of instances to illuminate such rooms by the present methods.

Carlyle on Cash Payments

CASH payment never was, or could be (except for a few years) the union bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Indian Shorthand Writers of B.C.

By LILLIAN E. ZEB

From World To-day

PROBABLY the only tribe of real Indian shorthand writers in the world, who contribute and subscribe to the queerest newspaper now being published, are those belonging to the Kamloops and Douglass River bands living in the interior of British Columbia. Over two thousand of these natives have mastered the art, and regularly read all the news pertaining to the tribe and individuals in their curious journal, called the Kamloops Wawa. Bible, hymn and prayer-books are likewise printed in this sign language. These natives have become members of the church. The writer, recently returned from this region, obtained a series of characteristic photos, together with some interesting information in regard to these little known and remarkable Indian folks.

This extraordinary advance in Indian culture was brought about through the efforts of a French missionary, Le Jeune, sent out from Brittany a few years ago. Kamloops, the headquarters of Missionary Le Jeune, is some three hundred miles and more northeast from Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Just across the river, a few miles up from the town, is the main Indian village or rancherie. Here the natives congregate in large numbers at certain seasons, for this is the important centre of Indian life for some fifty to one hundred miles around. The occupation is princi-

pally hunting, fishing and ranching, and farming in a limited scale.

Prior to the appearance of the missionary, the fraudulent Shamans—pretenders at the curing of disease, claiming, by aid of supernatural or magic powers to be able to ward off evil spirits and prevent sickness—completely held the people in their superstitious and powerful grasp. Besides hindering their progress in religious matters, a good deal of property was squeezed from the people by their misleading influence. These so-called magical prophets fled at the coming of the French pastor, who fully exposed their tricks and false creed to the Indians.

Before Mr. Le Jeune began his educational work the tribes of this locality, living along the canons and banks of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers in British Columbia, were unable to write their language and had no written literature, although each possessed a language which had an extensive mythology, preserved by oral tradition. To-day, nearly all these different tribes, some half dozen or more, are writing letters to one another in their several languages, reading a newspaper, Bibles and songbooks, all by means of shorthand. Pastor Le Jeune found that to be successful in his mission, it would be absolutely necessary to devise a system of communication. He taught the Indians of the various tribes to write their language, and showed them a sign to represent each

sound which they uttered in pronouncing their words. The signs were simply the shorthand symbols of the Duployan phonographic system.

After working out an Indian vocabulary in his shorthand signs, containing nearly all the words commonly employed in everyday usage, the pastor in early fall, when the village was thickly populated, first showed and explained his system to one of the bright Indian boys. He took to it intuitively and set to work to decipher some Indian prayers which the pastor gave him. Before Christmas he had pretty thoroughly learned the art of writing his language, and being pleased with his rapid success, he set to work at once to instruct his friends. The new "talk language" created widespread interest and the Indians were all eager to learn it. Soon the young as well as the adult members of each habitation for miles around were engaged in practicing the new method of communication.

The glimpse into one of their homes at night where these Indians—some of whom live in wigwams made of poles covered with mats, birch bark dwellings and log cabins, and where the women still use stone implements to prepare and scrape deer skins—might be seen eagerly bent on learning shorthand, was indeed an odd and unique sight. During the first few months of their schooling it was found that as soon as a few Indians of a camp had learned to read and write shorthand, they were extremely anxious to teach the whole community. Consequently Pastor Le Jeune taught a few members of each village and left it to them to teach their neighbors. They made rather slow progress in the summer-time, owing to the fact that they were off at work, ranching and picking berries, but in the winter when they returned home they devoted whole nights to study.

and in this way made excellent progress and soon became proficient. Shorthand, he claims, is many times simpler than English orthography. The Indians now using this phonetic system for writing are some half-dozen tribes or more living along the Thompson and Fraser Rivers.

After about five hundred or more had mastered this system, it became necessary that their interest be retained by placing reading matter before them, and thus was one of the purposes of Missionary Le Jeune realized, for he wished them to be able to read the Bible as well as other religious books. His task was to provide this literature printed in the characters of the system. Not satisfied with teaching his Indian parishioners to write letters in their own language by means of short hand and to read a paper in their native tongue, he had published various part of the Bible in nine different languages spoken by the several tribes in this region, using the same method, and still is laboring on additional publications. It is in these languages that the prayers, hymns, parts of the Bible, and the church ritual have been published.

The focus of all religious and intellectual activities, and one point of pilgrimage from long distances by land and river, is the church. This structure, a white frame one, similar to those to be found in villages of eastern Canada and the United States, was built by the Indians and presented to their highly appreciated pastor. They have also made him a present of a carriage and team to enable him to make his visits to far-off villages. The church has a cheerful interior, with comfortable pews. The most striking oddity, however, to the white visitor, is the strange hymn and prayer-books, whose pages are full of the curious shorthand symbols. Mr. Le Jeune preaches in the several native dialects of the country, especially Chinook, the or-

dinary trade language used between dicerent tribes and whites throughout much of British Columbia, Alaska and the northwestern coast of the United States. On church and feast days the whole community attend services. The church is well lighted by acetylene gas, and illustrated stereopticon lectures are frequently given by the pastor.

In the rear of the church is the editorial room where Pastor Le Jeune gets up his quaint shorthand paper. This has sixteen pages about the size of the average book, devoted to church and various local information. "Wawa" is the word for talk in the Chinook jargon, hence it was chosen as a name for the Indian newspaper. It was printed on a

mimeograph for the first year, but after this he succeeded in having type made for it and getting it printed on one of the presses of the nearest city. A full page of this unique publication, here reproduced, shows the curious shorthand symbols used in the church services. Several years ago the Passion Play was enacted here by the Indians, under the direction of their pastor. They are quite proud of their performance and speak of the event with unusual pride. For a novel picture of progressive Indian life, Pastor Le Jeune's queer "Wawa" and his band of Indian shorthand writers quite overshadow all others to be met with in British Columbia.

Tire Themselves Getting Ready

WASHINGTON IRVING tells a story of a man who tried to jump over a hill. He went back so far to get his start for the great leap, and ran so hard, that he was completely exhausted when he came to the hill, and had to lie down to rest. Then he got up and walked over the hill.

A great many people exhaust themselves getting ready to do their work. They are always preparing. They spend their lives getting ready to do something which they never do.

It is an excellent thing to keep improving oneself, to keep growing; but there must be a time to begin the great work of life. I know a man who is almost forty years old, who has not yet decided what he is going to do. He has graduated from college, and taken a number of post-graduate courses—but all along general lines. He has not yet begun to specialize. This man fully believes he is going to do great things yet. I hope he may.—*Success Magazine*.

The Ship of Silence

A Tale of the New Canadian Navy

By

PERCIVAL LANCASTER

IT IS not a pleasant situation to find oneself alone, in a little fishing dory, not more than ten feet long, twenty miles from the Newfoundland coast, with a heavy sea running, at five o'clock of a cold September morning. Yet in just such an one did John M'Cann, master of the fishing trawler "Bonaventure" find himself upon a certain September morning of the year of grace, 1915.

An hour previously, from the deck of the trawler, he had descried a low, flat object floating upon the heaving surface of the water, which had appeared to him to resemble a raft with a human body lashed upon it, and he had forthwith jumped into the dory and pulled away toward the object in order to investigate matters.

The sea proved to be rougher than he had imagined and a twenty minutes' pull lengthened out into an hour before he came alongside the piece of flotsam which he found, upon investigation, to be, not a raft, but a hen-coop containing a number of dead fowl which had evidently been washed off the deck of some passing ship. Deeply chagrined that he had had his long and arduous pull for nothing, M'Cann, noticing that the sea was becoming dangerously rough, pulled his boat's head round and began to look for the trawler, the safety of whose decks he was becoming increasingly anxious to regain.

But, peer as he might through the grey mists of dawn, he could see

nothing of the "Bonaventure," and, with a thrill of the keenest anxiety, John discovered that the mist which surrounded him was becoming denser, that it was, in fact, developing into one of those thick fogs which, upon the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, sweep down and envelop the mariner without the slightest warning.

"By the powers!" ejaculated M'Cann, whitening a little under his bronze, "I must get back to the ship without delay. It's no joke to be lost in a fog, in a small boat, twenty miles from land, with a constantly increasing sea like this, too. Hallo, there!" he bawled at the top of his voice, "Trawler ahoy; whereabouts are you?"

But, although he knew that his voice would carry to a great distance through the fog, M'Cann listened in vain for any reply from the "Bonaventure," and it began to be borne in upon him that he was in a very nasty predicament indeed. The trawler had evidently drifted away from him pretty rapidly during his pull toward the supposed raft, and, although she would, no doubt, be well within sight if the fog were only to disperse, she was most certainly out of shouting distance from the unfortunate man in the rowing-boat.

The skipper, however, was not a man to be easily discouraged, and he rapidly calculated how the "raft" had been lying when he left the trawler, and then, turning his boat's head in

the direction in which he guessed the "Bonaventure" must then be lying, commenced to pull, with long, vigorous strokes, across the rapidly-rising sea, the crests of whose waves were already beginning to wash into the little dory, threatening every moment to swamp her.

For ten long minutes M'Cann tugged at the oars, until, even on that raw, cold morning, the sweat streamed down his face; then, rising stiffly to his feet, raised his hands to his mouth, funnelwise, and shouted with all his might into the fog.

There was no reply. No sound save the hissing of the sea broke upon the skipper's ears. Once more he shouted, despairingly this time; and this time he fancied, to his delight, that a reply came over the water, but from a great distance and from a different direction to that in which he was pulling. Sitting down in the dory, M'Cann turned his boat's head in the direction from which the sound had appeared to come, and commenced rowing with all his might, hoping very soon to see the shape of the trawler looming dimly over his shoulder; but long minute after long minute went by without M'Cann observing any signs of her, and once more he stopped pulling, and hailed the invisible ship until it seemed as though his lungs must burst with the effort.

This time there was no reply at all. Only the waves hissed and curled round the boat, looking, to M'Cann's fevered imagination, like beasts waiting for the strength to die out of their prey. Then the man began to realize fully the utter hopelessness of his position and he shouted, shouted, shouted, until his throat was raw and he himself could scarcely hear the sound of his own voice, which had degenerated into a husky whisper. Despair took hold of him and he bowed his head between his hands, praying that death might come quickly and save him the pain of lingering for hours, perhaps for a whole day, waiting for the coming of the inevitable.

In this position the wretched man

remained for perhaps an hour, expecting every moment that his frail shallop would be overwhelmed, and then he suddenly looked up with the feeling strong upon him that something—he knew not what—was close beside him. Listening intently, he made out a sound as though the sea were washing against the face of some large rock, or against the sides of a ship; and, knowing well that there were no rocks in the vicinity, his heart bounded with hope at the thought that he might, in a few minutes, be treading again the good, solid decks of a large ship instead of the flimsy bottom-boards of a frail rowing-boat.

"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" he shouted once more, facing in the direction of the sound; but still no reply came to his frenzied hails. Yet the strange sound of water washing against some large solid substance still rang in his ears, and M'Cann knew that there must be some big vessel close at hand, although he seemed unable to attract the attention of those on board her.

"Confound them!" he growled, "are they all asleep aboard there? Is a man to perish because the watch in deck—Hallo, there, the ship ahoy!" he vociferated once again, as his straining ears caught the sound of iron clashing against iron; "heave to, will ye?"

Still there was no reply, no sound of human voices, and, with another anathema at the carelessness of those on board, M'Cann seized his oars and rowed madly through the mist toward the invisible ship, looking eagerly over his shoulder the while.

Then, suddenly, she loomed up through the mist, and M'Cann was obliged to twist his boat round hurriedly to avoid running into her.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "what is this—what sort of a ship is she? Steamer, without a doubt; built of iron—or steel, and—by all the powers, she's a warship; and a large one at that. What'll she be doing away out here? What country can she belong to? I know all the ships of the new Canadian navy, but I'll swear that

there are none of them so large as this vessel. Why, she must be of seven or eight thousand tons displacement, standing out of the water like the side of a house. And not a soul about her decks. Well, if this doesn't beat creation, I'm a Dutchman."

Here the crest of a sea washed, hissing, into the little dory, putting an end to M'Cann's astonished soliloquy, and proving to him that, unless he could speedily get on board the enormous steel warship, he would find a watery grave in the depths of the North Atlantic.

But how to climb those steep sides? That was the question. There were certainly guns projecting from her sides, like bristles from the back of an angry porcupine, but the lowest of them proved to be more than fifteen feet above the level of the sea, and her smooth steel sides offered not the slightest projection whereby a man might reach her decks.

"By Jove!" suddenly muttered the seaman, "the ship's engines are not moving; she is hove to for some reason or other. Now, if I can only reach her stern, I shall perhaps be able to grasp her stern-gallery and haul myself up into that, after which the rest will be easy. Lucky for me her screws are not working, or I should be unable to try the gallery."

So saying, M'Cann once more seized the oars and, with a few rapid strokes, propelled himself along the ship's side until he came to her counter, when he perceived, to his great relief, that the gallery was placed so low that, by standing up in the boat, and waiting until she was on the crest of a wave he would be able to reach up, and, by grasping the railing, haul himself up into safety.

Carefully watching his opportunity, therefore, the skipper stood up; and, as the foaming crest of a wave washed his boat heavenwards, sprang with all his might for the railing, which he fortunately succeeded in grasping. A moment later he had climbed over the rail and stood in safety, looking down at his own dory which was rapidly

settling down below the surface of the water.

"A narrow escape, that!" observed M'Cann, wiping the sweat from his forehead; "I don't know that I've ever had a narrower. But I'm safe at last, thank heaven, and the next thing is to find out all about this queer, silent ship the crew of which seem to be asleep."

With these words the fisherman laid his hand on the handle of the door leading from the gallery to the captain's cabin, and, opening it, walked inside, closing the door carefully behind him. There was somebody in the room, seated at a table in the far corner of the cabin, apparently busily writing; so, taking off his water-soaked hat, M'Cann walked a few steps forward and, clearing his throat, observed in his deep tones: "Good morning, sir. I have taken the liberty of coming aboard by way of your stern-gallery, because I could not attract the attention of anybody on deck."

To his astonishment, however, the figure did not move, nor did it vouchsafe any reply; although now that his eyes were more accustomed to the semi-darkness of the cabin, M'Cann could see that it was the captain whom he was addressing, because of the epaulettes on his shoulder and the broad gold bands upon his cuff. Clearing his throat once more he was about to address the figure again when his attention was attracted by a certain strange rigidity and lack of movement in the form, and a sudden fear gripped his heart.

"Great powers!" he exclaimed: "a tragedy has taken place here; the man is dead! I must go at once and summon assistance."

Rushing from the cabin, M'Cann hastened along the main deck in search of somebody to whom he could tell the news; but, to his utter bewilderment, the place seemed to be deserted. It was the strangest affair, this, that he had ever heard of. A ship—a warship, hove to, with nobody on deck, the skipper dead in his

THE SHIP OF SILENCE.

cabin, and the lower decks deserted! M'Cann did not know what to make of it and fear, cold, creeping fear, began to steal over him at the mystery and horror of his surroundings.

Then, suddenly, he emerged upon the mess deck and, there before him, lay the solution of the mystery. The mess tables were laid and the ship's crew sat before them intent upon their meal. But, strange to say, not a man looked up as the skipper of the trawler rushed unceremoniously into the flat.

"I say," shouted M'Cann to this silent company; "your captain sits in his cabin, dead. Where can I find the first lieutenant and the surgeon?"

Not a sound came in reply from the men gathered there, and once more M'Cann repeated his question, thinking that he had not spoken loudly enough; but again there was no reply from the ranks of the seamen.

With his hair bristling upon his scalp from a fear to which he, as yet, hardly dared give a name, M'Cann crept forward and timidly touched one of the sailors on the hand; starting back in horror immediately afterward, for the hand was cold as ice and rigid as that of a wax figure.

"Dead! dead! all dead!" shrieked M'Cann, wildly. "I see it all now. Some dreadful disease has seized this ship's crew, smiting them with the hand of death where they sat. Oh, it is horrible, horrible! This ship is a ship of the dead. Would to heaven I had stayed in my boat and gone down in her, for this is enough to drive any man out of his mind. Poor fellows! poor fellows! what an awful fate! Struck down in a moment while they were at their meal. What on earth can the disease be that falls upon men so suddenly, and cuts them off before they have time—"

A terrific explosion, a blinding flash of light, a concussion that hurled him, half blinded and stunned against the bulkhead, interrupted the flow of M'Cann's thoughts; and, as he slowly and painfully staggered to his feet, with hands outstretched be-

fore him, there came to his ears the distant thunder of a heavy gun.

"What's happening now?" shrieked the unhappy man, rushing forward, panic-stricken; "another warship firing at us! What on earth can be the meaning of it all? This is ghastly—it is not natural—a strange ironclad, peopled with dead, being fired into by another ship; one of our own Canadian cruisers, by the sound of her guns. I wish to heaven I had never set eyes on this ship of horror."

Here another appalling explosion rent the air and, looking round, M'Cann saw that a shell had burst right upon the very spot where he had been standing a few seconds previously, blowing away half of one of the mess tables and sending the limbs and parts of the bodies of the dead sailors hurtling in all directions.

Again and again the shells struck the ironclad, making her quiver from stem to stern, while the air seemed to vibrate with the concussion of the bursting missiles and to be full of blinding flashes of light. Fragments of iron and steel whistled past M'Cann's ears, causing him to crouch down upon the rent and dismantled decks which were now covered with debris; and it seemed to him as though the end of all things was at hand. Never had he dreamed of such a horror as this, never could he have believed that such things could happen, and the unhappy man's brain reeled until reason herself trembled in the balance.

Then, suddenly, the end came. A more dreadful explosion than any which had gone before roared in M'Cann's ears, and, simultaneously he felt himself struck upon the head by something heavy. A deathly sickness stole over him, he felt something warm and sticky trickling down his neck, and, a moment later, his senses left him and he lapsed into oblivion.

When he next opened his eyes he found himself lying on his back on the deck of another, smaller ship, looking into the kindly face of a little, stout, clean-shaven man in the

uniform of a captain in the Canadian navy.

"Well, my man," said the latter, smiling, "how do you feel now? You've had a pretty narrow escape, let me tell you. What on earth were you doing aboard that ship?"

"I feel all right now," answered M'Cann, endeavoring to sit up, and failing in the attempt; "only my head's humming like a spinning-top." He then went on to describe the circumstances which had led to his getting aboard of that ship of silence; concluding by asking the captain what horror it was from which he had so opportunely been rescued.

"There was no horror at all about it," replied the Canadian officer, laughing. "Your nerves had been a bit upset by your narrow escape from drowning, I suppose, or else you would hardly have failed to notice that your 'dead' men were not dead at all—never having been alive—but were merely dummies."

"*Dummies!*" returned the perplexed M'Cann; "what in thunder were dummies doing aboard an ironclad?"

"The dummies were doing nothing," replied the skipper. "Things were being done to *them*. That ship you were on board, sir, was *nothing less than a target ship*. The Dominion Government was anxious to experiment with the guns of the new navy which Canada has just built for herself; and for that purpose the old English battleship "Rodney" was purchased and fitted up with guns and dummy figures. The idea was to find out, from actual experience, the results of modern shell-fire upon a ship, and she was, therefore, allowed to drift about out yonder while five of our cruisers hammered at her for an hour. You must have climbed

aboard only a few minutes before the fog lifted, or else you would have noticed this ship and her consorts and guessed what was to take place. As it was, you must have only just got below when the mist rose, disclosing to us our target; and as we were quite ready to commence firing—why, we did so forthwith, being, of course, unaware that there was any living soul on board the "Rodney." Then, when the practice was over, and the party was sent to report upon the results of the gunnery, your insensible body was found—much to the astonishment of my men, and brought on board this ship, the 'Ottawa.' You've had, as I said before, a very narrow escape, Mr. M'Cann; and I rather imagine that, in future, you will be chary of boarding any of His Majesty's ships without first receiving a written invitation. We shall be in Halifax this afternoon," he continued, still smiling, "when you will be put ashore safe—if not altogether sound—and from that place you will, no doubt, be able to make your way to your own home."

"Mr. Dupont," he went on, turning to the first lieutenant, "take this gentleman down below to the ward room and give him a big drink of whisky; I think his nerves are slightly in need of a little stimulant at the present moment. Good morning, Mr. M'Cann," he concluded; and, going forward, he climbed up on the navigation bridge and stood looking at the land which was already showing like a cloud upon the edge of the horizon; while M'Cann, with tottering footsteps, and leaning upon the arm of the first lieutenant, went below to obtain that refreshment of which, there could be no doubt, he stood very sadly in need.





WITH THE ALPINE CLUB AROUND THE CAMP FIRE IN PARADISE VALLEY

The Alpine Club of Canada

By

FRANK YEIGH.

ONE of the newest national organizations of the Dominion is the Alpine Club of Canada.

It was felt by many lovers of the mountains that the time had come to establish such a club. The first suggestion was, however, to form a Canadian branch of the American Alpine Club, and circulars of enquiry were sent out to prospective members, soliciting their opinions as to this latter proposition. The response was so overwhelmingly in favor of creating a purely Canadian organization that it was brought to pass, in March of 1906. Though only three and a half years old, the club to-day has a membership rapidly nearing the five-hundred mark, with excellent prospects

for a steady advance beyond that creditable number.

Credit for the original idea must, however, be given to Sir Sandford Fleming, and what really is the birth of the Canadian Alpine Club is recorded by Dr. Fleming in the Canadian Alpine Journal of 1907, in which, describing the discovery and survey of the Rogers Pass in 1883, he records:

"A party had been detailed to cut out a trail westward, which we are to follow as far as it is made passable. Beyond that point our party will be the first to pass across the Selkirk range from its eastern base on the upper Columbia to the second crossing of that river. The horses are still



A REST ON THE WAY UP ABERDEEN

feeding, and we have some time at our command. As we view the landscape we feel as if some memorial should be preserved of our visit here, and we organize a Canadian Alpine Club. The writer, as a grandfather, is appointed interim president. Dr. Grant,

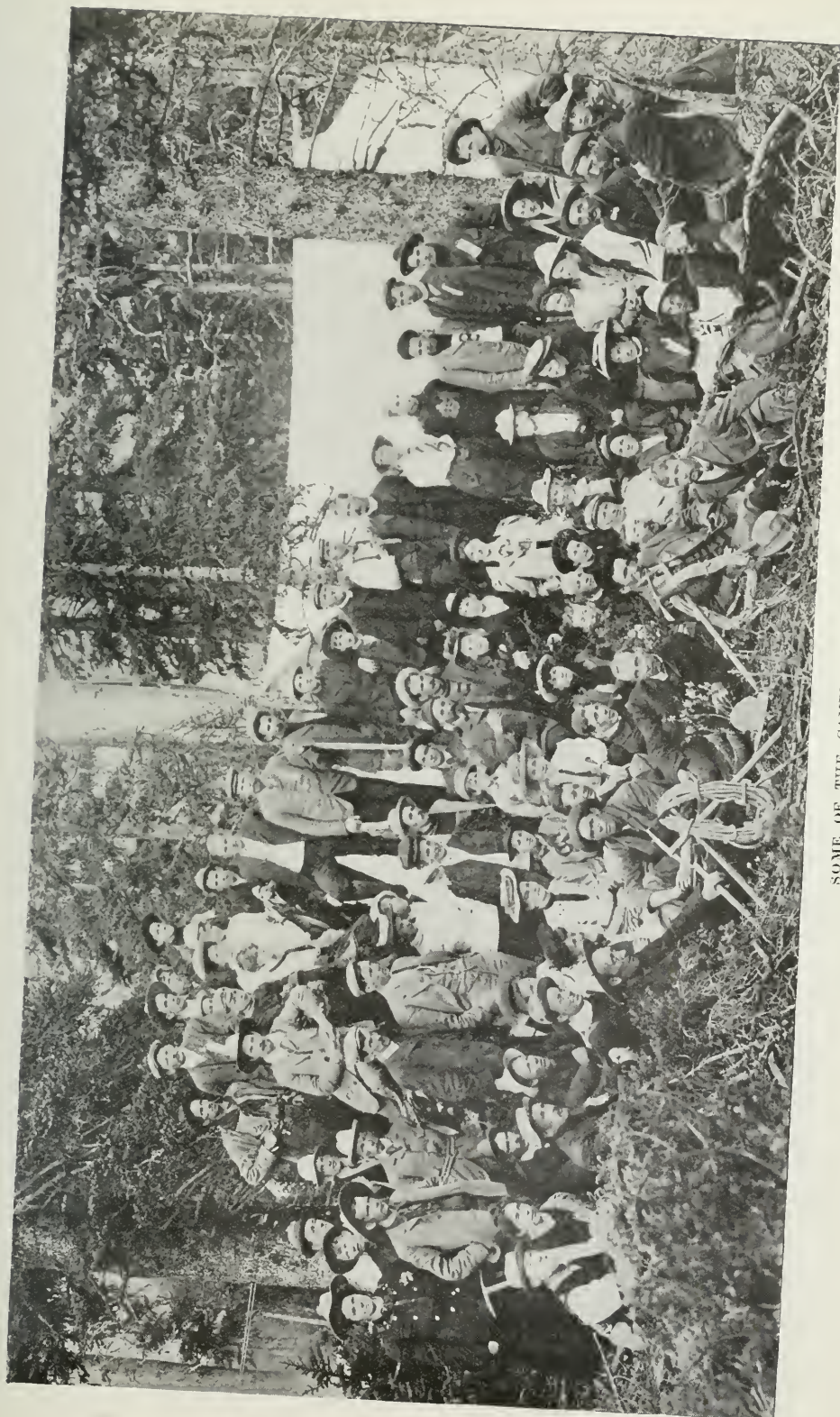
secretary, and my son, S. H. Fleming, treasurer. A meeting is held, and we turn to one of the springs rippling down to the Illecillewaet and drink success to the organization. Unanimously we carry resolutions of acknowledgement to Major Rogers, the discoverer of the pass, and to his nephew, for assisting him."

Nothing further was done, however, until the action above indicated was taken in 1906. The objects of the club are, briefly stated: (1) the promotion of scientific study and the exploration of Canadian alpine and glacial regions; (2) the cultivation of art in relation to mountain scenery; (3) the education of Canadians to an appreciation of their mountain heritage; (4) the encouragement of the mountain craft and the opening of new regions as a national playground; (5) the preservation of the natural beauties of the mountain places and of the fauna and flora in their habitat; (6) and the interchange of ideas with other Alpine organizations.

It is quite erroneous, therefore, to suppose that the members include a certain number of people who are afflicted with mountain-climbing mania, and to whom it is merely a sport or



A PIECE OF ROCK WORK ON MOUNT
VICE-PRESIDENT



SOME OF THE CAMPERS OF 1907



ASCENDING A STEEP SNOW SLOPE

a pastime. While this is involved—for a more glorious sport or a more exhilarating pastime the world cannot provide—that may be said to be the least of the advantages. The paramount idea in the minds of those who originated the club was to reveal to the Canadian people the wonderful heritage which is given them in their western mountain world—a region of hills so vast that it would swallow up twenty-five Switzerlands, and still leave a wide margin. No country, in fact, possesses such an Al-

pine region. To some it may be only a barren sea of snow crowned summits, so many Nature obstacles to be overcome, so many mountain ranges to be marked on a topographical map. Those who see this and nothing more in God's eternal hills are to be pitied for their blindness. The response, however, that followed the formation of the club was a pleasant surprise to those interested. The supposed Canadian indifference to the possession of such a vast playground was not as marked as was thought, but while this is the fact, there yet remains much pioneering work to be done before the country fully awakens to a sense of its great asset.



HARD WALKING IN SOFT SNOW

The Alpine Club of Canada encourages life amid and among the mountains. It seeks to stimulate mountain climbing as a pastime that demands qualities of mind and muscle that are worthy of being developed. To hit the trail among Rockies or Selkirks, to live a few delectable days among the perfumed forests, to strike camp on the upper heights and then to climb, and climb and climb until the highest peaks are conquered and one is able to stand on the roof of the world—all this is richly worth while



GLISSADING DOWN MOUNT ABERDEEN

and would alone justify the formation and existence of an Alpine Club.

To stand on such a lofty peak as Mount Vice-President or Temple or Aberdeen or Sir Donald, and therefrom to view a panorama of companion peaks reaching in every direction, until the eye included at a single sweep two hundred miles of mountains, is to have a vision of Nature in all her grandeur and magnitude, in all her sublimity and power, that will never be effaced from the memory.

In order to cultivate and stimulate mountain climbing as a national pastime, the Alpine Club of Canada conducts annual summer climbs. The first, held during 1906, had for its rendezvous the saddle-back overlooking the Yoho Canyon. It proved to be the largest and most successful climb ever held, so far as known, under the auspices of a mountaineering organization. Scores of members of both sexes qualified for active membership by climbing Mount Vice-President, the height of which exceeds the standard of ten thousand feet above sea level.

The climbers of 1907 foregathered in the wonderful Paradise Valley, encircled by a chain of monster moun-

tains, Mount Temple being the loftiest. Here an even larger number achieved the qualifying summits of Temple and Aberdeen amid experiences that will never be forgotten.

Nineteen hundred and eight saw another successful camp in Rogers Pass of the Selkirks, while the camp of 1909 again met in the Rockies, this time on the shores of Lake O'Hara—a wonderful mountain tarn near the summit of the Great Divide, and though thousands of feet above sea-



A GLIMPSE OF THE YOHO CAMP OF 1906



ALPINE CLUB CAMP

LOCATED AT THE END OF THE PARADISE VALLEY TRAIL.

level, yet its pellucid waters reflect still higher mountain masses. Of those who have qualified as active members during these four camps, probably not one would willingly lose the memory of the experiences. It constitutes something to dream about and to recall for the rest of one's days.

If mountain climbing, however, were the sole and only feature it might be a subject of debate whether the organization was warranted. But when cognizance is taken of the scientific work of the club and of the element of discovery involved, then such an organization will appeal to an ever-widening circle. Already a definite beginning has been made along scientific lines in the measurement of the ice flow of some of the great glacial streams, such as the Illecillewaet Glacier and the Wapta or Yoho Glacier.

The club has been the means of stimulating trail-making, with the result that whereas but a few years ago there were comparatively few places available at any distance from the railway, now beautiful regions have been opened up farther afield so that the mountain visitor can revel in the scenery revealed on the way to Paradise Valley or Moraine Lake. He may take a wonderful two-day trip up the bed of the Yoho Canyon, returning by the upper trail, or he may penetrate a Selkirk forest up the Cougar Valley to the wonderful caves carved out of the mountain side. These are but a few of the mountain paths that

have recently been made. It must be remembered that only a tithe of our mountain world is accessible and fresh discoveries of wonderful valleys and ranges await the explorer. An organization such as the Alpine Club of Canada can be an important factor in this work.

Many other fields of activity suggest themselves. Is it not worth while to more closely study the flora and fauna of the mountains, though excellent work has already been done by Mrs. Henshaw and others? Is there not work for the botanist in these Alpine regions, where one may discover a wonderful revelation of the prodigality and color-painting of Nature?

Is it not worth while, moreover, to take more detailed note of the forest areas of the western ranges, of the productive water powers, of possible indications of mineral wealth? And what of the wild life of the hills, where the bear and the mountain lion, the big-horned sheep and the deer find a congenial habitat?

Is it not worth while looking ahead a few decades or generations and play our part in exploiting and making known our mountain land—to perform a pioneering work that will bear its fruit in years to come?

Such are a few of the reasons why an Alpine Club deserves to meet with the fullest success, and why it should be recognized as not the least valuable evidence of the new national spirit that is sweeping over the Dominion.

SUCCESS is only for those who are willing to stand by their standards—who are ready to endure the siege of misjudgment—who are prepared to face the fire of criticism and to accept defeat until they become vaccinated against it. Most men who gave up would have arrived if they had kept up.—*Kaufman.*



VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS
A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA NEAR LAGGAN, ALTA.

The Lure of the Berry

From
The Atlantic Monthly

MEN have sung the praises of fishing and hunting, they have extolled the joys of boating and riding, they have dwelt at length upon the pleasures of automobiling. But there is one—sport, shall I call it?—which no one seems to have thought worth mentioning—the gentle sport of berrying.

Perhaps calling it a sport is an unfortunate beginning,—it gives us too much to live up to. No, it is not a sport; though I can't think why, since it is quite as active as drop-line fishing. Perhaps the trouble is with the game—the fish are more active than the berries, and their excesses cover the deficiencies of the stolid figure in the boat.

What, then, shall we call it? not an occupation, it is too desultory for that; nor an amusement, because of a certain tradition of usefulness that hangs about it. Probably it belongs in that small but select group of things that we do ostensibly because they are useful, but really because they are fun. At any rate, it does not matter how we class it,—it is just berrying.

But not strawberrying. Strawberries are so far down, and so few! They cannot be picked with comfort by anyone over six years old. Nor blackberrying! Blackberries are good when gathered in, but in the gathering process there is nothing restful or soothing. They always grow in hot places, and the briars make you cross; they pull your hair and tear your clothes and scratch your wrists; and the berries stain your fingers dark

blue; and, moreover, they are frequented by those unpleasant little triangular greenish-brown creatures known as squash-bugs, which I believe even the Ancient Mariner could not have been called upon to love. No, I do not mean blackberrying.

What then? What indeed but huckleberrying! How can I adequately sing the praises of the gentle, the neat, the comfortable huckleberry! No briers, no squash-bugs, no back-breaking stoop or arm-rending stretch to reach them; just a big, bushy, green clump, full of glossy black or softly blue berries, where you can sit right down on the tussocks amongst them, put your pail underneath a bush, and begin. At first, the handfuls drop in with a high-keyed "plinking" sound; then, when the "bottom is covered," this changes to a soft patter altogether satisfactory; and as you sit stripping the crisp branches and letting the neat little balls roll through your fingers, your spirit grows calm within you, you feel the breeze, you look up now and then over stretches of hill or pasture or sky, and you settle into a state of complete acquiescence with things as they are.

For there is always a breeze, and always a view, at least where my huckleberries grow. If any one should ask me where to find a good situation for a house, I should answer, with a comprehensive wave of my arm, "Oh, choose any huckleberry patch." Only 't were pity to demolish so excellent a thing as a huckleberry patch, merely

to erect so doubtful a thing as a house.

I know one such—a royal one, even among huckleberry patches. To get to it you go up an old road—up, and up, and up—you pass big fields, new mown and wide open to the sky, you get broader and broader outlooks over green woodland and blue rolling hills, with a bit of azure river in the midst. You come out on great flats of rock, thinly edged with light turf, and there before you are the “berry lots,” as the native calls them,—rolling, windy uplands, with nothing bigger than cedars and wild-cherry trees to break their sweep. The berry bushes crowd together in thick-set patches, waist high, interspersed with big “high-bush” shrubs in clumps or alone, and great, dark masses of richly glossy, richly fragrant bay, and low, hoary juniper. The pointed cedars stand about like sentinels, stiff enough save where their sensitive tops lean delicately away from the wind; and in the scant herbage between are goldenrod—the earliest and the latest alike at home here—and red lilies, and thistles, and asters; and down close to the ground, if you care to stoop for them, trailing vines of dewberries with their fruit, the sweetest of all the blackberries. Truly it is a goodly prospect, and one to fill the heart with satisfaction that the world is as it is.

The pleasure of huckleberrying is partly in the season—the late summer time, from mid-July to September. The poignant joys of early spring are passed, and the exuberance of early summer, while the keen stimulus of autumn has not yet come. Things are at poise. The haying is over; the meadows, shorn of their rich grass, lie tawny-green under the sky, and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for dreams or a time for exploits; it is a time for—for—well, for berrying!

But you must choose your days carefully, as you do your fishing and hunting days. The berries “bite best” with a brisk west wind, though a south one is not to be despised, and

a north one, rare at this season, gives a pleasant suggestion of fall while the sun has still all the fervor of summer. Choose a sky that has clouds in it, too, for you will feel their movement even when you do not look up. Then take your pail and set out. Do not be in a hurry, and do not promise to be back at any definite time. And, finally, either go alone or with just the right companion. I do not know any circumstances wherein the choice of a companion needs more care than in berrying. It may make or mar the whole adventure. For you must have a person not too energetic, or a standard of speed will be established that will spoil everything; nor too conscientious—it is maddening to be told that you have not picked the bushes clean enough; nor too diligent, so that one feels guilty if one looks at the view or acknowledges the breeze; nor too restless, so that one is being constantly haled to fresh woods and pastures new. A slightly garrulous person is not bad, with a desultory, semi-philosophic bent, and a gift for being contented with easy physical occupation. In fact, I find that I am, by exclusion and inclusion, narrowing my description to fit a certain type of small boy. And I believe that here the ideal companion is to be found; if indeed he is not, as I more than suspect he is, the ideal companion for every form of recreation in life. Yes, the boy is the thing. Some of my choicest hours in the berry lots have been spent with a boy as companion, some boy who loves to be in the wind and sun without knowing that he loves it, who philosophizes without knowing that he does so, who picks berries with sufficient diligence sometimes, and with a delightful irresponsibility at other times. Who likes to move on, now and then, but is happy to kick turf around the edges of the clump if you are inclined to stay. Who takes pride in filling his pail, but is not so desperately single-minded that he is unmoved by the seductions of goldenrod in bloom, of juniper and bayberries, of dry goldenrod

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stalks (for kite sticks), of thistles for puff-balls, of deserted birds' nests, and all the other delights that fall in his way.

For berrying does not consist chiefly in getting berries, any more than fishing consists chiefly in getting fish, or hunting in getting birds. The essence of berrying is the state of mind that accompanies it. It is a semi-contemplative recreation, providing physical quiet with just enough motion to prevent restlessness, being, in this respect, like "whittling." I said semi-contemplative, because, while it seems to induce meditation, the beauty of it is that you don't really meditate at all, you only think you are doing so, or are going to. That is what makes it so recuperative in its effects. It just delicately shaves the line between, on the one hand, stimulating you to thought, and on the other, boring you because it does not stimulate; and thus it

brings about in you a perfect state of poise most restful in itself, and in complete harmony with the midsummer season.

Yes, fishing is good, and hunting is good, and all the sports are good in their turn,—even sitting in a rocking-chair on a boarding-house piazza has, perhaps, its charms and its benefits for some,—but when the sun is hot and the wind is cool, when the hay is in and the yellowing fields lie broad, when the deep woods have gathered their birds and their secrets to their very hearts, when the sky is warmly blue, the clouds pile soft or float thin and light, then give me a pail and let me wander up, up, to the great open berry lots. I will let the sun shine on me and the wind blow me, and I will love the whole big world, and I will think not a single thought, and at sundown I will come home with a full pail and a contentedly empty mind.

Our Age of Chivalry

SOME say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, "I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt." The age of chivalry is never past, so long as we have faith enough to say, "God will help me to redress that wrong; or, if not me, He will help those that come after me, for His eternal Will is to overcome evil with good."—*C. Kingsley.*

Half the Nine of Hearts

By R. F. FOSTER.

From the Popular Magazine.

ARTHUR MUYBRIDGE, just out of college, was winding up his trip abroad. Happening to run across Frank Robinson, a New York friend, who was rushing for a train, he had only time to promise to dine with him at the Savoy on the next day, and to make up a rubber at bridge.

Returning to his hotel, not knowing exactly what to do with himself, he appealed to the clerk at the desk, who advised him to go to the coronation ball at Covent Garden.

The men did not wear masks in London, the clerk told him, and all he needed was evening dress. He need not be afraid to speak to any one he saw, the clerk added, with a smile; there would be no offense.

Arriving shortly after midnight, Arthur Muybridge stood idly on the raised steps round the dancing floor, looking at the throng of beautiful costumes that were to compete for the grand prize. Some women wore masks, and some did not; among them Muybridge recognized one or two favorites of the footlights.

While still lolling against a post, Muybridge became suddenly conscious of a girl standing beside him and also watching the dancers. She was evidently not a competitor for the grand prize, being in ordinary evening dress; but, by way of a mask, she wore a pair of light gray automobile goggles, which gave her a very curious appearance and provoked a smile from almost every one who saw her.

Arthur Muybridge could not help

observing the graceful figure, the finely rounded arms, the tapering shoulders, the clean-cut nose and chin, the pretty mouth, and the provoking goggles that hid the upper part of the rosy cheeks and the lower half of the fair forehead.

Somehow or other, he felt that the girl at his side was out of her element among those surroundings. No one spoke to her. She recognized no one who passed them on the floor below, although almost every man looked up at her with a smile. The hotel clerk's parting words, "You can speak to any one there without giving offense," kept ringing in his ears, until at last, hardly realizing what he was doing, he made some remark to her about the costumes on the floor.

She blushed slightly, and answered in monosyllables; but she did not move away. She did not look at him, her eyes seeming to follow a figure on the floor—that of a man, with his arms round a very décolleté young woman in red. He looked like a foreigner, with very black curly hair and military moustache, handsome but blase.

Becoming bolder, Muybridge asked the girl if he might not have the next dance.

"Oh, thanks, no!" she said quickly. "I am here only to look on. In fact, I came just for a lark."

He laughed lightly, and explained that such was his own case. "I judge from your accent that you are an American," he added.

"I guess you are, too," she an-

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swered, showing a perfect set of teeth, and turning the goggles full upon him.

"Yes. I am Arthur Muybridge, of New York."

"Indeed!" she said simply. "I did not know that persons gave their names to strangers in places like this."

"There are no strangers here this evening," he said, smiling. "Come, I really must have just one waltz with you, Miss— What shall I call you?"

"Call me Miss Brown, if you don't mind." She took his arm, and stepped down on the dancing floor for the waltz.

He could dance; so could she. They put to shame all the English waltzers on the floor. If the grand prize had been for the dancing, and not for the dresses, they would have won it "feet down," he assured her.

After the dance they sat down for a few minutes, and he noticed that she followed the foreigner with her eyes as he escorted the girl in red to an upper box and ordered wine. A smile of contempt curled her lip for a moment; then she turned to her companion and mechanically stood up for the next dance, without waiting to be asked, even.

Neither of them had a dance card, and she said that she would give him "just one more" and then she must be going; but she did not go. She seemed to be quite at ease with her new-found acquaintance, and he was getting more deeply infatuated with her at every moment. Several other men asked her for a dance, only to be met by a pleasant smile and a firm refusal. Arthur Muybridge could not help expressing his appreciation of the subtle flattery of her devotion to him, which seemed to be interrupted only by her occasional glances at the foreigner.

A couple whirled past them in the dance, and the man smiled, as though in pleased recognition. She turned her head away, with a blush.

"I believe that gentleman thinks he knows me," she whispered.

"No. It is I whom he recognizes,"

Muybridge assured her. "That's Frank Robinson, another American. I am to dine with him to-morrow night; or, rather, to-night, as it is now. By the way," he added suddenly, "I suppose you did not come here alone?"

"Of course not! But I must ask you not to follow me when I leave. I changed my dress and put on my goggles in the box, and even those I came with do not recognize me. Isn't that a joke? But," she added hastily, "this must positively be the last dance with you. It must be nearly two o'clock. You have been very nice." He felt a faint pressure of the hand as she spoke.

As he escorted her from the floor, she glanced up at one of the boxes and, seeing that it was empty, told him that he might go up with her and help her with her wrap as soon as the next music began. Alone with her for a moment, he begged her to take off her goggles just for a second; but she laughingly refused. Then he pleaded for some promise of further acquaintance; but she only laughed again, shaking her head very positively. Would she not give him a glove, or a ribbon, even?

She couldn't think of such a thing, and began to hunt for her veil among some overcoats that were laid on the chairs. One of these coats fell to the floor, and out of the pocket dribbled several playing cards. As she picked them up to replace them, an idea seemed to strike her, and tearing one of them in half, she handed him part of it, telling him to keep it until he met a girl who held the other half, which she tucked into her bosom.

As she pushed the cards back into the pocket of the overcoat, she stopped suddenly and pulled out what she thought was a cardcase; but it was a little pasteboard box, with a locket in it. Opening it with feminine curiosity, she glanced at the miniature inside; and Arthur Muybridge noted that it was the face of an Italian girl, in native costume. Instead of replacing it in the coat, she kept it in her

hand as she pushed him out of the door.

"You must be going!" she exclaimed quickly. "They will be coming up from the dance. Good-bye, and—thank you so much."

By the light of the lamp in the hansom, Muybridge discovered that he was in possession of half the nine of hearts. "The wish card," he whispered, pressing it to his lips. "My wish is that we may meet again, perhaps never to part. Who knows?" Then he tucked it carefully away in his cardcase.

Muybridge was the first to arrive for the dinner, and Frank Robinson chaffed him unmercifully about his fair partner, absolutely refusing to believe that he did not know who she was.

Imagine Arthur's surprise, when the guests assembled, to recognize one of them as the foreigner at the Covent Garden ball. The recognition was not mutual; for the foreigner had been too much occupied with the girl in red. He was presented as Count Fabritti, an Italian of distinguished family. The three other men were Americans, only one of whom Muybridge had met before.

The dinner over, they adjourned to a private room for bridge; but, as one of them remarked that two sitting out for a whole rubber was slow work, it was proposed to change the game to poker; and poker it was, the waiter providing them with small silver enough to take the place of chips.

The game had not proceeded very far before Muybridge's keen eyes told him that there was something peculiar about the count's methods. The foreigner certainly had extraordinary luck.

Arthur Muybridge had conceived a violent dislike to the count from the first, although he could not tell just why. He felt sure that his friends were being "rooked," and that Frank Robinson was getting the worst of it, probably because he was the richest man in the party. So persistently did luck run against Robinson that, on

two occasions when he had four of a kind beaten by the count, he tore up the cards and threw them on the floor, insisting on calling for a new pack.

The second time this happened the waiter informed them that it was too late to procure any more cards that night, and it looked as though the game would be broken up; but Frank Robinson was so eager for a chance to retrieve his losses that he proposed to play even with a euchre pack.

Even a euchre pack could not be made up without the torn cards; but suddenly the count recollected that he had brought a pack of cards from the club the evening before, to play solitaire with; and he still had them in his overcoat pocket. After some admonitions to Frank Robinson not to lose his temper and tear up the cards again, the game was resumed.

The more closely Arthur watched the count, the more certain he became the count was a card sharper. And yet he knew that it would be folly to say anything, as it would be his word against the count's, and a fight on his hands.

They had not played more than a few rounds with the new cards when Robinson dealt and Muybridge opened a jack pot with four kings pat. To his astonishment, Frank raised him four times before the draw. No one else stayed; but the count looked wistfully at the pile of coins in the pool.

Muybridge stood pat and bet the limit—twenty-five pounds—against Robinson's one-card draw. Robinson glanced at the money for a moment, and then suddenly turned up the edge of the card he had drawn. The moment he saw what it was, he threw it face upward on the table, with an oath.

"Look at that infernal nine of clubs! If that had been the nine of hearts, I had a straight flush and would have raised your head off, Arthur; but a straight is no good against your pat hand, I know." He spread upon the table the seven, eight, ten and jack of hearts, while Muybridge took the pot. "Where is that infernal card, anyway?" continued Robinson. "Could

I have drawn it, or did one of you have it?"

Muybridge showed his four kings. The others denied having held the nine of hearts.

Robinson ran through the pack hurriedly, but the nine of hearts was not there. Then he went over the discarded. Not there, either! Then he counted the cards. The pack was one short!

With a sudden feeling of dizziness, Muybridge took up one of the cards and looked at the pattern on the back.

The pattern on the back was the same as that of the cards on the table.

The count recognized it instantly.

"May I ask how you came to have that card in your pocket, sir?" he demanded, in a threatening tone. "Those are Sussex Club cards, with their monogram on the back. How came you by that card? How do you come to have part of this pack in your pocket?"

Before Muybridge had time to answer, or even to collect his thoughts, the count started up, with an oath.

"Ha-ha—I have it! You are the scoundrel who picked my pocket last night at the ball. I see it all, now. You know, we had our coats lying on the chairs in the box," he continued excitedly, turning to Robinson. "Some blackguard stole a locket from my coat, and he must have taken a card with him. Your esteemed friend, Mr. Robber's son, is the thief."

The other men started up in amazement, and tried to calm the count, not noticing that Muybridge was taking off his coat, white with passion. A moment later it took four of them to hold him back from his declared intention of tearing the count to pieces.

They tried to calm the count, who was foaming with rage; they assured him that there must be some mistake. They knew Arthur Muybridge to be above suspicion. He would certainly explain.

Explain! Not he! He would tear the count's heart out the moment he got at him. Send for the police and

search him, and then leave him alone in the room with the dirty Italian for five minutes! That was all he asked.

The count reached to his hip pocket; then seemed to think better of it, and pointed at the cards on the table.

"That is my card that he had in his pocket. He took it from my coat, and he took the locket at the same time. Yes! Send for the police and search him! It is proof! He is the thief!"

Frank Robinson returned in a few minutes with a policeman, accompanied by the hotel detective and another man in plain clothes.

The gentlemen gave their names and explained the situation. The hotel detective compared the cards carefully, and then proceeded to search Muybridge in a perfunctory sort of way. The man in plain clothes, in the meantime, never took his eyes off the count. Finally he stepped close to him, and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, Count Fabritti," he said quietly, "but, if you are not the Enrico Dorani who was sent up some years ago for swindling, I owe you an apology."

An instant later the nippers were on the count's wrists.

Muybridge placed his half of the nine of hearts in his cardcase again, as Robinson apologized to his friends.

"I must go home at once," he said, aside, to Muybridge. "This is terrible. Edith will die of mortification."

"And who is Edith?" asked Muybridge curiously. "I did not know you had a sister."

"She is not my sister. We are stopping with the Dangerfields at Richmond. Edith is their daughter. I always thought this foreign adventurer was after her money, and nothing else. You must meet her some day when we all get back to America—when she gets over this shock. We are all going back on the Aladdin on Tuesday."

"Will you do me a great favor?" Arthur demanded earnestly. "Just tell Miss Dangerfield that the other half of the nine of hearts will be on the Aladdin."

The Laurier of South Africa

From
Current Literature

WITHOUT that miracle of conciliatory capacity, the personality of Louis Botha, South Africa, would not to-day, in the opinion of the well informed, have put together the machinery of that federal government which is soon to provide her with a governor-general, a senate and an assembly. Many weary months have come and gone since the delegates first assembled in Durban to create what the London Post calls "another United States." Time and again the tumultuous sessions seemed to have ended forever in fierce feud between Boer and Briton; yet time and again Louis Botha saved each crisis as it came. Botha settled the quarrel that resulted in the choice of Pretoria as the seat of the new union government. He effected the compromise that has made Capetown the seat of the legislature. He hit upon the idea of establishing the judicial branch of the federation government at Bloemfontein. The "new United States," that is, will have three capitals — as if our Congress were to meet in Philadelphia, the Supreme Court were to assemble in San Francisco, while the President and the White House were put at St. Louis. Thus at every story of the constitutional edifice just built in South Africa, the Botha architecture effects new and strange adaptations. Botha himself remained in the background, but his personality, his capacity for conciliation, his genius for

compromise, his gifts as a harmonizer brought the work to completion.

For one who has had to pass through so much of the strife of this South African unification, Louis Botha still lives the most placid of lives on his vast farm. Faction, feud and fury never fret him. His beautiful country home near Pretoria stands in the centre of what the English would regard as a vast landed estate. The property contains rich veins of coal and iron ore, quantities of luxurious forest, threading streams of cold clear water. The soil is for the most part arable and well planted. The nature of Louis Botha has always been hospitable. His week end parties have been celebrated as the most delightful functions in all Africa. The great, lighted and sunny rooms in which the guest is made at home, the abundance of cheer, the eager start for the day's hunt and the succession of games of tennis or golf suggest a somewhat royal conception of the duties of a host. It is as a host, again, that the purely personal side of Louis Botha reveals itself most genuinely. He never wearies of entertaining. He is the life and soul of his own groaning board, his conversation never sparkling, perhaps, yet remaining human and entertaining.

From the domestic standpoint, Louis Botha, to follow the details of a character sketch in the London World, is one of the most enviable

THE LAURIER OF SOUTH AFRICA

of men. He married a grandniece of Robert Emmett, the illustrious Irish nationalist who was hanged for his politics in 1803. Mrs. Botha, a handsome and matronly woman in middle life, has all the statuesque impressiveness of the Emmett family and a generous allowance of their beauty. Tall, with a countenance of great symmetry and what is called a "presence," the wife of the most famed of living Boers, shares the hospitable tastes of her husband. She has earned the credit of being the most popular woman in South Africa and because of her generosity along political and racial lines in giving invitations to her affairs she has won many friends among those who are most vehemently opposed to her husband's policies. In fact, Mrs. Botha has at times been suspected of using the tact of the wellbred and popular hostess in smoothing away the difficulties the General is apt to bring upon himself by too rigid an insistence upon some of his political opinions..

Perhaps the most conspicuous member of the Botha household is the General's beautiful and brilliant eldest daughter, Helen. She made a sensation two seasons ago in London, as a result of traits which suggested to "M.A.P." certain comparisons between the eldest daughter of Theodore Roosevelt and the eldest daughter of Louis Botha. The daughter of the Boer hero, says our British contemporary, has large dark eyes "that fairly glow with intelligence, humor and the joy of living, a complexion the most flawless, and pretty hair admirably arranged." Her taste in dress rather took London society aback. It was deemed too suggestive of Paris, too smart for any woman not in the aristocracy. The young lady's dresses indicated further that her father's wealth must be fully as immense as some reports indicate. "People who do not know who Miss Botha is set

her down instantly as an American," to quote further, "and she has something of that bright fearlessness, that frank contentment with her surroundings and herself that make the eldest daughter of Mr. Roosevelt so fascinating." Helen Botha received a costly education and paints pictures.

The General's eldest daughter is much attached to her many little brothers and sisters to whom she has acted as governess and companion in the lonely years before and after the great war. The boys of the family were taught to ride by their big sister and the girls learned needlework and music from her. She is a splendid horsewoman and an unusually fine shot. Few Transvaal spectacles present a more human interest than that of the Bothas departing for a day's sport. The fine and stalwart figure of the General, who is as vigorous to-day as when he commanded at Colenso, is rendered formidable by the pistols in his belt and the gun across the saddle. He loves a mettlesome horse, as does his daughter. The wife rides on these expeditions and so does the daughter, while the other children, including the two strapping boys in their teens, are armed for lion,gnu and the rest of South Africa's fierce zoology. There is a wild gallop of Bothas towards the horizon and that is the last seen of them until the day is done and the trophies of the chase are piled high on the lawn.

Louis Botha has, in the main, literary and scholarly tastes, notwithstanding his love of fray in its political and sporting forms. He is fluent in both English and the jargon of the Boers. He is not a conversationalist in the brilliant sense of the term. His conversation does not sparkle with witticisms nor does he bewilder an interlocutor with subtleties. His delight is to talk with men of ideas, for unlike some reticent

natures he is eager to derive impressions from the talk of others. It may be owing to his own limitations as a talker that he attaches so much importance to the gift of fluency. He is credited with the observation that to the talkers of the world has fallen an undue amount of influence owing to the great effect of plausibility. His own conversation is largely carried on in the idiom of the Boers. He seems to avoid the use of English in the domestic circle. He talks most happily in the language of the land he has served so well and so long. The vernacular he knows has been described by one authority as "the real back-veld Taal, full of quaint similes and of back-veld idioms." No grammar of the Dutch tongue has any room for this mysterious gibberish, of which Botha is past master.

To the great house in which Botha spends his leisure come the latest books from London. He is very much interested in physical science and in the literature of psychic research, but he has no fads, no tendency to absorb himself in any movement unconnected with the politics of South Africa. His reading includes more current fiction than even Clemenceau could digest and Clemenceau is known to be an inveterate reader of novels. Botha's favorite novelist is said to be Dickens and his predilection in poetry, according to a writer in *Truth*, is Wordsworth. His library is a huge apartment, with immense windows overlooking the landscape for miles. He is prone to bury himself here for hours, no one venturing to disturb him when he is absorbed in some work fresh from London. The General's memory for what he has read seems marvellous if it be true, as reported, that he has never been found at fault in a quotation from a favorite author.

From the standpoint of ability in

any one direction, Botha, as his warmest friends concede, is not what would be called "first rate." He is not an orator. Administrative ability is denied him. He lacks the creative faculty in any definite direction. Of his military capacity it is impossible to obtain an impartial estimate, but even his keenest vindicator from impeachments of his strategy and tactics in the Boer War does not go so far as to claim for him a place beside the great soldiers. Tried by the definite test of a fixed standard of merit, Botha seems mediocre. The source of his power and influence, as the *London Post* explains the riddle, is personality. "General Botha knows his Boer from the top of his slouch hat to the sole of his hob-nailed boots." He can lead his people as if they were children. The secret is the Botha personality. He is an instinctive, irresistible and inspired conciliator. He has never betrayed his people and he has never misled the British. Both sides trust him implicitly. Yet integrity alone, unaided by the gifts for conciliation possessed by the hero of the Boer War, would never have won for him his present eminence. The foundation of his career is and has always been this conciliatory personality.

The aspects of this personality reveal themselves partly in the General's patience and poise and partly in his quick and subtle comprehension of the peculiarities of those who work with him. He does not really "run" his government in Pretoria. It is run for him by colleagues who have a fatal tendency to become involved in feuds with one another. There have been times, according to a well informed writer in the *London Mail*, when every member of the ministry hated every other member, but Botha found a basis none the less perfect for harmony.

The Credit System in the West

By

W. LACEY AMY.

TO the query as to what had been the foundation for the great progress in the Canadian West, a student of the country would unhesitatingly answer: "the credit system." And yet when questioned as to what was now doing as much as anything else to retard the growth of the country, the same man would answer in the same way. The business system that has been and is the all-prevailing feature of exchange in that country is credit.

It was not the trust of one man in another that made credit a success. It was the knowledge that the creditor was debtor to some other person and that barter was only possible under such a condition. It is not trust and confidence that makes credit still reckless, but the force of habit and the apparent inability to break it. Credit between man and man is almost as great as ever, although now everyone sees its disadvantages.

Until a couple of years ago all business was done on paper or on trust. Transactions involving thousands of dollars were carried on without the exchange of a cent or of only a few dollars. The country was new, settlers had little available cash, men had to live and supplies had to be procured. From crop to crop or for the first couple of years of a settler's life there the merchants carried the people, the seller put the buyer in possession on paper payment. Credit was an absolute necessity. Bills would run for three or four years and yet be just as good at the end of that

time as when incurred. Year after year the same farmer would buy his provisions without even explaining that he couldn't pay the last bill. Then when he got the money from a good crop he would usually pay up and proceed to keep his credit good by running another bill. Without this accommodation the country could never have been settled.

But conditions have changed. Credit is not much more a necessity to the west than it is to the east. Still in the ordinary business it continues almost as strong as ever, the banks being the only ones to curtail reckless lending. Up to the winter of 1906 the banks were as free and easy credit-givers as were private individuals. Money was offered to every man with a fairly straight eye and any proposition short of a tram-car line to the moon. Men secured money when they didn't need it, bought real estate in order to find a place for it, made their profits and returned the money—with a request for another loan. In 1906 the profits were irregular and after a few losses the banks began to use judgement. However, credit had got such a firm hold of the people that in many towns they seemed to know of no other way of doing business. Thus it continues to the present time, only a few of the smaller towns and villages having seen the inauguration of a cash system.

The extent of credit varies according to the district. In agricultural districts fed by small towns the merchants carry the farmers from crop

to crop with non-payment in bad crop years. In ranching districts it is much worse. Ranchers may not visit their supply town more than once a year and often not that often. I know of several ranchers who "come in" only once in two years. As one old two-year-variety rancher said to me, "its terrible the money you spend when you get to town." In such a town ranchers will run bills for years. One rancher will cart out the supplies for a half dozen and the merchant may never see his debtor for several years. The result is that the amount in a merchant's books will run to incredible amounts. In one city in Alberta, the proprietor of what would be called a small hardware store in the east had \$40,000 on his books, and another store of the same kind in the same city was carrying \$30,000. The slump of 1907 and 1908 forced them to a closer inspection of "charges" and the amounts were materially decreased.

Accounts are sent out only quarterly by many merchants and often at greater intervals, although this is rapidly changing. What I discovered in the fall of 1906 upon landing in the west was the quarterly account system prevailing in my line of business (newspaper). I started right in on monthly accounts and was met for the first few months by angry merchants wanting to know if I didn't think them good for the money or was I so hard up that I had to collect every month. Fortunately I persisted and had the satisfaction of convincing them of the wisdom of monthly collections, many of them being displeased when their bills were not collected monthly.

Therein comes another feature of the credit business—that you can bill nine out of ten business men till you eat up the bill without getting any recognition. You have to make a personal call to collect. And the majority of those who owe you will have to figure from their bank book to see if there are enough funds to meet their checks. It is not an uncommon thing to have checks returned marked "no funds," the maker merely saying in

answer that he didn't think the bank would cash it, but he thought he'd risk it."

Several attempts have been made to start a cash system in western towns but only a few have succeeded. Sometimes the jealousy of the merchants interfered, sometimes they will not trust each other, and sometimes the public itself rises in protest. A railway town is sure to be a strong credit town. Railwaymen are paid by check on the 15th of each month. Bills are always sent out in consideration of this date and more payments are made at the stores in the four days following pay day than during all the rest of the month. A railway man never pays cash. Invariably he pays for last month's purchases out of this month's check. As a rule he sets aside so much to deposit in the bank, and the remainder is spread around in payment, the deposit never being touched however small a part of his indebtedness the remainder may cover. Thus a merchant may be omitted on pay day while the bank account grows, or while investments in real estate continue. It was a knowledge of the manner in which they were being held off while the banks or investments were receiving the money that banded many merchants together last year to demand quicker payments.

One of the schemes adopted to encourage cash buying was the offering of a ten per cent. discount for cash. And yet this had surprisingly little effect, the majority of the people preferring credit even for a month to a discount for cash.

When the discount was first spoken of in one city some of the merchants thought it was impossible to give that much. In spite of the high prices asked they claimed they would be losing money on such a discount. A man interested in bringing in the cash system visited a certain store in a city and was met by that argument given in all honesty. The man did not show the merchant, as he could have done, where he was making a profit as high

as 200 per cent. and even more on some of his stock.

He argued, "What is the average length of time your accounts run—average in amount?" (for the large accounts run much longer than the smaller ones, as a rule).

"Oh, about a year," answered the merchant.

"And what is money worth here?"

"Eight per cent."

"At what do you figure your percentage of loss?"

"About three per cent or maybe more."

"Now," said the advocate of cash, "you argue that you would lose money on allowing a ten per cent. discount, whereas on your own figures credit is costing you eight per cent. for interest, and three per cent for loss, with all the extra cost of billing, a higher-paid bookkeeper, inability to take advantage of cash discount at all times, to say nothing of the worry. In all, fifteen per cent. would scarcely cover your credit system." And the merchant had been so brought up to credit that he had never thought of it in that way.

Scarcely any man in the west knows what he is really worth nor within a wide margin. He may estimate himself as worth a hundred thousand, and he might have to borrow to buy a new hat—but the chances are he would run a bill for it. To do business in the west a man must have a large bank account or buy on credit. People expect him to give credit, and many a good business received mention in Dun's bankrupt list during the past two years, only because the ready cash was not available. A man worth fifty thousand dollars can be forced into bankruptcy for as many cents.

In real estate deals the credit system or something similar is in force, although to a limited extent since the slump. Up to 1907 men were most reckless with their real estate speculations. A man bought with a five-dollar bill and sold for another bill,

the transaction being repeated a dozen times on a five-dollar bill. And yet each seller would probably be making a few thousand dollars. A speculator would buy an option for a week or a month. In the meantime he would sell, and sometimes two or three sales took place on options before the first option had expired. Or perhaps a man's last cent might be expended entirely upon a re-sale before the second payment was due. In fact four-fifths of the real estate purchases were made with no prospect of a second payment being available unless another sale was made. Thus, it often happened that a man might make his first payment on property, the title to which was in the hands of a man who figured in a half dozen sales before. The last buyer might make all his payments in due course, and yet never secure the title to the land because some one of the previous half dozen buyers had failed in his payments. The credit system as carried out in this, led to some roguery, of which little was heard outside the west.

Small payments, and even notes only, would buy most valuable property. A company of eight young men purchased a quarter-section close to a town, by giving their notes only to the owner. It cost them \$50 apiece to have the company formed and the land divided into lots. Not another cent did those men put up. The property was immediately put on the market and double the price of the land was realized in a month. And, strange to say, the title was handed over when the notes were given. Scores of instances of a similar nature—transactions took place on a basis that would never be entertained in the east. At the present time hundreds of acres of British Columbia fruit lands are being sold from options only, the middleman being willing to stake all his money on his ability to dispose of the land, and the owner freely allowing the middleman to try it.

The hard times of 1907 is working a great change in the business of the

west, and one that is already proving a fine thing for the country. Directly it has curtailed credit on account of the inability of the merchants to collect the bills they had allowed to run so long a time. The banks closed down on promiscuous money lending, and the merchant must pay his bills from his receipts. It was not the experience of others who attempted to do a credit business, it was not the arguments against credit, but the chilling knowledge that thousands of dollars were uncollected, that forced him to use the cash register instead of the day-book. Honesty in the speculator did not pay his store accounts. When his real estate deals did not pan out, he left town and all his debts; he

would have paid if he could, and that was all the merchant got for his leniency.

But still the credit system abounds to an extent that should be understood by the Easterner who contemplates entering business in the west. More is required than sufficient capital to purchase a business. It is some time before the cash receipts will pay the expenses. He must remember that while he may have five thousand dollars of good debts on his books, there may not be five dollars in the till to pay the wages.

But then it is probable when that time arrives that he has fallen into the system in his own transactions. He will simply pay by running a bill.

Don't Wait Too Long

IT IS a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred, too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.—
George Eliot.

The Lilac Hat

By FLORENCE C. MALLON.

From Harper's Bazar.

'T WAS really a ravishing hat—all purple and white lilacs, set off by great whirls of foamy lace and slender, fairylike aigrettes. Mrs. Upson's heart went out to it the moment she caught sight of it, but she thought of the coal bill and hurriedly turned toward a dingy little brown turban.

"Here's something just your style, Mrs. Upson," cried the hawk-eyed milliner, snatching the dainty thing from its support. "One of my pattern hats—just came this morning from New York. It's chic, but genteel. It's exclusive, too," turning it enticingly from side to side. "Now, I don't suppose there are three ladies in this town that can wear that shade of purple, but you've got the hair and the complexion to do it. Here, try it on a minute."

"But I'm looking for a little morning hat," protested Mrs. Upson.

"When I was in the city last week," continued the milliner, "I saw a lady, enough like you to be a twin, driving along Fifth Avenue with just such a creation on. Luella, you remember my speaking of it."

Some way or other, Mrs. Upson presently found herself with the hat on, and then, of course, she had to take just one peep at herself in the mirror. Well, there would be no harm in looking, and certainly that purple did bring out the gold in her hair.

"It's a dream," exclaimed the milliner, with clasped hands. "Luella, don't you love the way those lilacs

come down on her hair? I tell you, it isn't everybody that can carry off a hat like that. In confidence, Mrs. Upson, I must say that it's too up-to-date for most of our ladies here, but it was just simply made for you. Take the hand-glass so you can see the back."

Yes, it was perfect—front, back, and sides. Mrs. Upson lifted it off and surreptitiously glanced at the tag. Thirty-four fifty! Well, that was always the way with anything she liked.

"It's a very pretty hat," she said, slowly, "but it isn't exactly what I had in mind."

"Let me send it up, so Mr. Upson can see it," urged the milliner.

"No," repeated Mrs. Upson, with an attempt at firmness. "I was only looking about a little this morning. I sha'n't get a hat until later in the season."

She was obliged to dart out with her hatpins in her hands to escape from the milliner's further importunities. Thirty-four fifty! Why, of course, she couldn't afford it! Wouldn't she just like Clara Weaver to see her with that hat on, though! But there—she couldn't have it, and that was the end of it. She wouldn't even mention it to Frank: it would hurt him to know she wanted it and could not get it.

The lilac hat refused to be so easily dismissed, though. All through the morning it kept bobbing into her mind, and every time she thought of it she grew more covetous of it. In spite of her resolve she launched forth

into a rhapsody about it at the dinner-table. "The sweetest, summeriest, stylishest hat, Frank! You would have loved me in it!"

"No, no," protested Mr. Upson.

"You would so," she insisted. "And only think! Miss Wemple says there aren't three women in this town that could wear it."

"I don't see that that makes it any prettier," he objected.

"Well, it does, to other women," his wife declared. "But"—in a funereal tone—"the price is thirty-four fifty."

"Whe-e-w!" whistled Mr. Upson.

However, her mind kept juggling with the figures. Thirty-four fifty—thirty-four fifty. If you said it over enough times it didn't seem so very much. It wasn't much for taxes and tiresome things like that. After supper she got out her account-book to see if she couldn't economize somewhere. No, she had done that too many times before. She might spend fourteen dollars for a hat, though. That left twenty dollars. Wasn't there some way she could earn twenty dollars?

"It's pay-day for Clementine," remarked Mr. Upson, handing her a twenty-dollar bill. "You might step out into the kitchen and give her this, if you can catch her there."

"Splendid!" cried Mrs. Upson, clapping her hands. "You certainly are the cleverest man!"

As usual, her husband waited for her to fill in the gaps. "Why, don't you see?" she asked, impatiently. "Clementine told me just before you came home that it would really pay her to take a month off and attend to her summer clothes—did you ever hear such impudence? Well, I'll tell her she can take it, and I'll do the work for the month and I'll draw the twenty dollars, you see. You can advance me the money this instant, and I'll go down to-morrow right after breakfast and get the hat. She's gotten so top-lofty that it'll be a relief to get rid of her for a while, anyway. I must say that Clementine is the vainest—"

"Hush!" warned Mr. Upson. "She's just going out the side door."

"After being out all the afternoon," commented Mrs. Upson. "I'll run and tell her she can devote herself exclusively to her precious wardrobe for the next four weeks. She pretty nearly does it, anyway."

Mr. Upson had barely time to read one head-line when his wife bounced back into the room. Frank Upson, just think of that!" she hissed.

"Can't," objected her husband.

"If you please, that—that *baggage* has on the lilac hat!"

A Guarantee

I MADE it a point that all goods should be exactly what they were represented to be. It was a rule of the house that an exact scrutiny of the quality of all the goods purchased should be maintained, and that nothing was to induce the house to place upon the market any line of goods at a shade of variation from their real value. Every article sold must be regarded as warranted, and every purchaser must be enabled to feel secure.—*Marshall Field.*



LAND-SEEKERS FROM ILLINOIS

A TRAIN-LOAD OF WELL-TO-DO SETTLERS ARRIVING IN WINNIPEG THIS YEAR

Is the West Becoming Americanized?

By

KATE SIMPSON-HAYES

THIS question was asked the other day by a leading Canadian daily paper, and it occurred to me that the question, being what you might call a national one, it was well worth seeking an answer. I therefore set me to work to discover, if possible, in what relation to Canada does the American who comes in as a "settler" stand?

Wherever you go, from "little Manitoba" westward to the furthermost limits of Alberta; wherever you travel, face set to the northern fringes of civilization, or turning southward to what we call the Boundary line in great Saskatchewan; wherever you go throughout the western plains, you will find, standing guard over a freshly turned furrow, the American who has recently become a Canadian "settler." There are certain sections of the prairie west, like Magrath, Cardston

and Raymond, as Claresholm, which are almost wholly "American." These men and women call themselves "Americans," and yet they are taking part in the building of the great Canadian west. They are engaged in working the land—active in carrying out local improvements—engaged in formulating the social and economic laws of the land; occupying positions of public trust, and yet, come right down to facts and ask these people "What is your nationality?" and you will get the prompt answer: "We are Americans."

Canada makes no objection to this; wherever you find an American settlement, there, on one day in the year at least, you will find "Old Glory" flying from the mast-pole, and be it said, though you find the "American spirit" there, you find nothing offensive in it. In all the



A LAND RUSH FOR HOMESTEADS

AMERICANS BESIEGING THE DOMINION LAND OFFICE, MOOSE JAW, IN SEPTEMBER, 1908

large towns the Fourth of July is openly observed; the time-honored fire-cracker is heard at dawn; the bands play "Marching Through Georgia," and you will see little "Canucks" and little "Yankees," hand in hand following the stirring strains, dancing in unison to the merry tune. Notwithstanding this Canadian children are Canadian, or British, to the hearts' core, and American children are still American.

My Findings of Fact tell me that the American settler came into Canada at the psychological moment. He came, bringing just what slow-footed Canada wanted most, and that was the get-up-and-get spirit for which the western American is long noted and admired. In short he put leaven into the prairie land—the pregnant prairie-land. He was the first to see and prove his faith in the possibilities of the west. He put his

cash into these possibilities, seeding big, round "cart-wheels," lubricating the same with elbow-grease; and it was only when the word went forth that all the fertile acres of the last great west were being "gobbled up by Yankees," that Canadians themselves condescended to consider land values. This at a glance was apparent to the quick-witted Yankee living below the "Line" whereon are hung "Old Glory" and the "Union Jack."

A year ago traveling through Alberta I met a keen looking American from Nebraska, and I asked him how he liked living under the British flag? His answer was:—"Wa'l, we weren't too sure how this King-deal would play out when we first come up here, but we were kept so busy taking off thirty-four bushels to the acre, getting seventy-three cents for every bushel of it, at the door, that we come to think King



JULY FOURTH IN TUXEDO PARK, WINNIPEG

THE STARS AND STRIPES OCCUPIES AN EXCLUSIVE POSITION IN THE DECORATIONS
OF THE PICNIC PARTY IN THE BACKGROUND

Edward wasn't a bad sort of landlord after all." I asked another settler living at Claresholme in Alberta, how the Canadian laws suited him; "Pretty d— well," he said without elegance or hesitation. He left his plow (a ten-furrow affair, worked by steam) and, leaning up against a fence told me this:—"I was down near the boundary line last year with a bunch of horses, when a mounted policeman came along, all alone in chase of a half-breed horse-thief. He sort of expected to find him in a breed camp a bit off, and I went with him to see just how them red-coats would make a pinch. The fellow got off his horse, walked into camp where there were about twelve or thirteen ugly looking chaps sitting round, and says red-coat: "Here, you come along with me," settling his hand, quite polite like on a chap's shoulder. There was a

fellow grabbed his Winchester; another a Colt's; another let a yell out of him, but the red-coat jest said: "Look here, you fellows, sit down quick, for I'm going to take this man with me!" He did."

In a Lethbridge hotel I once heard a conversation at a table d'hote between an American and a (local) Canadian. The Canadian said,—"I shouldn't be surprised if this country grew to be something pretty big yet; I'm watching to see what's going to happen." Something had already "happened". The American he was talking to had that day completed a deal whereby some thousands of acres of splendid farm-lands had passed into his hands at fifty cents an acre. To-day the same sections are hived by busy Yankee farmers, and the market value of these lands is quoted at forty-five dollars per acre.



FOURTH OF JULY SPORTS IN WINNIPEG

THIS YEAR'S CELEBRATION AT TUXEDO PARK, ATTENDED BY LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS

The great number of western Americans who come into the Canadian west pass through the gateway at the boundary line, at North Portal. This "portal" stands gladly and welcomingly open to the American settler; and if this were a statistical review, I might almost alarm Uncle Sam, by giving in round figures the number of his sons who have trekked into the new land and golden. Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Oregon, Washington and California are still sending sons into the far Canadian west. In 1901, 49,149 settlers arrived in the prairie west, and of this number 17,987 were Americans. During 1906-1907, 252,038 immigrants trooped into Canada west, and 120,779 of these were "Yankees." Consider these figures and you arrive at the answer to the pertinent question, "Is Canada becoming Americanized?"

During the year ending March 31st, 1908, the total number of American settlers arriving on the western Canadian plains reached 19,000 souls; they came from the western states, passed through the

Boundary line gateways, and brought with them 1,759 car-loads of settler's effects. This demonstrates one fact at least, that they came with the view of remaining; if they remain in Canada, will their children's children not call themselves "Canadians?" This statement merely registers the fact that so many American farmers arrived in the British possession, Canada: what about the constant dribble of American monied men who come in varying numbers at various seasons, bringing varying amounts in capital which is put into Canadian investments?

I have before me a statement made by F. T. Griffin, of Winnipeg, who is the Commissioner of Canadian Pacific Railway lands in western Canada, which says: "During the five years beginning with 1901 we sold in the neighborhood of two millions of acres of farm lands in western Canada to companies with headquarters in the United States; but this would only represent a small portion of the actual settlement flow-

IS THE WEST BECOMING AMERICANIZED?

ing from the United States." This proves another thing, namely that many Americans who never intend becoming Canadian "settlers" are aware of the great commercial asset which western Canada farm-lands have become; and if you travel anywhere from Manitoba westward, northward, southward; wherever you go, you will find American capital and American brains sharing in the general growth and the general advancement of the country we call "Canada."

What has caused American interest in the prairie farm-lands of the last great west is the land policy of the Canadian government and the land policy of that wonderful corporation called the "C. P. R." This company has been a potent factor in the agricultural development of the prairie provinces. Their object, pursued at times to their own loss,

has ever been to sell the farm-lands to the bona fide farmer at the lowest possible price; and their great irrigation scheme in the province of Alberta, which reclaimed 3,000,000 acres of fine arable ground, with a thousand miles of ditching (built after the plan adopted by Colorado) has been one of the big boons to the west. These irrigated lands are divided into small sections of forty and eighty acres; are sold from \$15 an acre upwards, and the company accepts payment for these lands (lying between Medicine Hat and Calgary on the main line of the great transcontinental railway) on what is termed "crop payments." That is, the purchaser may secure the land by pledging to the company half the crop (good or bad) and, as the crops taken off these irrigated acres often reach as high as sixty-five bushels an acre, many homesteaders have



U.S. CONSUL-GENERAL JONES AND WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

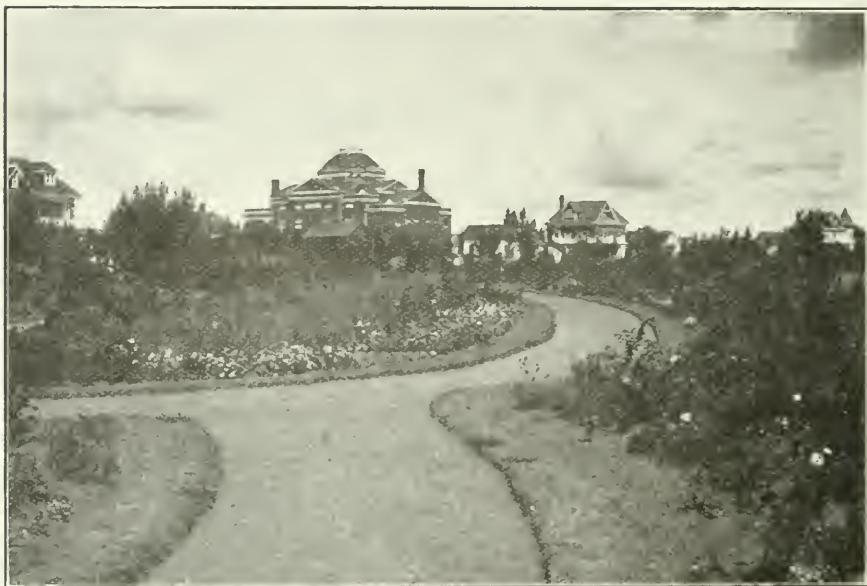
TWO NOTABLE AMERICANS PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRONT OF THE CONSUL'S RESIDENCE IN WINNIPEG

been known to have paid up their entire indebtedness the first year of the undertaking.

Occasionally we hear the statement made: "All the free homesteads in the west are taken up." According to the parliamentary report laid before the House of Commons in April, this year, there are yet 195,731 available homesteads in the prairie west. Of this number over eight thousand lie in the tiny Province of Manitoba.

If the American is not becoming Canadianized, then Canada is be-

coming Americanized. Does it matter which? Canada is the richer for the American "settler." With him has come the commercial spirit belonging to the sons of Uncle Sam, whom Canada has come to look upon as not only a good neighbor, but as a good friend. The American heart is the heart of the Viking—once they conquered by the sword, but now they are conquering by the plowshare; and in a "fight" waged in so splendid a cause as the cause of the hearth, who shall say he does not win by every human right?



VIEW IN MOOSE JAW, SASKATCHEWAN
THE PRINCIPAL DISTRIBUTING POINT FOR AMERICAN SETTLERS

Sallery and Pickles

By RICHARD WHITEING

From The Manchester Guardian

THE man in his shirt-sleeves wheeling the handcart entered the rural cyclists' rest in a kind of triumph, though such a man and such a vehicle are fairly common objects of the roadside. The latter was but a general dealer's truck, the other was a young fellow who seemed addicted to odd jobbing, yet whose smartness of bearing spoke of thwarted hopes of the military career. He was evidently outward bound from London, but that was nothing out of the way.

The unwonted challenge to curiosity was the something alive that stirred under the shawl and jacket that covered his load. For when his back was turned and the children were free to peep under the inverted washing-basket that served as a sunshade for his burden they saw a face! It was the face of a young woman, quite comely to look upon as it lay there, with the well-brushed hair and the neatness of simple finery about the throat that showed some other woman's care. Only it was pallid to the last degree and slightly drawn with weariness, if not with pain, while its transparency of blue veins formed quite a pattern on the closed lids.

The young man reappeared in a moment, wiping his lips with the back of his hand, less, perhaps, for table manners than to hide the distortions of a dry face. Then, after a "Come out of it!" to the children, which caused all but the boldest to fall back at least half a yard, he bent over the recumbent figure.

"Try something," he urged, "just to wet your whistle—lemonade."

The girl—she was hardly more—opened her eyes, smiled gratefully at him, shook her head.

"I'm doin' ginger beer this journey," he said; "I can't 'xac'ly recommend it, but I'm no judge."

She tried to laugh, and actually achieved a smile that was all the sweeter because it was so faint.

"I don't want nothin'; thank yer all the same."

"Soon 'ome," he said. "I've asked the way, and we're goin' by the short cut."

"'Ow good you are—and me a utter stranger!"

"Well, I was goin' to put it the other way. I ain't seen the country for years as I've seen it to-day. It's a lesson for a chap like me to see the stuff growin' in the fields. What a lot of room it takes to make a load for a markit cart—seems like a waste of ground."

"I wish I wasn't so 'eavy."

"I wish you was 'eavier, but they'll soon set that right for yer—at 'ome."

She shook her head again, evidently for thoughts, and with that a tear fell that was already trembling on the very verge of the lid. "I know what I'm goin' 'ome for."

"And I ain't a-goin' to ask yer; bekos I know what you're goin' to say, and I don't want yer to say it agin. Makes me low-sperrited: it really do."

The laugh that she had struggled

for came this time. "I'm very ungrateful, an' I know it, an' I won't do it again."

"You're very weak, that's what's the matter with you, an' nothin' else. But the fresh air, an' the sunshine, an' the ole mother 'll soon set that right. Take my tip—nex' week you'll be dancin' on the green."

"Yes, that's me," she said in a tone that bespoke rather acquiescence than conviction. "Soon get well after I seen the green fields."

"Why shouldn't you see 'em now? I've seen 'em for the last two mile, nothin' else, and the flowers atop o' that, an' the birds skylarkin' in the trees. Why shouldn't you sit up for a bit? What a fool I've bin! Pretty sort o' nuss for a hinvalid. 'Ere: 'old 'ard."

He raised her gently, laid the basket at her back, and settled her up generally as well as he could.

"There, 'ow's that? Why, you're in a harmchair now! What price them things in the 'edges yonder? Wish I knowed their names."

"We used to call 'em 'quake grass' and 'cat's tail' when I was a kid."

It was a very simple story as far as it had gone. "Pickles"—such was her professional name, derived in the primitive way from her calling—was a country-bred girl who had come to work in a London jam factory, and had lived on her capital of strength till she was struck down by fever. Then came, in due courses, the hospital, the turning point of the malady, the beginning of convalescence, interrupted by the necessity of turning out of the crowded ward to make room for more pressing cases. The institution was not to blame; nothing in the rate of growth in relief could overtake the rate of growth in suffering. The reaction—more moral than physical—set in when the girl, lying alone in her dismal bedroom in the tenement house, felt sure she was going to die. Yes, she was going to die; there could be no doubt about that, and all she wanted was to die in the village nestling among the Hertfordshire hills in

which she was born—to die under her mother's roof. She was not uncared for in the slum. Neighbors were kind to "Pickles"—most of them knew her by no other name—but the satisfaction of her wish to go home was beyond them, as it involved a journey by road and an ambulance bed. Even that might have been managed if they had known how to set about it, but they did not.

Then "Sallery," the wheeler of the barrow—whose pseudonym was but a corruption of the name of a vegetable of which he was inordinately fond—got up a boxing match for her benefit among a few friends, and realized by it some seventeen shillings and sixpence, and two black eyes. He was not a boxer by profession, but he had cheerfully stood punishment in the cause of charity in a set-to with a local celebrity which was the chief feature of the entertainment. His trade was simply that of a handy man. He beat carpets, cleaned windows, looked after an office or two, and was in steady work. The benefit fund was inadequate, for the bruises had no marketable value. Sallery was heard confessing as much at the door of her room to the woman who opened it to his knock. He had never seen the patient in his life: she was a pore gal "on her uppers," that was enough for him, for he had been that way himself. But he had not come to confess failure. "Weel 'er down myself Saturday afternoon, and charnce it," was his next happy thought. "I know where I can git a nice little conveyance for 'arf a dollar out an' 'ome."

"It's nigh on fifteen mile," wailed a voice from the bed. "Can't be done with one pair of arms. Let me die 'ere."

"Round at ten o'clock Saturday," said Sallery, cutting short the discussion of ways and means. "'Ere's the gate money for the benefit. Bring 'er up to time, and you'll find me at the door." And so it was settled, in spite of another wail from the bed.

The court gathered to see her off. One lent a mattress to make her com-

fortable, another a pillow, a third a shawl, and Sallery his jacket, for her feet. And now, here they were, on the road again at the beginning of their second lap, with five miles of their journey to the good, and with Sallery stepping out in fine style and watching his charge as she lay in a half-doze. It was all delight now in the landscape—scampering rabbits from the burrows, the hum of bees, meadowsweet, mallow, and poppy going strong, walnut and mulberry leaf in the plantations, sweetbriar in the cottage porches, with the dog-rose. The girl opened her eyes at last, and then kept them open, though, considering the beauty of the setting, the charioteer had perhaps more than his due share of her regard. It was but natural, after all. The message of the whole scene was beauty of one kind or another; and in that line how could you beat the goodness of Sallery? In other respects, however, he could hardly enter into comparison with the glories of nature. But he was straight—his service in the militia had done that for him—and strong. Could she ever forget, the girl thought, how he had lifted her “like a babby” and put her to rights with a hand as tender as the hand of a nurse? The sense of happiness that was gradually stealing over her would have been imperfect without the evidence of his strength. She was in powerful custody; it was all right.

“What a load you got!” she said at last. It was her first essay in what might be called conversation, and, though it was not much to the purpose, it was music to Sallery’s ears.

“Ah, you’re right there, on’y they wouldn’t ‘xac’ly reckon it a load in the street trade. It’s what you might call a ‘arf load—plenty to look at and nothin’ to wheel. Like ‘all a-blowin’ and a-growin’ when they takes the flowers round. Why, you ain’t in it beside bannaners, for all they look like nothin’ one by one.”

“Lor, there’s the half-way ‘ouse,” she said at the next halt. “It’s a sight for sore eyes. I ain’t seen the place

for four year. ‘Ow it’s changed. Why, there’s another name over the bootmaker’s shop. An’ another post office. My!” Sallery, deliberately avoiding the half-way house as too much of a trial for virtuous endeavor, now entered a cake shop and returned in a few minutes with a cup of tea and a small scaffolding of sponge cakes. “No ‘urry,” he said; “we got lots of time in ‘and.” They were welcome to her, and she ate and drank with relish, while he sat on the edge of the barrow and watched every mouthful as tenderly as a nursing bird.

“What are you going to ‘ave yourself?” she asked.

“Plenty o’ time for that. You ain’t goin’ to leave that last one. It’s considered bad luck in sponge cakes.”

“Not till you ‘ave something for yourself.” Thus urged, he produced a substantial packet of bread and cheese from one pocket of his coat, and a small bottle of beer from another, and settled down to his meal. In that form, it had occurred to him, while packing for the journey, beer might be positively genteel.

“Another cup o’ tea?”

“Nothin’ more. So ‘appy, so ‘appy now!”

She fumbled for her purse, and offered him sixpence as he took back cup and plate.

“Who’re yer gettin’ at?” said Sallery. When next she stirred she was in her mother’s arms at the gate of home. She was expected; the neighbors gathered round; and soon she was well enough to tell the tale of her journey. With this, of course, there was a cry for Sallery, with more than one offer of lodging for the night. But he was nowhere to be found, and there was no trace of him save for the report that as soon as he had left her in safe keeping he had set off on his return journey to the cry. “I’ll step it now.” It was a great disappointment for all, and almost a relapse for the girl. The worst of it was there was no writing to thank him. “Mr. Sallery, London,”

would hardly have been enough; and it was impossible to carry it further than that, for he was as unknown to her before the journey as she had been to him.

A week passed, and there was no trace of Sallery until the following Saturday, when an urchin came as the bearer of a message to the cottage door. He had been told to say that "a party" would be glad to know how "that party" was getting on, and that he (the party of the first part) would be waiting to hear at the corner of the lane. The girl flew out to find her preserver in a state of smartness that betokened Sunday best. He was not even dusty, for this time he had come down by train and walked over from the neighboring station. No need to ask now after her bodily health. The air and the quiet had done wonders, and she was able to drag him almost by main force towards the garden gate. Sallery made a feeble resistance, and was understood to murmur something about not wishing to intrude.

"None of your larks this time," was all she vouchsafed in reply. It was a levee after that. The neighbors crowded in to overwhelm him with thanks, and the bashful Sallery found himself, to his utter consternation, the hero of the hour, while "Pickles" stood by to prevent his escape and her mother made preparations for tea. Sallery's longest speech in recognition of these attentions was, "Pore people got to be pals to one another—what do you think?"

When quiet was restored, and the time came for Sallery to take his leave, he timidly ventured the request that the girl would see him to the station. "It'll be company like," he said—"if you feel you're up to it." Her eyes flashed. "Do I look as if I couldn't walk a mile?" and she faced him in all the strength of her restored health and her restored happiness. It was impossible to deny it, yet somehow it seemed a sore disappointment. "You won't want me 'angin' about no more," he said sheepishly. She took the matter in her own hands now, as she saw she would have to do.

"No, not 'angin' about; you ain't quite the sort, I don't think, for a 'angir-on."

It puzzled him. It might mean one thing and it might mean another. Yet somehow she was delighted to see that he took it the wrong way, and that he seemed troubled to have to take it so.

"Go on jumpin'; it shows you are gettin' well, though I ain't goin' to say that it don't hurt."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, last week you couldn't have scared a feller back for nuts. 'Spose it's the country hair."

"Jest where you're wrong."

"What is it, then?"

"It's you," she said, laying her hand on his arm and looking up into his honest eyes.

The parson's clerk, I dare say, learned both their real names in due course. I never did.

I DO the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The Dangers of Undereating

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

From The Cosmopolitan

FEW of the Little Tin Gods of our every-day life are more securely enshrined in the popular Pantheon than the widespread belief in both the virtuousness and the wholesomeness of undereating. We frequently hear it expressed, "If one would always leave the table feeling as if he could have eaten a little more, he would never be sick, and would live to a good old age." The rule sounds well, and it may be true, but there is no evidence to prove it, for it has never been tried in real life. It, like many other moral maxims with a promise attached, is in much the same case as the famous assurance so confidently given us in our nursery days—when we believed things—that after we had had a tooth pulled, if we would only keep our tongue out of the gap, a silver tooth would grow there. Nobody ever saw a silver tooth so growing, but that is no proof that one wouldn't if—!

Of course, like all popular beliefs, this one has a considerable element of truth in it. My protest is only against its acceptance as a universal law and its indiscriminate application. It has a curiously double origin. Naturally it was recognized at a very early period that a certain amount of real eating, with a reasonably frequent repetition of the ceremony, was necessary to life. Anyone who cherished any radical heresy or delusion of magnitude upon this subject soon died, and his heresy perished with him. Therefore the habit of eating survived and became popular. But it was early

seen to have two serious drawbacks; it was expensive, and if one ate too much one became uncomfortable. Ergo to eat as little as possible, consistent with survival, was a virtue.

This sounds both reasonable and convincing, but it overlooks two things: that appetite, "the feeling that you have enough," means something, and that nature is not an economist but a glorious spendthrift. She scatters myriads of seeds to grow hundreds of plants. Her insects of the air and her fish of the sea pour forth their spawn in thousands, nine-tenths of which go to feed other fliers and swimmers. Enough with her is never as good as a feast; in fact what to our cheese-paring, shopkeeper souls looks like enough is to her far too little. If there be any operation of nature which is conducted with less than at least fifty per cent. of waste, it has so far escaped the eye of the scientist. Her regular plan of campaign is to produce many times as much as she needs of everything and let only the fittest few survive. Is it not possible that the same principle may apply in human diet, that we should eat plenty of the best of everything to be had, and let the body pick out what it wants and "scrap" the rest?

Life, fortunately or unfortunately, is not a thing that can be conducted according to hard-and-fast rules. It is less a business than a great game of chance. That is what makes it so interesting. We get tired of business, of work, of philosophy, of science, but seldom of life, until it is our proper

time to quit. It is a game of chance—a gamble if you like, in the sense that there are large unknown factors involved; that, as George Eliot finely put it, "any intelligent calculation of the expected must include a large allowance of the unexpected"; that you never know what emergencies you may meet. This is not a pessimistic view, for few things are more firmly established than that which we term honesty—which is simply following the age-old rules of the game—and flexible intelligence will win eight times out of ten. But the point is that all life's operations must be conducted upon a very wide margin. As with money on a journey, to have enough, you must always have a little too much.

There is no better illustration of this law than the human body itself. The truth, as usual, is within us, if we would only open our eyes to it. Every department of the body-republic is ridiculously overmanned: two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, two lungs, two kidneys, two brains, two thyroids, two adrenals, two everything in fact except the stomach with its appendages—which is us and indivisible. In short, we are a physiologic double "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—except Uncle Tom. Practically every one of these "twins" is there simply as an understudy to take the place of its chief in case the latter should be disabled, though, except in the case of the brains, the eyes, and the hands, it is impossible to tell "which is which," and both of the pair are given a reasonable amount of work to do in order to keep them in training.

This sounds rather obvious, perhaps, but the margin goes vastly farther than this. Not only have we two lungs, either of which is perfectly competent to do all the breathing of the body, even under severe strain, but under ordinary circumstances about one-third of one lung is sufficient to—economically—oxygenate our blood. The only reason why nature does not build our lungs about one-third of the present size is that we would not have

enough margin to run for our lives, and if we were attacked by pneumonia or tuberculosis we would be very likely to go down in the first round. For precisely the same reason it is not safe to eat exactly what the economists and the laboratory men say we need. Food is expensive, but it is much cheaper than doctors' and undertakers' bills and the support of orphan-asylums and hospitals.

The same rule holds good all through the rest of the body. About one-half of one kidney would do all the blood-purifying needed, on the Chittenden principle. Why not remove one kidney? It is simply a drone in the body politic and must be using up a lot of good food-material. And just think of the wastefulness of carrying around in our bodies nearly two pounds of superfluous liver—and so indigestible as it is, too! Of course we would probably die in our next attack of tonsillitis or severe influenza, but what is that compared with the virtue and piety of living economically? A squad of soldier volunteers, as brave as any that ever faced the cannon's mouth, may survive for six weeks on a laboratory diet calculated by the higher mathematics and consisting of proteids, carbohydrates, and hydrocarbons, instead of real food; but what would be the result the next time they happened to be exposed to typhoid, tuberculosis, summer dysentery, or even a bad cold? What was the final effect of this starvation diet on such a squad has already been told by Major Woodruff, and it does not exactly encourage imitation. Five out of nine reported that they felt badly and were always hungry during the test, and were weak and depressed at its close; and all but one had gladly returned to regular diet. One who had continued the diet for three months thought he had been permanently injured by it, and another thought he would have died if he had continued on the diet. Several confessed that they had been compelled to go out and get a "square meal" repeatedly during the test and

that others did the same. Moreover, one of those who was later placed on such a diet—a young man in the prime of life and vigor—died of a comparatively trivial disorder, which developed hemorrhagic complications, for no other reason whatever that could be ascertained than his prolonged food-deprivation.

Such tests may have a certain scientific value, but what we should be concerned about is not the minimum amount of food on which body and soul can be held together, and a moderate amount of work ground out, but the maximum amount of efficiency, endurance, and comfort which can be got out of any human machine by the most liberal and generous supply of food which it can be induced to assimilate. As Robert Hutchison aptly put it, "What we want to find is not the minimum diet but the optimum." It is no principle of progress to hold men down to a starvation diet any more than it is to starvation wages; and while economy may be an admirable thing in business, it is, in dietetics, usually not only short-sighted but wasteful, for compared with human life and health food is one of the cheapest things there is.

The man who attempts to save money on his butcher's and grocer's bills, seven times out of ten, is starving either himself, his family, or his servants. Economy may be the "soul of wealth" in business, but in the kitchen it is much more nearly the soul of starvation, and is usually practised at the expense of the younger or weaker members of the household. Like all business principles, it is excellent in its place, but its place is never in the feeding of young children. For instance, all careful students of the child-problem are convinced that the institutional or wholesale method of rearing orphan children is a failure and must go. A child reared in an institution, hospital, foundling-asylum or what not, is not much more than half a human being, and can usually be recognized at sight by its dull eyes, pasty complexion, sluggish and lifeless

movements and intelligence to match. Part of this is due to the barracks-like life and the absence of individual love and care, but no small measure of it is due to the fact that these children, fed by wholesale and with an eye to economy, are usually underfed, either by actual deficiency of calories or an excess of cheap starches in place of the more expensive meats, fats, and sugars, or by the deadly monotony of the fare. One children's hospital, for instance, has had corned beef and red cabbage slaw for dinner every Tuesday for seven years.

The same thing, I am ashamed to say, is too often true of the feeding of adults also in institutions or hospitals. When a superintendent wants to make a record for economy the easiest point at which he can cut down expenditures is in the food-bill. It has been an axiom with the medical profession ever since the days of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that people who are fed by wholesale, with some one else holding the purse-strings, instead of being able to follow their own appetites, are usually more or less starved. Although even then they may be better fed than they were at home under modern industrial conditions. Many of our hospitals, however, particularly those for the care of the insane, are beginning to see light on this subject, to provide a more abundant and attractive dietary, to consult the appetites and preferences of their patients, and to allow their physicians, instead of the superintendent or matron, to control the precise diet of each patient, with the result that money is actually being saved by curing the patients faster and enabling them to get up and back to work in a shorter time. Give nature the wide margin that she needs to conduct her operations on, and she will pay you dividends on it in the long run.

One of the corner-stones upon which our diet-economists base their claims is that by diminishing the amount of food, and more thoroughly masticating and digesting it, they can thereby extract the last remnant of nu-

trition from it, and thus save the enormous waste which goes on upon ordinary diets. Many of them, in fact, have boldly claimed that they can save thirty, fifty, and even sixty per cent. of the food-fuel ordinarily consumed and subsist on from one-third to one-half the standard, popular diets.

Unfortunately for these claims, however, the reformers neglected to ascertain the exact amount of the food in our average or standard dietaries which actually goes to waste in the body. This, of course, can be determined with as absolute accuracy as the amount of ash made by a particular kind of coal. It was one of the first things ascertained in the scientific study of nutrition, and the results, laid down as tables, have been corroborated a hundred times since. These show that upon ordinary diets, under average conditions, only from five to fifteen per cent. of the food taken into the mouth is discharged from the body as waste. Of beef, for instance, all but about two per cent. of its available nutriment passes into the blood, of milk all but about three per cent.; of bread only six per cent. is wasted. How, out of a wastage of less than ten per cent., our diet-reformers are going to save forty per cent. is, of course, a puzzle to everyone but themselves. If their claims were true we would be justified in leaping to the logical conclusion of the Irishman who, when assured by an enthusiastic hardware dealer that a certain make of stove would save one-half of his fuel-bill, promptly replied, "Shure, thin, Oi'll take two an' save the whole av ut."

This brings us to the question, What are the diseases of underfeeding, and what the diseases of overfeeding? To hear the extraordinary claims trumpeted forth on every occasion by the apostles of a slender regimen that "Man digs his grave with his teeth," that gluttony is the deadliest vice of our age, that two-thirds of our diseases are due to over-eating, and that the race is fast gorging it-

self into degeneracy and final extinction, one would surely conclude that the most imposing array of diseases in our text-books of medicine and the hugest totals in our death-lists would be found directly and unmistakably enrolled under the head of diseases due to overeating. On the other hand, from the incessant praises of plain living and high thinking we would confidently expect that all those who, either from necessity or from choice, practised this gospel of starvation would have a high longevity, a low mortality, and an obvious freedom from disease, and that under the head of diseases due to underfeeding would be found a vast and eloquent blank.

But what are the facts? Of the forty-two principal causes of death in the United States census of 1900 only three are to be found which are in any way due or possibly related to overfeeding—diseases of the stomach, diseases of the liver, and diabetes. Two-thirds of the deaths due to these three causes have nothing whatever to do with overfeeding, but even if we were to grant them in their entirety to the anti-food agitators, they would amount to only three per cent. of the total deaths. Those diseases most often and confidently ascribed to overfeeding, such as gout, dyspepsia, apoplexy, obesity, neurasthenia, and arteriosclerosis, are such insignificant factors in the death-rate that they do not appear in this list of principal causes at all. On the other hand, those diseases which are either directly due to underfeeding or in which the mortality is highest among those who are poorly fed and lowest among those who are abundantly fed—consumption, pneumonia, diarrheal diseases, typhoid and inanition (a polite official term for starvation)—account for a death-roll of 250,000 victims, or nearly 30 per cent. of all the deaths. Diseases even possibly due to or aggravated by overfeeding, three per cent.; diseases certainly due to or aggravated by underfeeding, thirty per cent. Other factors enter in, but surely, if low

diet were such a wonderful promoter of longevity and warder-off of disease, it ought to have prevented at least half of these 250,000 practitioners of it from falling victims of diseases due to lowered vitality. Such diets as are advocated by our reformers—viz., from sixteen to eighteen hundred calories—are, in effect, starvation diets for men exposed to the wear and tear of workaday life, for women, and for children. They represent a bare subsistence diet, capable of sustaining life and moderate degrees of activity, but giving no reserve for protection against disease or for recovery from its attack.

Thousands, yes, millions, of the human race have been compelled and are yet compelled to live on just such diets as our reformers recommend, and instead of being healthier, freer from disease, and longer-lived on that account, it is a rule as unbroken as any axiom of Euclid that the death-rate in any given community varies in constant ratio with the social position of the individual, being highest in the lowest and most sparsely fed classes, intermediate in the middle and better-fed classes, and lowest of all in the wealthiest and best fed classes. The much-vaunted blessings of poverty exist only in the imagination of the poets, if indeed they have not been invented by both poet and priest for the purpose of making the less-fortunate classes better "content with that station in which it has pleased Providence to put them."

It is a real surprise to some of our smug pseudo-philanthropists to learn from the stern and unimpeachable evidence of the mortality and morbidity records that the blameless and frugal poor have the highest death-rate, the highest disease-rate, and the lowest longevity-rate of any class in the community. The same statement is equally true of nations. The most abundantly fed races of the world today are those which are in the van of the world's progress. The measure of the sparseness and the slenderness of the diet of a race is the measure

of its backwardness and stagnation. We have heard so much baseless fairy-tale and poetic cant about the healthfulness and the endurance of the blameless Hindu and the industrious Mongolian that it really comes almost as a shock to us to discover, when we are brought face to face with these interesting peoples, that their working efficiency is from one-fourth to two-fifths less than that of the meat-fed white man; that their death-rate is from double to treble that of the civilized races; and that the average longevity of the Hindus, for instance, is barely twenty-three years, as compared with some forty-seven years in our American whites. Ten days of practical observation abundantly demonstrate that the only reason on earth why a Hindu or a Chinaman or any other Oriental lives upon a diet of rice, or pulses, or vegetables is that he cannot afford anything better! The sole cause of a vegetarian or low-protein diet in any race is plain poverty. The moment that a Chinese or a Hindu in America begins to earn something like a white man's wages he abandons his former diet and begins, as he expresses it, to "eat American." As soon as he does so he increases his working power from twenty to forty per cent. and diminishes his liability to disease in the same proportion.

The first step in the magnificent modernization and civilization of Japan, for instance, was to put, first her army, then her navy, and then as nearly as possible her population, upon an European diet rich in proteins—wheat, pork and beef. The so-called vegetarian or low-protein victories of Japan were won by an army and navy which had been for fifteen years upon a ration rich in protein, modeled as closely as possible after that of the German army and originally adopted for the purpose of stamping out beri-beri.

Finally, apropos of the diseases of underfeeding versus those of overfeeding, I would call attention to the significant fact that practically every prolonged famine is followed by the

outbreak of some epidemic. In fact, from one-half to two-thirds of the deaths in a famine are due to some form of fever, which the lowered nutrition of the victims has allowed to gain a foothold. There are a dozen diseases, from typhus and typhoid to cholera and plague, which are known by the significant name of "famine fevers." If any epidemic or widespread disease has ever resulted from overfeeding or followed on the heels of a too abundant crop it has entirely escaped the eye of medical science.

To sum up: Nature is no fool, nor has she been wasting her time these millions of years past in sifting out the best, both of appetites and individuals, for survival. A certain definite amount of fuel-value in food is essential to life, health, and working power, and a surplus is never one-tenth as dangerous as a deficit. Particularly is this the case in growing children and in women during the reproductive period. It is doubtful, in fact, whether these two classes can be induced to absorb more real sound,

wholesome food than is good for them. The vast majority of our diseases of dietetic or alimentary origin are now recognized as due to poisons absorbed with the food, or resulting from its putrefaction. What we really need is pure food and more of it, instead of less. The diseases of overfeeding are chiefly the pathologic amusements of the rich, and exercise a comparatively trifling influence upon the death-rate. The diseases of underfeeding are the pestilences of the poor, that sweep them away by the thousand and by the million. Two-thirds of the patients who come to us, as physicians, from whatever walk of life, are underfed, instead of overfed. Even gout has little to do with overeating, and nothing at all with red meats. "Poor man's gout" is just as common as "rich man's," now that we have learned to recognize it. To paraphrase Goethe, "Food, more food," is our cry. Every increase in the abundance, the cheapness, and the purity of our food-supplies lowers the death-rate of the community an appreciable notch.

Getting the Most Out of Life

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy places we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.—*John Ruskin.*



THE ENTRANCE

LOOKS VERY DIFFERENT TO THE FRESH INCOMER THAN IT DOES TO THE WEARIED DEPARTER

Canadian Observance of the Fall Fair

By

HELEN E. WILLIAMS

PREPARATION for the time-honored event—the fall fair—in rural parts, properly speaking, lasts the year round. While February storms expend themselves the inmates of scattered farmhouses pore over splendidiferous spring catalogues, which certain astute ones have cunningly launched upon a winter world. As the list grows ever longer and stubby pencils stubbier, uneasy consciences find justification in rosy previsions of yellow or green bits of pasteboard dangling suggestively from floral creations at the horticultural show in the fall. These previsions, secretly cherished, persist through the intermediate stages of growth and warfare with the cutworm and his ruthless kind, but are scouted at in those neighborly interchanges of visits to see what So-and-so has, and whether one stands any “show” oneself. However, the “potted plant,”

together with toothsome culinary confections, the “pick of the herd,” the sultan and his harem, and they of the Shropshire and Tamworth breeds—these with all their accessories find themselves bound one fine September day for this rendezvous, so dear to the heart of country folk, the County Fair. All roads lead there; and over them pass people of every class and aspect.

There are in Canada probably a thousand fall fairs held every year—township, county, district and provincial, including the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, which is the largest and most representative of any fair in the world that is conducted annually, and the attendance is growing rapidly toward the million mark. Nearly a century and a half ago the first exhibition of agricultural products took place in Canada. That was in 1765, and forty years later in Ontario, at Newark, the former

name for Old Niagara, there began in an unpretentious way what was destined to be one of the greatest educational institutions organized in the interests of the agricultural interests of the Dominion. The figures are exceptionally interesting. Only twenty pioneer farmers attended the first fair in 1805, on the shores of Lake Ontario, and last year in the Province of Ontario alone one million three hundred and fifty thousand people passed through the turnstiles, and all over Canada the attendance is growing each succeeding year. Certain prophets have declared that fairs will soon fall into desuetude but the records of patronage and the constantly augmented prize lists tell a different tale. Five pounds, ten shillings and sixpence were offered in premiums at the pioneer exhibition, and about one hundred dollars covered the value of the exhibits. Last year there was paid out, in Ontario alone, two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars as prize money for exhibits worth many millions.

But what lively scenes are witnessed in the wee sma' hours of the morning, the hired help and boys convey to the fair the stock in slatted crates and high-boarded wagons, whence they are transferred to the stalls lining the entire circumference of the fair ground fence. By the time they have been fed, bedded and watered, extraneous elements have entered and are driving in tent stakes, and setting forth the various paraphernalia of their craft. Nor is this always accomplished without some wrangling. The fortune-teller, that gifted seventh daughter of the seventh daughter of euphonious name, who can with the aid of a cube of glass lay bare the mysteries of past and future, she of the flashing eye and raven locks, resents the proximity of the sword-swallower's booth, and there is language and much fierce gesticulation before an understanding is reached. But if all is bustle and confusion without, no less busy are those whom the horticultural building

has from time to time received into its cool, roomy vastness. Upon the counters, spanning the whole length of the ground floor, men are artistically arranging baskets of the year's maturity to the best advantage. Even at this early stage a plate of "extra fine" Red Astrachans or grapes, a mammoth squash, or a strange species of the fantastic gourd family, elicits an admiring ejaculation from the hurrying passer, who has not yet been succeeded by the slow-moving, fingering, insatiable throng of sight-seers. In the corner under the stairs the White Ribboners are laying out pamphlets and basket work for sale. And as one mounts, one sees through an aperture in the partition, rows of speckless carriages, sleighs, furniture, and catches the initial strains of the piano man's waltz, destined, later, to become but the faintest monotone in the vast strophe of pulsating life.

Upstairs, the counters are buried beneath flowers of every design and hue; triumphs of culinary art; and intricate examples of what the eye, needle, and a lamentable perserverance can accomplish in fragile, useless prettinesses. Two ladies, presumably judges, are vacillating between a pillar of asters in graduating shades, and an anchor design of beautifully arranged mixed flowers. I feign interest in a gaudy bedspread that I may hear their cogitations.

"Are you sure?" inquires one uncertainly.

"Why, yes, as sure as I can be," responds the other. "I drove through his grounds only last week—on purpose, you know—and saw purple asters just like those."

The first lady sighed.

"It is a pity," she said, "this is so pretty, and that so coarse. But I suppose it would never do not to give his the prize?"

Her companion shook her head emphatically.

"Never!" she supplemented, succinctly, "he would be raging."

Then they pinned the first prize on the asters.

CANADIAN OBSERVANCE OF OF THE FALL FAIR.



LEMONADE BOOTHS

EVERYBODY GRAVITATES HERE AT VARYING INTERVALS, DEPENDENT ON HIS
OR HER POWERS TO RESIST THIRST

But later in the afternoon I saw the closing scene of this little drama. An impulse to see once more the line of reconnoitering femininity—heads aslant, fingers fumbling, tongues criticising—impelled me to go upstairs again. A voice speaking alone by the flower stand drew me that way, and I recognized one who is great in the land.

"Ladies," he was saying, his voice

distant with displeasure, "ladies, you have er-r-ed in judgment."

And he proceeded to give a dissertation on the relative merits of the two designs, detrimental to the asters, brazenly flaunting the honor prize, while the judges, standing, crestfallen by, could only assent miserably conscious the while that they had not only defied their own good taste, but



THE MIDWAY

TO THE YOUNG FOLK ESPECIALLY THE SIDE SHOWS ARE THE MOST ABSORBING FEATURES AT THE FAIR'



THE MAIN BUILDING

WHERE MANUFACTURERS AND MERCHANTS GO TO EXHIBIT AND WHERE THE PUBLIC FLOCK TO GET SOUVENIRS

offended the one of all others they were designing to please.

Squatted here and there behind their buggies, in social proximity with the unharnessed horse grazing near, are family groups munching their mid-day meal. Sallying forth to do likewise, one passes children dragging at the hand of some uncompromising elder, who is engaged in renewing acquaintance with an erstwhile school friend.

"What is that, child? Punch and Judy? Well, by and by, when—"

Something in the child's face awakens an echo from other years. Now, if "things" go awry, or hopes are slow in materializing, reason opens her stores of consolation. But what hope for a missed Punch and Judy? The gods themselves can do naught. Three hundred and sixty-five days of aching void, and then—another.

A few steps farther on a little girl is opening her first prize-packet, breathless with anticipatory thrills that it may be a brass—a thousand pardons! gold, of course—watch. "It" turns out to be a toy snake, which wriggles uncannily. If she had only chosen the garnet packet she had taken up first—perhaps—who knows?

More interesting, perhaps, than the

heated tents, where for "only one dime" the beholder may witness the high dive, or see the fat woman im-meshed with snakes, the wild man devouring raw meat, the child marvel sporting two heads, and like unholy sights—is that spot so popular to half-grown youth, where two rival concerns for selling cigars—a row of dolls on wire before a sheet, and nine-pins ranged upon a table—are never without their votaries.

"Aw, jest watch him, now! Watch him! Watch him!" admiringly shouts the tall, black, foreign-looking proprietor of the latter, whose smile is someway even more repellent than his frown, as a newcomer nervously fingers the ball, and makes several false starts.

"Pret-t-ty clo-o-se," comes from the fair, youngish, silly-looking strip-ling presiding over the dolls, who has a flattering way of laughing up from under his eyes. "Pret-t-t-ty clo-o-o-o-se," and something in the subtly suggestive inflection that failure next time was one of the things that simply could not be, incited many an indifferent shot to a second and even third attempt. It is as good as a play, as the phrase is, to watch



A TYPICAL FAIR BUILDING

THE SCENE OF MANY AN EXCITING CONTEST BETWEEN RIVAL OWNERS OF PRIZE FOWL

the different competitors. There is the well-to-do young man, who first sees the affair when opposite, and turns aside with an "if there aren't those bally dolls! I used to make them topple over every time, when I was a kid. Wonder if—believe I'll try." He is always leisurely and self-assured, and calls patronizingly to him of the inky moustache to "look out, my man," and to "look lively there,"—and the dolls are usually "toppled." Then there is the undersized boy, with the round straw hat and Sunday suit, one never sees anywhere else, who approaches step by step, as if drawn by some potent mesmerism. He hangs round watching worshipfully while various loungers turn many dolls, till that inevitable moment arrives when the temptation proves too strong. And it is his turn to stand there in all his pitiful, nervous bravado, the cynosure of all eyes he probably believes, a moment later to slink away and lose himself in the crowd, which has not witnessed his shameful failure.

But the prime good accruing from the fair is not that it affords foreigners the means of turing an honest penny, and children an easily-attained Mecca; not that it gives racers an oc-

casional to show their mettle, and men of speculative propensities the opportunity to profit or lose according to their acumen in horseflesh; nor even that through the exhibit of produce farmers are enabled to drive many a hard bargain. The crowning good consists in the stimulus and practical benefit of the farming profession meeting and comparing notes; in sustaining interests in and propagating the advance of industrial and agricultural pursuits; and the inevitable broadening of the people's horizon, through social intercourse with those in other walks of life. Apart from the break it makes in the tedium of routine, it is of inestimable value to Brown, who is "going into" sheep, to learn that his mode of feeding the ewes is in default, and responsible for the loss of as smart a pair of twins as ever rose upon stilt-like legs, and bumped saucy, black heads together. Nor are these exchanges of hard-earned experiences limited to farmers alone. The people's parliamentary representatives seize this opportunity for meeting so many of their constituents en masse. Any new discovery or improvement at the Experimental Farm is recounted, and questions of nation-

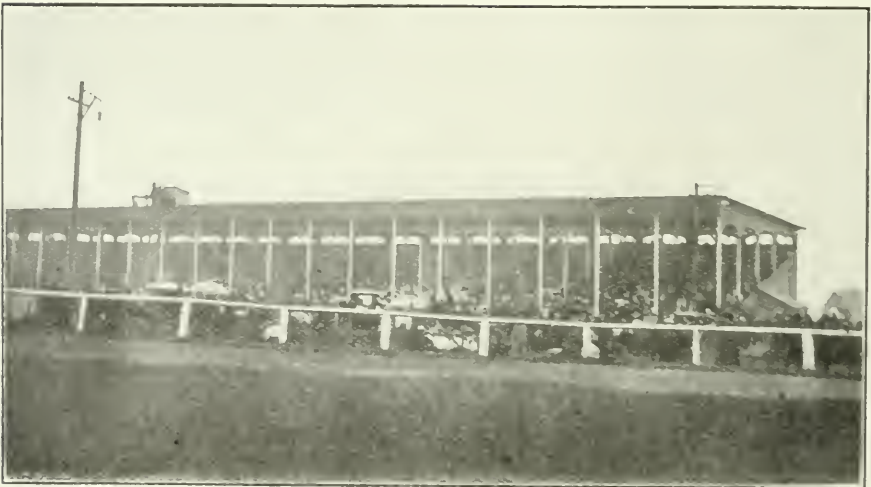
BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

al import broached, while his hearers reciprocate in kind, or submit grievances for redress—should any such exist. The game of politics, indeed, accounts for the presence of many whose interest in agriculture or horticulture is superficial. A ministerial figure moving here and there among the crowd, the occupants of two motors in earnest consultation—so have laws been altered, to these have candidates owed their nomination.

Not every one who comes, however, is actively interested in the intrinsic value of what they see, or even a claimant for parliamentary honors. A fair is sure to be amusing—or the spin over the hills, beginning to flush and glow in the autumnal light, and down between orchards, harvest and pumpkin fields, is poetry of music through poetry of scene. But somehow—somewhere—they catch the contagion, these transients from city thoroughfares. They were

not conscious of any yearning toward nature and the simple life when they entered. They are not sure when they first felt with Charles Dudley Warner that to own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds, and watch their renewal of life,—this is . . . the most satisfactory thing a man can do." But some latent chord has been stirred, and the learned scion of a long line of lawyers the following spring irrefutably proves that he is of the lineage of Adam, by being mightily concerned about the crops on his new fifty-acre farm, whither he transports his family in lieu of Europe.

Thus the influence emanating from the County Fair is deep and wide spreading in its results, affecting, in short, the welfare of the whole county. A sort of thermometer it is, too, of that country's progress, improving as it improves, on the threshold, perhaps, of its greatest era.



THE GRAND STAND

AN ESSENTIAL FEATURE NOWADAYS OF THE COUNTRY FAIR

Stray Stories From India

By SIR ARTHUR FANSHAWE

From Blackwood's Magazine

TO my thinking the best stories from India are those which have a savor of the finesse or subtlety that is characteristic of the Eastern mind. The type of such stories is the well-known reply of a Mahommedan servant who had been out with his master for a day's snipe-shooting, the result of which was a very meagre bag. He was asked whether his master had shot well. "Yes," he replied gravely, "the Sahib shot excellently, but Allah was very merciful to the birds." The following story, which is not so well known, has something of the same character about it. An old friend of mine once asked his Madras servant about his religion, and the following conversation ensued. "Hallo, Ramaswami! what's your religion?" Ramaswami, who came from a missionary district, thought that he would please his master by an assumption of humility, and accordingly replied, "Beg pardon, sar,"—a favorite form of beginning a sentence with the English-speaking Madras servants,—“Beg pardon, sar, I'm a heathen.” “What do you mean by a heathen?” said my friend, genuinely surprised by the answer. “Beg pardon, sar,” replied the man, with the missionary ritual still in his mind, “a worshipper of stocks and stones.” “Oh! confound it!” ejaculated my friend, “I can't keep a man like that in my service.” To which came the immediate rejoinder: “Beg pardon, sar, in your Highness's service no time to worship anything!” The quickness of the change, in order to fall

in with his master's mood, was as characteristic as the adroitness of the evasion.

The reply evasive has its special home, of course, in the East, though it is indigenous in certain Western countries also; and indeed the ministerial answers to questions in our own House of Commons provide a liberal education in the art of evasion. The native of India usually shelters himself behind a universal “God knows,” but his variants of this safe text are sometimes amusing. On one occasion I was driving up to Simla in an open carriage, and at one of the stages noticed that a bank of heavy clouds, which had previously been concealed by the high hillside, was moving up in an ominous way. My waterproof and umbrella were in another conveyance behind with my servants, and I was doubtful whether it would not be wiser to wait for them to come up. Accordingly I asked a Hindu Inspector, who had been deputed to accompany me, as the conveyance of mails and passengers on the hill road to Simla was a service managed by the Post Office, whether he thought that we should have rain before we reached the next stage. At first he fenced with the question. “Did his Highness wish to be driven more quickly?” But when I pressed the point, drawing his attention to the clouds and saying that with his experience he must have some knowledge of the signs of the weather, I received the following oracular reply: “Without doubt there are clouds, but the matter is in the power of the

Almighty." After that there was nothing to be done but to drive on, and, as it happened, I was fortunate enough to arrive in safety at the next stage before the rain came down.

This habitual unwillingness to give a direct reply has a counterpart in the propensity to adopt indirect methods, to go round about, and often a very long way round about, towards an object which may be perfectly legitimate in itself. Everyone who has had to deal with large numbers of subordinates must have had some curious experiences of these tactics, which are seldom of much avail, though they involve a waste of valuable time and cause irritation, or sometimes, perhaps, amusement.

One morning I found among my telegrams the following message from an old Mahomedan postmaster, whom I knew personally, and had seen two years previously on his return from China, where he had been in charge of a field post-office with the expeditionary force sent from India: "Myself and family members continue to pray for your Honor and Lady Sahib." That was the entire message, and it came like a telegraphic bolt from the blue, as for two years I had heard nothing of the man. The assurance it gave was no doubt flattering, and the word "continue" almost pathetic; but why should it suddenly have been thought necessary to send me this assurance? I wrote on the telegram an inquiry whether any appeal or representation from the sender was under consideration; and was informed that nothing had been received from him except a formal request, forwarded through the proper official channel, that his name should be registered for field service. He had already been twice on field service, once at an earlier stage in his career at Suakim, and more recently to China, and bore an excellent character, but was not considered to be qualified for a more important charge than the one which he was actually holding, though there had been every desire to treat him generously. The

time for his retirement was drawing near, and he knew perfectly well that he would not be asked to go on field service again; and the man's whole object was to suggest to me afresh that he had not been adequately rewarded for his late service in China. The request that his name should be registered was intended to bring himself again to notice in connection with field service; and the telegram to me was to ensure, as in fact it did, that I should make some enquiry about him, and learn what he had done, and then perhaps be led to review his case and give some final promotion to the man, who up to the last had shown himself ready to go on field service. I ought to add that this postmaster had, I believe, a genuine feeling of loyalty towards myself, and if this had not been the case, the actual wording of the telegram sent by him would, I think, have been different.

The great majority of the so-called good stories from India are stories of the ludicrous mistakes made by natives of the country in speaking and writing English, and here I should like to make one point quite clear. Many natives of India both speak and write English with wonder facility, and in the offices of the Government of India there are many Bengali assistants who not only write excellent English, but also prepare admirable notes on the papers with which they have to deal. There is, however, a large body of clerks on small pay in every part of India who have only the most imperfect acquaintance with English, though most of their work is carried on in that language, and it is these men who are responsible for the comical blunders of which one hears, and have created what is popularly known as Babu English. The word Babu, in its proper meaning, is a title used in addressing all Bengalis of a respectable position in life, but has come to be accepted by Anglo-Indians in Bengal and Upper India as signifying much the same as the word clerk.

Of mere Babu English I do not propose to give any specimens, as I

cannot help thinking that this vein has been more than sufficiently worked; but it may be said with safety that the Bengali Babu is still the chief master of this new medium of expression. He is endowed with "a bright, soaring" imagination, and possesses, moreover, plenty of self-confidence and a natural disinclination to descend to details and verify facts. When these qualities are united with that proverbially dangerous possession, a little knowledge of the language which he professes to speak or write, it can hardly be a matter for surprise that he should play fantastic tricks with the English tongue.

The quality of imagination is one that is shared by other races of India, and it finds scope in many unexpected ways. A young Maratha Bramin, who had taken a good degree at the Bombay University, and secured a high place in the public service examination, was given a superior grade appointment in the Post-Office; but within the first year of his service was detected in sending in a travelling allowance bill, supported by a false diary, for a journey which he had never performed. In his defence he wrote sheet after sheet of impassioned English, and surrounded this journey with a wealth of imaginative detail. One part of it was said to have been made at night, and he described how the moon was high, and how he had lingered at a particular point of the road, where an old Maratha fort stood out in dark outline in the distance, in order to enjoy the romantic scenery. This young Brahmin came to Calcutta when his case was being finally dealt with; and after I had gone through all the circumstances with him, practically admitted that the journey had been made only in fancy, though, of course he was perfectly familiar with the scene in which it was laid. The real facts were that he had gone by railway to his native town, and remained there for three days without permission; and this journey was invented to account for his absence, and not with any de-

sire to make illicit gain, as the amount involved was quite insignificant. In consideration of his youth he was allowed to resign, so that he might not be debarred from making a fresh start in life under happier auspices, and it may be hoped that he had learnt a lesson as to the necessity of controlling the play of his imagination.

But it is the desire to be idiomatic, in an imperfectly acquired language, to use phrases and expressions which are not really understood, that is the most fruitful cause of ludicrous mistakes, just as the same desire is the parent of numerous malaprops in all countries. The American lady who accounted for the successful decoration and furnishing of her rooms by assuring a friend that she had given a well-known London firm *bete noire* in the matter, was making exactly the same kind of mistake as the native of India who said that Bangalore was forty miles away as the cock crows. As the phrase *carte blanche* carried no precise significance to her mind, so the expression "as the crow flies" had no real meaning to him; and another expression with a "crow" in it came with equal readiness to his lips. Moreover, the line between the correct use of an idiom, or the correct application of a simile, and the ludicrous, is often a very narrow one, as the following story will serve to illustrate. A Bengali clerk who had been transferred at his own request, from my office to another Government office in Calcutta, was anxious to return, and wrote me personally on the subject. Although not a Christian himself he was evidently acquainted with the familiar lines of Bonar's hymn—

"I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;"

and this is how he applied then to his own case: "It is true I have wandered from the fold, i.e., the Director-General's office, but I trust that your Honor will be merciful and receive back an old sheep.

The desire to be eloquent, like the desire to be idiomatic, is a great snare

to the youth of India. The young men who leave our schools and colleges have made acquaintance, in however slight a degree, with some of the great writers of English, and have learned by heart passages from Shakespeare and other English poets. In the majority of cases, however, they have not learnt to write plain, straightforward English, and in their desire to be eloquent they pelt their official superiors with quotations (I should be afraid to say how often "to err is human, to forgive divine," has adorned appeals which have come before me), or they rush into poetry, and strive to reproduce the grand style. This may be due in part to temperament, but it points also to something defective in the method of teaching. A young Englishman beginning life in a French business house would not dream of embellishing an explanation, to be submitted to the head of the firm with lines from Moliere or phrases from Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables' because he had read these books at school.

As an example of the grand style I give an extract from an application received by me on returning to India after being absent on leave in England. The writer was a young Hindu clerk belonging to Northern India, and the request he had to make was that the orders, passed in his case during my absence, should be reconsidered. The application began as follows: "As the rising of the glorious sun is welcomed by shipwrecked sailors, so is your Honor's return hailed by the members of this department." The man who wrote that sentence was clearly familiar with extracts from Shakespeare, but had never been schooled to understand that such flights of fancy were entirely out of place in official or even in ordinary correspondence. The texture, indeed, of English, and especially of literary English, is rich with the images and the thoughts and the language of Shakespeare, but none the less is it true, despite Wordsworth's noble line, that the tongue

that Shakespeare spoke is not always the tongue we speak in everyday life.

Other mistakes are of frequent occurrence which, though not necessarily ludicrous, have an interest of their own, as showing the difficulties which natives of India have to contend with in learning English, or the manner in which they acquire their English vocabulary. On one occasion a burly Parsee Inspector, who had been deputed to the scene of a highway robbery of the mail, met with a railway accident on the way. The train in which he was travelling was literally blown over by the force of the wind on an exposed part of the Kathiawar coast, and he described the occurrence in the following telegram to me: "Train upset near G—— by heavy gusts, myself hurled, proceed scene robbery to-morrow." The accident was an unusual one, and the word "up-set" was not, perhaps, the right word to use in describing it, while the epithet "heavy" was misplaced. The telegram, however, gave a vivid account of what had occurred and for graphic force the two words "myself hurled" could hardly be bettered, bringing up, as they still do, before my mind's eye a vision of a stout man, with flying skirts, shot through space and sprawling on the sand. I will give only one other instance, and that a generic one, of mistakes of this character. The word "drown" is constantly used by natives of all parts of India for the sinking of a boat, and I have myself received numerous reports by telegram and letter that mail-boats or mails had been drowned at sea or in rivers. The mistake, which has a comical sound to English ears, is instructive. In Urdu, and in several of the vernacular languages of the country, the same word is used for the drowning of a man and the sinking of a boat, and it is only natural, therefore, that it should be a common mistake to use the same English word in both cases.

I close the present article with an account of one of the quaintest incidents in my own experience, a tete-a-

tete dinned which I had some years ago with the old Jam of Jamnagar in his fortress palace on the coast of Kathiawar. The Jam at that time, though no longer young, was still vigorous, a Rajput of the old school, with some eccentric hobbies of his own, and closely wedded to the routine of life which he had laid down for himself, but always glad to welcome an English officer.

I arrived at the palace shortly before six o'clock in the evening, and was ushered into a small room, where the Jam was seated in the midst of a wonderful array of cheap, modern clocks, the collection of these articles being one of his hobbies. Then as the hour of six was "clashed and hampered" from a dozen clocks, all striking at once in that confined space, he lifted to his lips from a table as his side a small silver cup, and with an apology to me, drank off the contents, a strong infusion of native spirit scented with roses. Having done this, he explained with some pride that it was his invariable custom to take his first dram for the day precisely at that hour—a statement which was received with a chorus of approval from the kinsmen and others who were present. To drink by the clock had evidently been raised to the dignity of a virtue in Jamnagar, though, to do the Jam justice, he was just as methodical in his early rising and his morning orisons, as he was in his evening potations. A short conversation followed, and then the Jam took me by the hand and, followed by the kinsmen, we passed hand-in-hand into a long, dimly-lit corridor where dinner was served. The Jam sat at a small table towards one end of the corridor, with a cluster of kinsmen and attendants behind him, while facing his table a separate table had been placed for me about ten yards away. As a high-caste Hindu, the Jam was precluded from taking his meal at the same board as his guest, and I was provided with an excellent dinner cooked in the European fash-

ion. The corridor was bare of hangings, but down one side, half in shade and half in light, were ranged the picturesque figures of the Jam's bodyguard, fierce-looking Rajputs, armed with shields and spears; from outside came the wailing of native music, and amid these strange surroundings we sat down to dinner.

During the early stages of the meal the Jam sent his private secretary several times to ask whether everything was to my liking, but later he began to call out his own genial inquiries across the intervening space, inquiries which might, perhaps, have been embarrassing if other Europeans had been present: "Sahib, is your Highness's stomach well-filled?" To which, with due gravity, I replied: "By your Highness's favor, my stomach is exceedingly well-filled." Still later, he ventured on his one English phrase: "Sahib, are you 'appy?" To which, again with due gravity, I replied: "Thank you, Jam Sahib, I am quite happy." Then he sent me a glass of his own special liquor, and was delighted when I told him that the drink was very well for Rajputs, but was far too strong for Englishmen; and certainly it came nearer to the Irish member's description of the House of Commons whisky, that it went down your throat like a torchlight procession, than anything I had previously tasted. Finally the old Chief rose, and with all dignity and decorum proposed the health of Queen Victoria, who was then on the throne: "Rani Sahib Mubarik!" May the Lady Queen be blessed! I stood up at once, and we two loyally drank the toast, which was acclaimed by the kinsmen and retainers, while the men of the bodyguard clashed their shields and spears together. After that, dinner being over, the Jam and I passed out of the corridor together, the Jam leaning on my arm, and he insisted on accompanying me to my carriage, where we parted on terms of great good-fellowship.

Our Canadian Military Maps

By

CAPTAIN R. W. STEPHENSON.



A PLANE-TABLER

FEW people who find it necessary to refer to a map in order that they must establish their bearings in a strange community, or to discover the relative positions of

certain places marked therein, realize what a vast amount of work is entailed in its production. The value, also, of an accurate map on a large scale is not generally understood in Canada, for, until the Survey Division of the Militia Department was organized some five years ago, no such maps were in existence, covering more than a few square miles.

In England, on the other hand, where the Ordnance Survey has long since completed the mapping of every foot of ground on scales varying from one inch=one mile to twenty-five inches=one mile, men in all walks of life have found how valuable these maps are. The farmer, sitting by his fireside, can measure accurately the number of acres in any field, or see at a glance just how much orchard there is on a farm a dozen miles away. A person from the country, who desires a doctor to call on a sick friend, points out on the map at which house the patient resides, and immediately the physician knows the shortest and best way to reach it. A town is in need of a new water supply; ready at hand is the greater part of the information necessary. An electric railway

line can be projected without the great expense of preliminary surveys. To the officer on active service, however, these maps are most essential. In a strange country, where the inhabitants are hostile, he is lost without them; and even when the best guides are obtainable they can furnish but a small portion of the required information. With good topographic maps he has no difficulty in locating his defences, or determining the best and safest lines of advance. He knows where to find suitable camping grounds, and where to look for ambuscades.

There are many cases on record proving these facts. During the comparatively recent South African war, especially with General Buller in the Drakensberg Hills, there is no doubt had the British officers had good maps to guide them, the loss of life, due to sudden surprises of the enemy, would have been greatly reduced.

Canada, in the carrying on of her military survey, is taking one of the most essential preliminary steps towards her own defence.

At the present moment some 15,000 square miles along our frontier have been surveyed, and a map on a scale of two inches to one mile prepared. For publication the map is reduced by one half and divided into sheets each containing about 425 sq. miles. These sheets fit exactly one on the other, so that a plan of as large an area as required can be put together. By conventional signs every house, school, church, mill, blacksmith shop, telegraph or telephone office, etc., is lo-



WHERE THE SURVEYOR HAS TO STEP CAREFULLY

cated, showing whether it is of masonry or wood. All roads, streams and bridges are classified and by contours with a vertical interval of twenty-five feet, the height and shape of every hill is given. Woods and orchards are marked and the density of the trees approximately indicated. Concessions and lots are numbered and a great amount of other valuable information supplied. It is the only map produced in Canada on which the correct names of all places are shown,—all doubtful ones having been submitted to the Geographic Board for decision.

Four officers, graduates of the Royal Military College at Kingston, are in charge of the several branches of this important work. In the survey division there are but ten men employed. During the season, however, when work can be done out of doors some thirty other surveyors are taken on temporarily and a few ex-

pert topographers are loaned us by the British War Office.

Anyone who has the erroneous idea that all government employees have easy work, or are men much overpaid for what they do, should follow a military surveyor for a short time. What with trudging many weary miles a day over all kinds of rough country, risking his life sometimes to gain a position from which to obtain a view of the surrounding country, and putting up with the roughest kind of fare,—the surveyor has by no means an altogether pleasant life. He becomes, however, familiar with a large extent of territory and, in case of war, would be of great assistance to an officer manoeuvring troops in any part of the country he had been over.

Great care is taken by the officers in charge to maintain a high standard of accuracy in the work done by the survey division. The linear measure-



SIGNALLING BY HELIOGRAPH TO A
STATION FORTY MILES AWAY

ments will be based on a primary triangulation which is being carried on by the Department of the Interior. This establishes the relative geo-

graphic positions of certain permanent monuments scattered over the country from twenty to sixty miles apart. When the country is suitable the survey division splits up the primary triangulation by secondary and tertiary work whereby the positions of all permanent land marks, such as church spires, towers and tall chimneys, together with a great number of road crossings, are determined. The calculations in this work are extremely complicated, as every factor which might possibly affect the accurate location of these points on a projection has to be considered, including the spheroidal shape of the earth, height of points above sea level and temperature when base lines were measured. On the triangulation it is often necessary for purposes of observation to erect high towers of steel or wood over the monuments above referred to. The towers are sometimes sources of great curiosity to the local inhabitants. They are built for the simple object of making it possible to see over intervening obstructions from one permanent monument to others so that the angles between them can be measured.

When the country is not suitable for secondary or tertiary triangulation the fixed primary points are connected by



INSTRUMENT USED FOR MEASURING ANGLES



ONE OF THE TRIANGULATION TOWERS

OUR CANADIAN MILITARY MAPS.

a network of transit traverses, the distances being measured very carefully with steel tapes. In this way the whole country to be surveyed is divided into blocks bounded by carefully surveyed traverses. All other obtainable information such as railway, canal, and coast surveys is made use of when found to be sufficiently accurate. The points located by triangulation, boundary lines and all other contained information in each block is then plotted on a plane table sheet.

While the men engaged to run the transit traverses are in the field, other parties are at work establishing the heights of numerous points throughout the country above sea level. The number of feet that every road crossing is found to be above the sea level is painted on a nearby fence or telegraph pole or in some other conspicuous place.

The plane tabler is now ready to commence work and by travelling over every road, plodding across country



WORKING IN AN AWKWARD POSITION
ON A WATER TOWER

and climbing into all kinds of dangerous positions, he fills in the information given on the finished maps. He uses the plotted transit traverses, rail-



FILLING IN THE ROADS BETWEEN CONTROL LINES

roads, etc., as control for his work, together with any triangulation stations which may have been located therein. His linear measurements along roads are made, where practicable, by the automatic counting of the revolutions of a buggy or bicycle wheel, the circumference of which is known.

During one season's work each of these plane tablers walks or drives about 2,500 miles and surveys 400 square miles of country. On them, more than anyone else, depends the accuracy of the detail, and as there are very few experienced plane tablers in Canada, it was found necessary to bring to our assistance trained men from the Royal Engineers of the British army. It is to be hoped that some arrangement will soon be made whereby men in our own permanent force will be trained for this sort of work.

During a campaign there would be a great deal of special work, such as positions, fortifications, etc., for which such men would be especially adapted.

As is customary in England and in the United States, Canada's military maps are furnished the public at a very low price.

Although a large part of the Empire has already been surveyed, and India has left us far behind in this work. Canada is not the last of the over-sea Dominions to realize the importance of having accurate large scale maps of her frontiers, at least. Australia has recently followed our example and a thoroughly organized survey division is now being formed in that country.

Closely in conjunction with the Survey Division is what is known as the Corps of Guides, two members in the former being officers of the latter. The corps is formed of civilians from all parts of the Dominion, who are particularly conversant with the districts in which they live. In case of war they would be invaluable as guides for bodies of troops or in reconnaissance sketching, mapping or charge of reconnaissance work.

A Miracle of Genius

By Sidney Smith

YES, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of Nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest and every attention that diligence could bestow.

A GREAT ANNUAL FAIR



The New Transportation Building.

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, after another phenomenally successful record, is now a thing of the past. It is an institution of which Canadians have reason to feel proud for the large share of attention it attracts in all parts of the world, and also for its thoroughly representative and distinctly national character. It is an enterprise in every way worthy of the splendid progress, wealth, resources and advancement of the Canadian people, and yet is becoming each year more cosmopolitan in scope, character and purpose. All provincial jealousies have disappeared; all local feeling has vanished. Opposition has been lived down and there is not a resident of any province or urban centre in the Dominion but is not pleased to refer to the greatness and comprehensiveness of this big national asset, and the world-wide attention it calls to Canada. When one considers what art, industry, science and agriculture have done to mass such an educative and entertaining undertaking, extending over two weeks, and attracting hundreds of thousands of people to witness it, little wonder interest was at its highest pitch and foreign visitors marvelled at what is done by no

wide-spread special effort, but is carried out each year as naturally as the harvest grows or fruit ripens.

The Canadian National Exhibition is the occasion of the great holiday on the part of thousands and thousands of people. One admires their judgment and good taste in taking a vacation in such a pleasant month of the year as September and having such a worthy and interesting objective point as the Exhibition. The high water mark was reached this year, not only in attendance, but in the quality, variety and completeness of the exhibits, illustrating the life, activity and intelligence of Canadians as a whole, and the strides made in many lines of endeavor and achievement. New buildings are added annually, but the old ones still remain more congested. The displays are educative, helpful and enlightening, and there is an entire absence of the frivolous and the deceptive. This is the real reason that the Exhibition and all those who make displays get such excellent results and so much profitable publicity. There is none of the fake element, and every exhibitor has something real and true to show the people, who, in turn, recognize merit and capability.

THE WRITERPRESS EXHIBIT.

One wonders if the age of invention and perfection will ever cease. In the line of business appliances every year brings forth marvels, and the latest is the Writerpress. It mechanically typewrites 2,000 personal letters an hour and prints office forms, using any kind of job type or electros. It is the greatest convenience in the office as it saves time, money and

as an accessory drawer are furnished with each machine. It was noted that the Writerpress would underline single space letters which some higher priced machines will not do. The Writerpress, which is manufactured by the Canadian Writerpress Company, Limited, 33 John St. South, Hamilton, also possesses many other features which must be seen to be adequately appreciated.

The highest endorsement of the efficiency of the machine is the large number of its pleased and satisfied patrons. The capabilities of the Writerpress are practically unlimited and every language that has an alphabet, can be printed on this truly wonderful invention. This is a feature which alone renders the machine invaluable to export houses and any others who desire to circularize foreign correspondence. A personal letter is the best way to get results in many a business and with the Writerpress this problem is easily solved. It will produce as many copies as desired and the last will be just as bright and readable as the first—every one exactly resembling typewriting and even an expert cannot tell the difference. Another advantage is that while the opera-

tor is running off one job, another circular or letter form may be set up or the type for different forms may be distributed. This is a distinct advance over other machines. Type forms may be taken out of the Writerpress without disturbing them and held intact. With each machine there is a guarantee for one year. The Canadian Writerpress Company are pleased to give demon-



The Writerpress Booth.

labor. It is so simple in construction that any boy or girl can run it: It prints and delivers an entire page at one operation. The difference between operating a Writerpress and a typewriting machine is that the latter only prints one character at a time while the Writerpress prints an entire page. Type and ribbon are made to match exactly the work of any typewriter. Two type cases as well

A GREAT ANNUAL FAIR.

strations at all times—just the same as they did at the Exhibition—and afford the fullest possible information without the inquirer being placed under the slightest obligation.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY'S EXHIBIT.

Systematizing means elimination and concentration to-day as it never did before. The most progressive and advanced enterprises of the world are those founded on the most per-

while throughout Ontario the proportion is practically the same. No higher testimony could be paid to the work and worth of the Underwood. The greatest achievement and triumph of all is probably the Underwood Billing Typewriter, with its speed, convenience and adaptability. It provides the latest and most approved method for progressive business men to simplify and systematize the entering of their orders and the making of their bills.



Display of United Typewriter Co.

fect system. One of the most comprehensive and educative exhibits ever made in Toronto in the line of efficient and time-saving office equipments was that of the United Typewriter Company, in the Manufacturers' Building. The Underwood Typewriter, the centre of the display, is acknowledged the greatest, most rapid, durable and versatile machine in the world. Ten years ago there was not an Underwood in Canada. To-day there are more of them in use in Toronto than all other makes combined,

Another important office adjunct is the Envelope Sealer. By its ease of operation and rapidity, fifteen envelopes are securely sealed every seven seconds, or about one hundred and thirty every minute. Any boy or girl can use it. The machine is simple, effective, and durable. Over one hundred were sold the first week of the Exhibition. In the time and labor saved it will pay for itself in a few weeks.

Among the other conspicuous office devices in the display of the Unit-

ed Typewriter Co. was the Flexotype, which makes perfect typewritten letters at a cost of fifteen cents a thousand, and will do office printing from electros at a saving of fifty per cent. on regular prices. It possesses many exclusive points that no other machine can boast of.

The Rotary Neostyle, by means of which from one typewritten or handwritten original, two thousand copies of any size can be produced; the Auto-

annual printing bill and at the same time prove conclusively how you could get better and more satisfactory results, would be welcomed as a business benefactor. This is precisely what the Gammeter Multigraph does. In all well equipped and progressive establishments it is as essential as a telephone, a safe, a bookkeeper or a desk, while its possibilities are infinitely greater and its results much more extensive and far reaching in



Where the Multigraph Was Demonstrated.

matic Letter Folding Machine for office use, which folds for small and large envelopes, at a rate of 6,000 an hour, and the Simplex Automatic Envelope Sealer are also worthy of special mention in the varied and representative exhibit of the United Typewriter Company.

THE GAMMETER MULTIGRAPH.

Any person, who would come along and demonstrate to you beyond a doubt that he could save you from fifty to seventy-five per cent. in your

character. It possesses a field and scope measured only by the needs and requirements of the user. It is a multiple typewriter and an office printing press in one. Its operation in the Manufacturers' Building created the liveliest interest and resulted in a large number of sales. There are over a hundred and fifty Gammeter Multigraphs in use in Toronto alone and the makers have yet to learn of a dissatisfied customer. Scores of letters tell of its time, money and labor saving qualities. Mr. T. J. S. Baker,

Canadian manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, was in charge of the display. The Gammeter Multigraph enables the owner to print all his own office stationery, business forms, circulars and other matter of a reasonable size, and places him in a position to obtain in one hour the same amount of typewritten matter as it would take a stenographer working steadily for a whole month to produce. Then there is an additional advantage that the circular letters sent out are not facsimile or imitation ones but are real and genuine—actually typewritten. The operation of the machine is simplicity itself. Any boy or girl without previous experience can run it and is able to turn out good office printing without the printer's pay or the printer's delay. The composition and distribution are done automatically and the printing at the rate of three to six thousand copies an hour. The simplicity, durability, ease of operation, speed, economy of service, cleanliness, attractiveness and diversity of use are evidenced by a mere superficial glance. Operated as a Multiple typewriter the machine produces original typewritten letters at a cost of thirty-five cents or less per thousand and these secure directly traceable business at a lower percentage of cost than any other method. As an office printing press, the Gammeter Multigraph will print all office forms up to eight and a half by seventeen inches in dimensions at a saving of twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. of the printer's charge. The Universal Folding Machine, which was also exhibited, is scarcely less wonderful and useful than the Multigraph itself. This machine has no equal in its line and rapidly folds any ordinary letters in any desired fold, at a cost of two cents per thousand and at the rate of six to nine thousand copies an hour. A neat little device that sells at \$2.50, is the Saunder's Envelope Sealer. It securely closes letters at the rate of fifty per minute and at an outlay of only the office boy's time. Scores of these handy little sealers were sold to

business men during the Exhibition. The Multigraph Sales Company are always pleased to give demonstrations and to furnish information without obligating the caller or writer in any way. Their machines and devices for effecting economy in any business and proving that these will be a paying investment in time, money and trouble saving possibilities are recognized in every city and town on the American continent. Full information concerning any of the above devices will be gladly forwarded from the head office of the Multigraph Sales Company, Saturday Night Building, Toronto.

BEATH'S CARRIER SYSTEMS.

The largest manufacturers of overhead trucks and carriers in the Dominion of Canada are W. D. Beath & Son, 193-195 Terauley St., Toronto. Their splendid display under the grand stand was so varied and instructive that manufacturers, stockmen and farmers crowded around it in large numbers. In many of the largest factories, warehouses and barns of the country Beath's burden feed and litter carriers form an important time and labor-saving equipment. The system saves fifty per cent. in the expense of handling goods in any factory or warehouse. It can be installed anywhere. It is well-known that the old block and chain plan is clumsy, expensive and unsatisfactory when compared with the Beath system. The heaviest loads can, by the Beath method of carrier and track, be handled with ease, being raised by means of an endless chain; no dog or brake is required. The conveyers, hoists and portable industrial railways turned out by Beath & Son need no detailed description, as they are in operation in a large number of establishments and their users have always found them to give complete satisfaction.

This firm also make the only perfect stanchion cow-tie on the market. It is manufactured of high-grade carbon U. bar steel, extra heavy, and the

stanchion is absolutely noiseless, has no springs, and is strong, simple and neat, possessing advantages and superiority that no other stanchion can boast of.

Something entirely new, which has been patented by Beath & Son, is the Beath steel key, for the use of manufacturers and shippers. The key is made of steel, with a heavy U-steel band, top and bottom, which gives it great strength. They are light, strong and durable, come in all sizes, and have

ing by the directors of the Canadian National Exposition in honor of the first president, Mr. John J. Withrow, and the first officers and directors. Many favorable comments were passed by Exhibition visitors concerning this work. It was designed and finished by the well-known Canadian firm of Patterson & Heward, 319 King Street West, Toronto, engravers and manufacturers of brass and bronze signs, and is a work of art.

This firm has a thoroughly well-



Beath's Carrier Systems.

proven the best shipping package ever invented, being used by a number of the largest shippers in Canada. The makers cheerfully furnish samples and prices.

THE WITHROW TABLET.

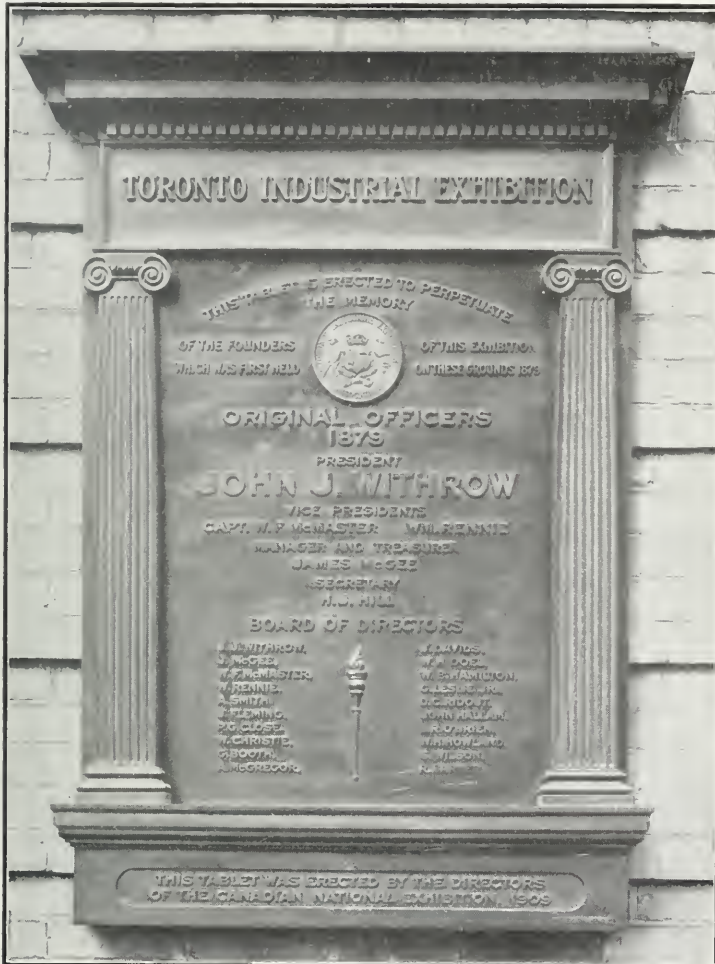
A feature of the Exhibition which attracted much attention was the unveiling of the Withrow Tablet by Lord Charles Beresford. This handsome tablet of Greek Ionic design was erected on the Administration Build-

equipped plant for turning out of brass and bronze signs and for general engraving. They have never failed to satisfy the most exacting, while the style, workmanship and finish have appealed to all. Their work is in evidence on all the leading banks, wholesale and retail houses, offices of professional men, churches, halls, and other institutions. In their show-rooms at the above address can be seen the original model of the Withrow Tablet, as well as a great variety of designs in brass and bronze signs,

A GREAT ANNUAL FAIR.

brass memorial tablets, directory plates, brass and aluminum letters and numbers, wood printing stamps, embossing dies, book stamps, soap dies, etc. They are always pleased to send by mail suggestions and ideas for de-

Stable Fittings Company, Limited. Here were fitted up full-sized box and open stalls, with every requisite in the simplest and most carefully considered styles. This well-known Canadian company is a regular exhibitor at



Tablet to the Memory of the Founders of the Canadian National Exhibition,
Designed and Constructed by Patte rson & Heward, 319 King St.
West, Toronto.

signs. Owing to their extensive experience, it is needless to say they are widely consulted.

TISDALE IRON STABLE FITTINGS.

In the Process Building, occupying their old stand, was the Tisdale Iron

Canada's greatest fair. Horsemen and lovers of the horse never fail to visit this booth, where they are always certain of seeing the newest designs and latest ideas for the increased comfort and safety of their favorite animal. The display was under the per-

sonal attention of H. G. Hammond, manager of the company, whose experience gained by years of special attention and study of the furnishing of stable fittings has made him an authority in this line. His advice is sought from Atlantic to Pacific by architects and private individuals who contemplate building or remodeling.

There is no need to dwell on the quality of the Tisdale goods. The

noticeable feature being the large number of Americans who sought advice and suggestions. The Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Company, Limited, 17 Temperance St., Toronto, will gladly send their illustrated catalogue showing model stables and containing also a complete catalogue of their fittings. This excellent catalogue should be in the hands of every architect or person keeping a horse.



Display of the Tisdale Stable Fittings.

aim of the company has always been to give the highest standard of efficiency in work at prices consistent with the best. This aim, closely adhered to, has given them the premier position in their line. The best tribute to their achievements is the fact that they carried off the Exhibition prizes for the past four years. In working out the comforts of the horse, sanitation has always been kept in mind—a convenient stable, artistically arranged, with the horse's health carefully guarded. A number of orders were taken during the Exhibition, a

AUTOMATIC VENDING MACHINE.

Salesmanship that delivers the goods at the lowest possible cost, and does it promptly, with no confusion or mistakes and as often as desired, is the most profitable kind. This is the reason why the great money-earning capacity of slot machines is generally recognized. In the past many of them are known to have been faulty. They have "balked," failing to deliver the coin or the goods, and any metallic substance of similar shape has done service quite as well as the genuine cent, nickel or dime.

A GREAT ANNUAL FAIR.

The result was perhaps about evenly divided, for the boys and girls often cheated the machine by putting in spurious contributions, while the machine, on the other hand, deceived the manipulators, because it failed to deliver the goods. The hot peanut vending machine, manufactured by the Automatic Vending Company, London, and exhibited in the Process Building, is as near perfection as any human outfit can be. The features wherein it excels all similar devices

and at the same time deliver hot peanuts. A cent dropped into the slot sends forth a handful of crisp, hot peanuts in the shell. If the machine takes in only fifteen cents a day it will pay over forty per cent. on the investment, and if it will not average that much the makers are willing to take the outfit back. The machine is entirely automatic and a faithful salesman that works day and night. Each automatic vendor will hold \$2.40 worth of peanuts, and the cost of

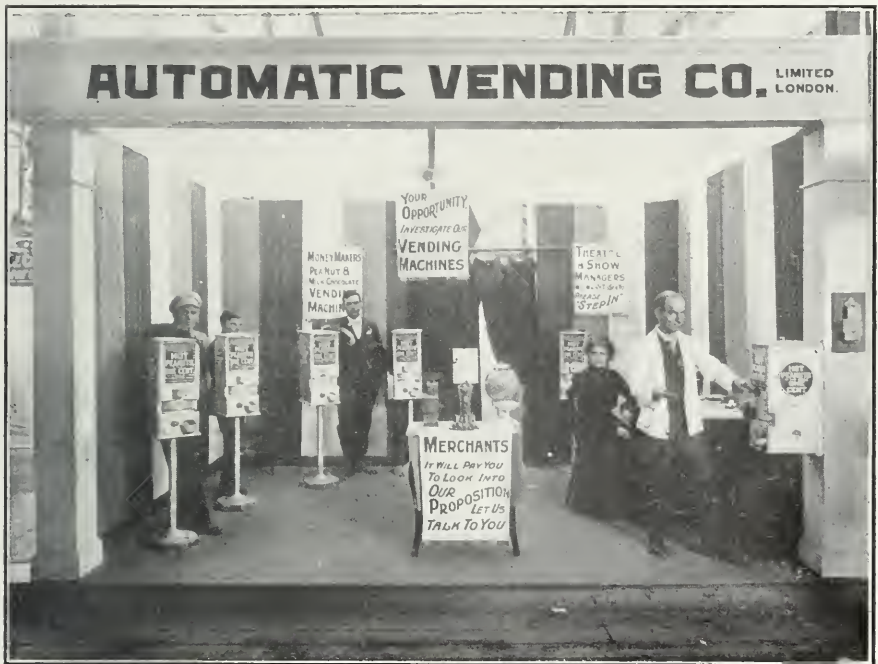


Exhibit of Automatic Vending Co.

is, that it is guaranteed to deliver the goods, or the coin is returned. It also returns to the customer foreign coins or those of denominations other than the one designed to operate the machine, which may be accidentally used. The demand for the healthy, life-giving peanut is enormous, but, whoever heard of a boy or a girl going into a store and asking for a cent's worth? The grocer or fruit dealer would not want to do them up, but by means of the Automatic Vending Peanut Machine, he can corral all the cent trade

operation is not more than half a cent per day. Peanuts are retailed by it at the rate of twenty-four cents a pound, thus providing a liberal profit to the merchant and satisfying the customer. A hot-peanut-in-the-shell vending machine will take in more money than any three gum or candy machines operating in the same location, as peanuts are a staple product, their sale in this country amounting to nine million dollars last year. The Automatic Vending Company have sold a large number of these ma-

chines. In the smaller cities, towns and villages they sell the device outright, but in the larger centres they place them on a commission basis. The Automatic Vending Company have also just perfected a machine to attach to opera seats for the automatic selling of confections. It holds six packages of goods and is operated with a five-cent piece. The company build coin-controlled vending

purchases, night and day, and the small amount required for a purchase. The company has yet a portion of their stock for sale and the investment is a safe, attractive and profitable one.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO.

An exhibit, elaborate, unique and pretentious to a degree, was that of



The Hassan Cigarette Booth.

machines for all purposes. They will make to order any machine for vending any special article. All their productions are perfect coin detectors and automatically clear the slot of bogus coins. Automatic contrivances which will deliver the goods or return the money, assure owners a large margin of profit, for "mony mickles mak a muckle," while there are other considerations in their favor, such as cleanliness, convenience of making

the Imperial Tobacco Company of Montreal, in the Manufacturers' Building. The display was made solely of the products of the firm. Hundreds of packages of Sweet Caporal and Hassan cigarettes and boxes of Shamrock Bright Plug Smoking Tobacco were used to such original and effective advantage as to constitute a progressive scene of industry and life. Here were miniature boats and scows passing up and

down a canal, laden with Sweet Caporal and Hassan cigarettes while a diminutive elevator carried load after load from one busy warehouse up to another. At one corner of the booth was ingeniously devised a well equipped lighthouse of cigarette boxes while there was created in another corner a tower from which there was extended a crane. From the end of the crane depended a Shamrock plug. Below was an aerial ladder and truck. A fireman ascended the ladder, which was being elevated by two Brownies, was vainly endeavoring to reach the plug in midair but failed every time by a few inches. Still he kept up the struggle, which conveyed the lesson to the looker-on that he must have Shamrock or nothing. Such a clever effort in the line of publicity certainly bore evidence of foresight, initiative and originality. Samples of Sweet Caporal and Hassan cigarettes were freely given away. There are more Sweet Caporals sold to-day than all other brands of cigarettes combined, and the Lancet, the leading medical publication of the world, says that the cigarette is the purest form in which tobacco can be smoked. Sweet Caporals are mild and extra fine, warranted to be of the finest Turkish and Virginia leaf and to embrace the highest class of skilled work. The smoke of one of the warehouses in the exhibit bore the magic words "Sweet Caporal." The Hassan is a new cigarette with cork tips and has been on the market only a few months. It is becoming a decided favorite and bids fair to command a wide market. It is the only high grade Turkish cigarette with cork tips on the market, selling at the popular price of ten cents. The Shamrock Bright Plug Tobacco has been manufactured by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Empire Branch) for two years. It is a mild, cool and comfortable smoking tobacco that sells at ten cents a plug or three for a quarter. It smokes evenly and smoothly, affording the user every sense of satisfaction. The products

of the Imperial Tobacco Company are leaders everywhere and their great demand has been built upon quality and flavor, value and fair play.

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.

The most dazzling, brilliant and educative exhibit that has ever been made by the Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, formed a feature in the Process Building. It demonstrated the manifold possibilities that electricity may be put to in the operation of present-day conveniences about the home, office, factory and store. There is scarcely a domestic device, which in the past has been operated by hand power, but may now be run with greater ease, comfort and at a decidedly low cost by electricity—not to speak of the coolness and cleanliness therefrom. All that is required is to remove an ordinary electric lamp from its socket and substitute another socket, to which a cord is attached. The ordinary house, which has the Toronto electric service installed, is able to have performed in it many things which the lay mind would never dream of—the electric flat-iron, the electric waffle iron, the electric toaster, the electric percolator, the electric tea kettle, the electric cereal cooker, the electric broiler, the electric washing machine, the electric chafing dish, the electric frying pan, the electric range, the electric curling iron heater, the electric vacuum cleaning machine, the electric corn popper, and many others. Truly this is an age of household electricity. Then there are the electric soldering iron, the sewing machine run by electricity, as well as the coffee grinder, drill, cash register, and adding machine. The display of the company included various motors, from one-thirtieth up to fifteen horse-power.

The Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, not only gave many demonstrations to delighted visitors at the Exhibition, but daily demonstrations are carried on at their display

rooms, 12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. The company will be pleased to send to every one using its current any of the household devices already mentioned on a thirty days' trial, except such pieces as would be liable to injury through usage. Simply phone Main 3975. Every shrewd housewife realizes how indispensable is an electric flat-iron. It soon pays for itself outside of the laundry, while the cost of operation during the time of iron-

magnets, electric canteries, etc., indispensable.

Should any house be without a servant, electricity is now put to so many purposes and at such a small cost that one is not actually needed. The demonstrations of the Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, afford a practical and edifying object lesson of the almost countless possibilities to which the current in an ordinary house may be devoted to do many daily tasks and requirements, with such facility, ease and economy that no wonder thousands of homes are to-day making use of the Toronto electric service.

ST. CHARLES CONDENSING COMPANY.

Perhaps no product has come into more popular demand during the past few years than has condensed milk. The uncertainty of a pure milk supply in large centres and the certainty of the purity of the condensed brand, to say nothing of its convenient form for household use, has, no doubt, led to its popularity. The name of St. Charles Condensing Company is probably the one which first comes to mind when speaking of condensed milk. Their familiar trade mark of the Silver Cow Brand is a guarantee of the acme of excellence, which the public have not been slow to recognize. Many have found St. Charles Evaporated Cream preferable in a good many

ways to ordinary cream or milk on account of its undoubted purity and convenience. They also find it more economical than ordinary milk or cream, as they can use what they require and put the rest away in a cool place till again wanted.

The St. Charles Condensing Co. have been represented for a number of years at Canada's National Exhibition and their tastefully-arranged booth



Booth of Toronto Electric Light Co.

ing is only two to three cents per hour. The expense of electrically operating all other utensils in the home is proportionately small. In business places an adding machine or cash register can easily and economically be equipped with the electric drive. Coffee grinders and meat choppers may be connected to the lighting circuit.

Physicians, surgeons and dentists will find the electric sterilizers, eye-

A GREAT ANNUAL FAIR.

has come to be a part of the Exhibition itself. This year was no exception to the rule, for the greatest taste and care were observed in making the stand attractive and interesting. The purity of the product was emphasized by the cleanliness of everything about the booth, and many thousands of visitors were treated to samples rendered so delicious that it is safe to say a large percentage of them, at

Company's long experience in providing home comforts naturally has afforded them a splendid opportunity for testing the various makes of stoves—an experience of more than a quarter of a century—is wisely reflected in the selection of the "Treasure" line, for no better-looking stove, nor none with features that make for best results in heating and cooking, combined with most economical fuel



Exhibit of St. Charles Condensed Milk.

least, will become regular patrons of this popular brand.

ADAMS FURNITURE CO.

One of the handsomest exhibits made at the big Fair this year was that shown by the Adams Furniture Company, in the Process Building, of the "Treasure" line of stoves and ranges. In this display were upwards of 50 different styles and patterns of stoves, enough to satisfy the fancy of any thrifty homekeeper. The Adams

tendencies, can be found in the market. Every stove in the entire "Treasure" line carries with it an absolute guarantee, backed by the makers and the Adams Furniture Company.

This enterprising firm are responsible for two other attractive exhibits, made in the Manufacturers' Building. In one of these the famous "Macey" line of sectional bookcases was shown, demonstrating the latest developments in sectional bookcase construction. The old stereotype plain design bookcase



Stove Display of Adams Furniture Co.



Macey's Sectional Bookcases Exhibited by Adams Furniture Co.

A GREAT ANNUAL FAIR.

had given way to adaptations of period styles, and in the display were seen complete sets of full sections, half-sections, inside-corner sections, etc., in Arts and Crafts, Colonial and Chipendale designs. This exhibit attracted unusual attention.

The "Hoosier" Kitchen Cabinets, a name likely best known among those who read things of interest to housekeepers, was the other exhibit mentioned, made by the Adams Furniture Company. These handy pieces of furniture combine baking table, cupboard and pantry, saving the busy housewife endless unnecessary steps, and bringing everything needed in the baking operation right at the finger ends, as well as preserving a neat, orderly kitchen.

The Adams Company invited all those who were interested in these splendid exhibits to leave or send in their names for literature, which would be sent to anyone who requested it.

THE TORONTO FURNITURE CO.

Every year the display of fine furniture made by the Toronto Furniture



Exhibited by Toronto Furniture Co.

Company at the Exhibition surpasses that of the preceding year. In the distinctiveness, individuality and ele-

gance that always characterizes their goods and cause their products to be known as the "Better make" of



Exhibited by Toronto Furniture Co.

"Canadian furniture." This firm and its output is really in a class by itself. This has been brought about by the thoroughness of the workmanship, the superiority of the goods entering into the make-up, the originality of design, quiet dignity, graceful lines and superb finish. Mr. H. D. Lanz, manager of the company, was in charge of the splendid exhibit in the Industrial Building, and the showing was a representative and comprehensive one. Many furniture dealers from all over Canada always pay a visit to the Canadian National Exhibition, and as a result of seeing the Toronto Furniture Company exhibit, booked many nice orders, while the company was congratulated on all sides on the superiority and variety of its display. In the manufacture of dining-room and bedroom suites, mahogany and circassian walnut are the principal woods used, but for the real tasty and most decorative furnishings, white enamel bedroom furniture, such as the Toronto Furniture Company makes, is

getting to be very popular. The patterns made by this company include mostly all period styles. In dining-room furniture the colonial period shown appears to be still the leader, while in bedroom suites, all period styles are tasty and appropriate. The company also makes ladies' work tables, tabourettes and pedestals, and numerous other lines, all in tasty patterns, any finish, but mostly in dull finish. Inlaid tops are an evidence of

"Canadian Quality," and bears their trade mark, has already been recognized by the Canadian buying public in preference to goods imported, is proven by the fact that a large, new and modern factory will be erected and ready for occupation by next fall, on a site purchased from the city near the Exhibition grounds. The present factory and show rooms of the Toronto Furniture Company are located at 1012 Yonge Street, Toronto.



The Pollock Cabinet Talking Machines.

what the firm can produce in the way of original and effective work. In two years the business of the company has reached every part of the Dominion, and the merit and reputation of its goods are known and recognized by discriminating furniture houses in every part of the country. The company deserves every credit and Canadian support for embarking in this line of manufacture, in a country where the demand for such goods was limited, but that their product, which is known as the "Better make" of

THE POLLOCK CABINET TALKING MACHINES.

The annual visitor at the Exhibition must be greatly impressed by the large increase in the number and variety of exhibits of Canadian manufacture. To the 1900 visitor was given the opportunity of seeing the Pollock Cabinet Talking Machine, the only talking machine manufactured in Canada. The crowds that thronged the booth of the Pollock Mfg. Company, Limited, in the Industrial Build-

ing were not mere curiosity seekers. They manifested great interest in the exhibit. Those quite familiar with the merits of phonographs of other make examined the Pollock closely and did not hesitate to admit its superiority.

The Talking Machine has long since proven itself the ideal home entertainer. No one doubts that. The number in daily use has proven it.

The Pollock, however, in addition to embodying all the strong features of other machines, has apparently eliminated all of their undesirable features. It possesses an individuality which is at once apparent. The cabinets are beautifully designed and finished, making them an ornament to any music or drawing room. They are arranged so as to encase the entire machine. This disposes of the objectionable horn, which has heretofore been so awkward and cumbersome. Drawers are arranged in the lower portion of the cabinet to store record albums and other accessories when not in use.

Another superior feature of the Pollock is the adjustable Tone Arm. In the ordinary machine the reproduction of any piece depends entirely on the machine. The Adjustable Tone Arm in the Pollock enables the user to change the tone of the reproduction at will. The manufacturers, The Pollock Manufacturing Company, Limited, Berlin, Ontario, are prepared to satisfy the taste of the most artistic and will finish any cabinet to match any room or furniture. Their illustrated booklet, which they will gladly send on request, illustrates fully their different models of machines.

WONDERFUL THERMOS.

An invention in every way fitted and worthy to rank with the gas range, the telephone, or running water in the house, or any other domestic convenience is the Thermos Bottle. It means a comfort and luxury that the world never enjoyed before, and its use is so diversified as to benefit all who live in their own homes, those who travel, go on picnics or

hunting and fishing trips, or those who pass the greater part of their time in hotels, clubs, or cafes. No booth in the big Manufacturers' Building evoked more interest and elicited such expressions of astonishment as that of the Thermos.

Over 1,000,000 of these bottles, which are manufactured by the Canadian Thermos Bottle Company, 12 Sheppard St., Toronto, and six allied Thermos Companies throughout the civilized world, were sold in 1908.

What is the Thermos Bottle, and what does it do? are questions which the uninitiated naturally ask. It is one of the greatest blessings of the day and is a new scientific invention embodying the well-known principle that heat or cold cannot pass through a vacuum. The Thermos Bottle simply consists of one glass bottle inside another, with a vacuum between. This glass vacuum is encased in a nickel-plated brass shell for the protection of the glass. No chemicals of any kind are used, and the receptacle, which is always ready, lasts a lifetime. The Thermos is filled, cleaned and emptied in the same way as an ordinary bottle.

Here is what it does. It keeps any contents scalding hot for 24 hours and furnishes hot soup, bouillon, clam chowder, coffee, tea, toddy, hot Scotch or any other liquid piping hot at any hour of the day or night. The Thermos will also keep ice cold either water, milk, lemonade, ginger ale, champagne, gin rickey, or any other drink, for seventy-two hours, and no ice is used.

For the sick room and the nursery the Thermos Bottle is practically indispensable, as it prevents infection, saves steps and always keeps medicines and nourishment at the right temperature. The mother need heat baby's milk only once during the night, as Thermos keeps it hot. The bottles are of one pint or one quart capacity and are manufactured in nickel, silver and gold plate, and gun metal finish.

Besides the Thermos Bottle there

are Thermos tea and coffee pots, which are a decided acquisition in any home, as such a pot will pay for itself in ninety days. Ordinarily "left-over" tea and coffee is thrown away, but with the Thermos pot it is simply corked up and set aside for future use. No matter if both the fire and the maid have gone out, delicious hot tea or coffee is ready for use instantly. As the outside of a Thermos pot never gets even warm, it can be set

which, being new, is found as yet in comparatively few homes.

HOLLAND LINEN STATIONERY.

Good stationery is an evidence of discriminating taste, refinement and culture. It unconsciously reveals the ideas and standing of a correspondent. There is no more popular brand of writing paper on the market than Holland Linen, and every year it is



Display of Canadian Thermos Bottle Co.

on the table without the usual tea-pot stand, handle-holder and tea-cosy, which, with Thermos in the home, become useless.

To tell all about Thermos would require many pages, and a trial is the best and most convincing lesson, as actual experience invariably bears out all that the makers claim for this wonderful and meritorious invention

growing in general appreciation. This paper is made by W. J. Gage & Co., Limited, of Toronto, and their booth in the Manufacturers' Building was beautifully decorated with the various colors, sizes and styles of this superb stationery. Artistic Holland Linen booklets, telling a charming tale, entitled, "A Morning Mission," were given away and read with much

A GREAT ANNUAL FAIR.

interest. Holland Linen is a linen fabric-finished paper with a splendid writing surface. It is the fashionable correspondence medium of the day and is put up in note paper, envelopes, papeteries, visiting cards and invitation cards. Holland Linen is also put up in Christmas papeteries; they make ideal holiday gifts, and are a pleasant reminder when sent to friends. All leading sta-

tionery there is nothing on the market to-day that quite equals it in quality, finish and style and yet sells at a popular price.

THE COMBINED WASHER AND BOILER.

The big, bulky, cumbersome washing machine is a thing of the past—just like the old-fashioned wash-board



Exhibit of Holland Linen by W. J. Gage & Co., Limited.

tioners carry Holland Linen, which comes in three colors—grey, azurette and white. The paper is even in tone, firm in fibre, and the finish, while apparently rough, is soft and smooth, affording every sense of satisfaction. The Royal, Countess, Ducal, Oxford and Billet are the favorite sizes. The envelopes to match are either pointed or square. Holland Linen makes correspondence a delight, and in fine sta-

—and in its place has come the newly patented McKuen's Perfect washing machine and boiler. The two are combined in one, making the outfit, which is manufactured by the Perfect Manufacturing Company, of Guelph, light, compact, simple and reliable. Their exhibit in the Manufacturers' Annex, in charge of Mr. Frank Frank, proved a revelation and school of instruction to hundreds of women.

Without the slightest inconvenience, the Perfect washer can be used in the smallest kitchen, and the washing completed with this up-to-date outfit in less time than it takes to boil the clothes and make them ready for the old-style washing machine. Two lots of clothes can be washed or boiled at the same time, without removing the boiler from the stove, while by throwing either of the lids back up on the

facilitating the removal of the boiler from the stove. Made in three sizes, the Perfect washer enables the housewife to put fine clothes on one side and coarse ones on the other. The result of using it is easy work, no wear or tear on the clothes. Another wonderful invention turned out by the Perfect Manufacturing Company is the Perfect vacuum cleaner, operated



Exhibit of Perfect Manufacturing Co.

other, the dolly is lifted clear of the clothes, and they can be easily removed or placed in the boiler; or the whole lid can be lifted off by means of wooden handles on the tops of the dolly's stems, and placed aside, and a suitable wringer attached to the middle of the partition. By means of the taps all the water can be run off when the washing is finished, thus greatly

by hand, water or electric power. Its use keeps all the furnishings of the home entirely free from dirt, dust, germs and bacilli. It is endorsed in the strongest terms by housewives and is easily operated. A child can run a hand-power machine. The Perfect is guaranteed to do just as thorough and efficient work as the largest and most expensive vacuum cleaner made.

THE COLLIER AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC IRON.

Ironing day used to be one of drudgery, but not now. The Collier-Cunningham Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ontario, have changed what was formerly a disagreeable task into one of positive pleasure. Their exhibit of electric irons, table toasters, etc., in the Process Building was the centre of much interest, especially to the ladies. A child can use the Collier automatic electric iron: it is so

cents per hour. Another of their unique irons is called The Tourist. It is fitted with a removable handle and weighing only four pounds, enables anyone traveling to keep his or her clothes neat and dressy. They manufacture over fifty varieties of irons for house, tailor and laundry use, from four to 30 pounds in weight. The Collier Electric Stove, the Collier Table Toaster, the Collier Electric Radiator, and the Collier Electric Heat Pad are also inventions worthy



Display of Collier-Cunningham Co.

simple and easy. Wherever there is an incandescent lamp the iron can be used. It is attached in a moment and is sizzling hot in seven minutes. A unique feature is the automatic switch. By simply standing the iron on its heel the current is cut off. This is a great convenience. And, besides regulating the heat of the iron thereby, it saves electricity, as while the iron is on its end, no current is consumed. To operate it costs on the average from one and a half to two

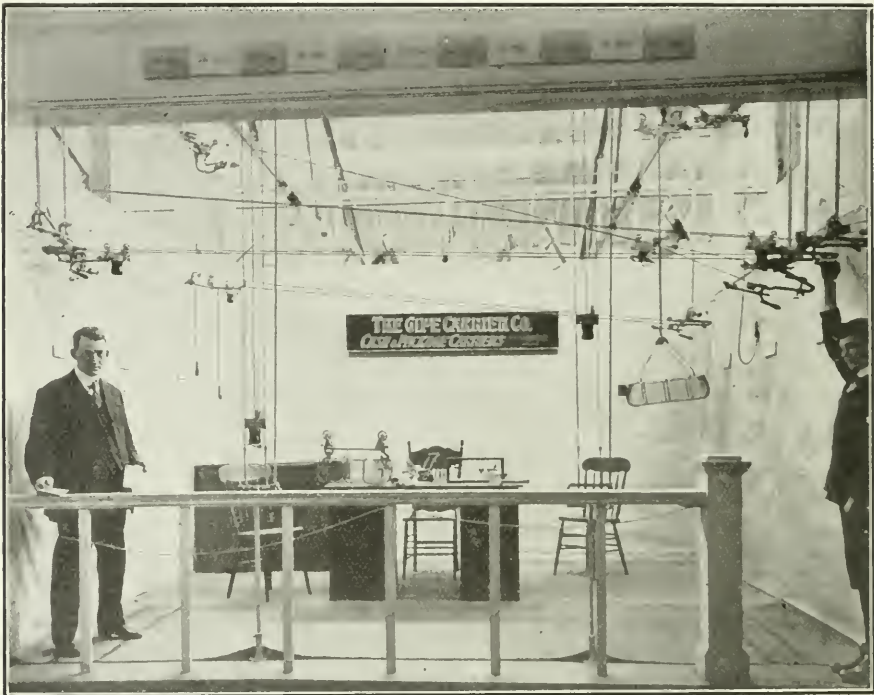
of close inspection. The Collier-Cunningham Company will gladly furnish descriptive catalogues for any of their devices. They also make the following attractive offer: To any reader sending \$5 to their Peterborough office they will send by express prepaid or by mail a Tourist Electric Iron.

THE GIPE CARRIER.

Despatch enters largely into the success of any business enterprise. Any-

thing that contributes to method, order, arrangement and prompt service is welcomed by every progressive concern. For the swift, economical and safe handling of the sales in any retail house there is nothing that gives such a superior and satisfactory solution, of what is often a perplexing problem, as the Gipe carrier. The inventor has for many years devoted his whole time and attention to the carrier business and has at last attained perfection. There are over thirty

between the wheels with equal tension and releases the car from the catch at the same time. When the car is upon its journey the double wires at once come together so that the system has all the advantages and far greater strength than when a single wire only is used. The Gipe is easy to operate, requires no repairing and will save more than its cost the first year. By its use the merchant pleases his customers with his perfect system and assumes no risk whatever, as Gipe



The Gipe Carrier Being Demonstrated.

thousand Gipe carriers in use in America alone, and for the transmission of cash and parcels from one department to another their equal in accuracy, convenience and rapidity cannot be found. The Gipe carrier has overcome the weaknesses of all rubber and cord systems, with their delays, breakages and confusion. The system has no rubber or cords and the carriers are propelled by simply pulling the handle down a few inches. This spreads the two wires

carriers are guaranteed in every respect. The manufacturers will instal the system in any store, allow a merchant to use it for ten days, and if the Gipe does not give better and quicker service than any other wire carrier, pneumatic tubes, cable cash carriers or cash registers, they will remove the outfit and not ask the merchant for a cent. The Gipe Carrier Co. have their own well-equipped factory and office at 99 Ontario St., Toronto.



Architecture and Arts.

- Decorating China With Roses Correctly. Sara Wood-Safford—Ladies' Home Journal.
 Modern British Art. M. Irwin MacDonal'd—Craftsman.
 Lessons in Practical Cabinetmaking and Metal Work—Craftsman.
 Interesting Modern French Work in Jewellery and Engraved medals—Craftsman.
 The Layman Art Lover. Jane Dearborn Mills—Lippincott's.
 French Models in the Making. M. E. Clarke—Pall Mall.
 China Painting for Beginners. Sophie Kerr Underwood—Woman's Home Companion.
 Concrete Ornaments and How to Make Them. R. C. Davidson—American Homes and Gardens.
 The Byrdcliffe Colony of Arts and Crafts. Poultny Bigelow—American Homes and Gardens.
 The Spirit of California Art. Mabel U. Seares—Sunset (Sept.)
 The Story of Dutch Art—St. Nicholas.

Army and Navy.

- What's the Matter With the Militia? Rupert Hughes—Saturday Evening Post (Sept. 18.)
 The Ethical Value of Military Training. Professor Wallace Stearns—Education.
 Our First Army Flying Machine. C. H. Claudy—Technical World.
 A Reconstructed British Army—American Review of Reviews (Sept.)
 Hitting Power of the American Navy—American Review of Reviews.

Business and Industry.

- Cutting Out the Losses. Harvey Preen—System (Sept.)
 Making Invoices Serve as Ledger. J. M. Cobb—System (Sept.)

- Gleanings From Business Fields. Thomas Drier—Business Philosopher.
 Chicago as a World's Market. George W. Sheldon—World To-Day.
 The Kettle River Valley. G. R. Belton—Westward Ho.
 Advertising a City. Percy F. Godenrath—Westward Ho.
 The Mission of Irrigation. C. W. Pederson—Westward Ho.
 The Power of the Mercantile Agencies—Abraham D. Sallee—Saturday Evening Post (Sept. 18.)
 A Great Canadian Enterprise—London Magazine.
 Extraordinary Bookkeeping and Auditing—Book-keeper (Sept.)
 Up-To-Date Treatment of Accounts Payable. W. E. Baer—Book-Keeper.
 Opening Entry in Corporation Account—Book-keeper (Sept.)
 Advantages of Card Ledger—Book-Keeper (Sept.)
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- Misunderstood Children. Elizabeth Harrison—Ladies' Home Journal.
 Raising Children by "Fletcherism." Ivy Fletcher Van Someren—Ladies' Home Journal.
 Are We Spoiling Our Boys Who Have the Best Chances in Life? Professor Paul Van Dyke—Scribner's.

Education and School Affairs.

- The Value of Classics in Engineering Education—Outlook (Sept. 18.)
 Social Education. Colin A. Scott, Ph.D.—Education.
 The Philosophy of the Elementary Language Course. D. W. La Rue—Education.
 Arithmetic as a Science. Willard A. Bartlett—Education.

History in the Elementary Schools. Josephine W. Heermans—Education.
 Origin of the Common School. Warner Van Norden—Van Norden Magazine.
 The College of the City. John H. Finley—Van Norden's Magazine.
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 Abbreviated Utilitarian Studies. Arthur Inkersley—Overland Monthly.
 Technical Education Abroad—Business World.
 Winchester College in the 'Seventies. J. E. Vincent—Cornhill.

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The Most Interesting Thing in the World. Rupert Hughes—Red Book.
 Vision the Source of Achievement. Mary F. Roberts—Craftsman.
 Politeness. Thomas L. Masson—Lippincott's Magazine.
 Summer Day Philosophizing. Pierre N. Beringer—Overland Monthly.
 The Meaning of Dreams. H. Addington Bruce—Success Magazine.
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 On Moss Gathering. Charles Battell Loomis—Smith's Magazine.
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 The Other Side of Mortality. Henry Mills Alden—Harper's Bazaar.
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 Disappointments. George Landis Wilson—Business Philosopher (Sept.)
 For the Man With a Grouch. Paul J. Barrett—Business Philosopher (Sept.)
 The Theft of Truth—Young Man.
 Service and Reward. Theodore Roosevelt—Young Men.

Fiction.

The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd—Ladies' Home Journal.
 Engaged Girl Sketches. Emily Calvin Blake—Ladies' Home Journal.
 The Forbidden Guests. John Corbin—Ladies' Home Journal.
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 The Problem. Oscar Graeve—McClure's Magazine
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 The Romance of a Coal Dock. Charles Dorian—Westward Ho.
 The Modern Politician. Charles Lowe Swift—New England Magazine.
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The Girl in the Bank. E. Mallett—Book-Keeper.
 Living Guaranteed to Every Honest Man. Anne Hard—Technical World.
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Health and Hygiene.

Physical Culture for Girls. Doctor Lillian L. Beatley—Ladies' Home Journal.
 Sea Sickness: The Worst Peril of the Deep. Woods Hutchinson, M.D.—Sat. Evening Post (Sept. 25.)
 The School Desk and the Health of Children. Principal Kilpatrick—Education.
 Short Cuts to Health. Woods Hutchinson, M.D.—Woman's Home Magazine.
 How I Slept Out of Doors. Edith Hartley—Woman's Home Companion.
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Planting Peach Trees in the Fall. Thomas J. Steed—Garden Magazine.
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 Desert Farming Without Irrigation. John L. Cowan—Technical World.
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 Agricultural Opportunities in New England. G. F. Nourse—Advertising and Selling (Sept.)

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The Most Powerful Man in America. Burton J. Hendrick—McClure's.
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McCormick: A Pioneer of Big Business. H. N. Casson—System (Sept.)

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What Are a Father's Rights?—Ladies' Home Journal.
A Little Talk With Americans. Marie Corelli—Ladies' Home Journal.
The Insolence of New York. F. Hopkinson Smith—Ladies' Home Journal.
The Vampire of the South. Marion Hamilton Carter—McClure's Magazine.
How to Get a Title. Maude Radford Warren—Sat. Evening Post (Sept. 25.)
Official Insolence. Frank M. Bicknell—Lippincott's.
The Presumption of Innocence. Arthur C. Train—Sat. Evening Post (Sept. 18.)
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The Municipal Problem: The Form of City Government—Outlook (Sept. 18.)
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How to Have Good Dirt Roads. D. Ward King—Technical World.

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Team Work in Municipal Progress. E. M. Skinner—World To-Day.
How a Library Woke up a Town. Sarah B. Askew—House and Garden.

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The Ominous Hush in Europe. H. R. Chamberlain—McClure's.
European Expansion and East Africa. N. D. Harris—Forum (Sept.)
The Persian Situation. Edwin Maxey—Forum (Sept.)
The Tariff and the Next Campaign. H. L. West—The Forum (Sept.)
Holland's Possessions in the Western Hemisphere. T. Greidanus—Van Norden Magazine.
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Darwinism and Politics. Sidney Low—Fortnightly Review (Sept.)
China in Transformation. Archibald Colquhoun—Fortnightly Review.
Roman Imperialism. Granville—Contemporary Review (Sept.)
The Persian Revolution—Contemporary Review (Sept.)
Racial Problems in Hungary. Contemporary Review (Sept.)

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The Railways of Italy. C. F. Beach—Moody's Magazine.
Canada's Railway Commission. W. R. Givens—Moody's Magazine.
A Unique Railway. R. Sinclair—Westward Ho.
Motor Car Developments, With the Coming of the Aeroplane. Major C. G. Matson—Baininton Magazine.
A Century of Steam Navigation. S. Ward Stanton—Travel Magazine.
With the First Train Into Nyasaland. Mary Bridson—Travel and Exploration.
Three Hundred Miles Overland With a Steamer. W. F. Nixon—Travel and Exploration.
The Position of English Railways. W. M. Ackworth—North American Review.

Religion.

Mr. Alexander's New Gospel Hymns—Ladies' Home Journal.
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Spiritual Forces in India. Rev. N. MacNicol—Contemporary Review.

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Christianity and Subjective Science. E. M. Cail-
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Are the Colleges Undermining Faith and
Morals?—Current Literature.
Financial Crisis of the Churches—Literary
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Literary Aspects of the Old Testament—Living
Age (Sept. 11.)

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Making Collisions Impossible. Sidney S. Car-
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World's Best Alcohol Made From Sawdust. H.
G. Hunting—Technical World.
The Work of the Illuminating Engineer. D. C.
Shafer—Am. Review of Reviews.
The Artificiality of Man's Sense of Space—Cur-
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The Tyranny of Scientific Dogma—Current Liter-
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Around the Hunter's Camp Fire. C. E. Reane—
New England Magazine.
Hunting Wild Bees in Vermont. Marshal O.
Howe—New England.
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Country Life in America.
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James Oliver Curwood—Book-Keeper.
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Developments With Bat and Ball. Sir Home
Gordon—Badminton.
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Turkey Tracks in the Big Cypress. A. W.
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A Tenderfoot Goes a Hunting. Stephen Chal-
mers—Outing Magazine.
A Lady's Hunting Trip. Mrs. A. G. Adams—
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Fish Culture in Newfoundland. H. M. Mosdell—
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Deer Hunting on the Molra River, Ontario. W.
H. Allison—Rod and Gun.

The Stage.

Some Dramas of the Day. Louis V. De Foe—
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The Stage And Its People. Annie Russell—
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The New Boston Opera House. Eben D. Jordan
—New England Magazine.
The Theatre's New Rival. Day Allen Willey—
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Eight Strong Scenes From the Eight Strongest
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Drama Under the Dog Star. John A. Dreams—
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Straight Talk to Stage Struck Girls. Paul
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The Business Side of the Theatre. Hartley
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A Wanderer in Asia Minor. Edward Noel—Wide
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With Pen and Camera in Nigeria. F. W. Emmet
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Farthest South: The Dash for the Pole. Lieut.
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Rails and Trails. Agnes Deans Cameron—West-
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Three Old Dutch Roads and the Houses Along
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Glorious Old Georgia—National Magazine (Sept.)
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North Pole Reached at Last. William T. Walsh
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French—Advertising and Selling.
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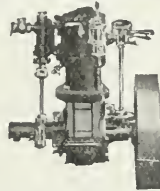
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Yours respectfully, N. YOUNG,
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Best of city references and endorsements from all parts of the United States and Canada.

Call and see what I can do for you.
Patients coming from a distance may secure rooming accommodation in Sanatorium.

Write for names of those who have been cured.

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THE average business man is generally rushed from early morning until late in the afternoon. Any labor or time saving device that will enable him to do his work more expeditiously—with less mental and physical



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Everyone who has used this butter is delighted with its rich, sweet quality. If you want satisfactory butter for the woods insist on your grocer supplying this brand. We will forward it quick by express if not in his stock.

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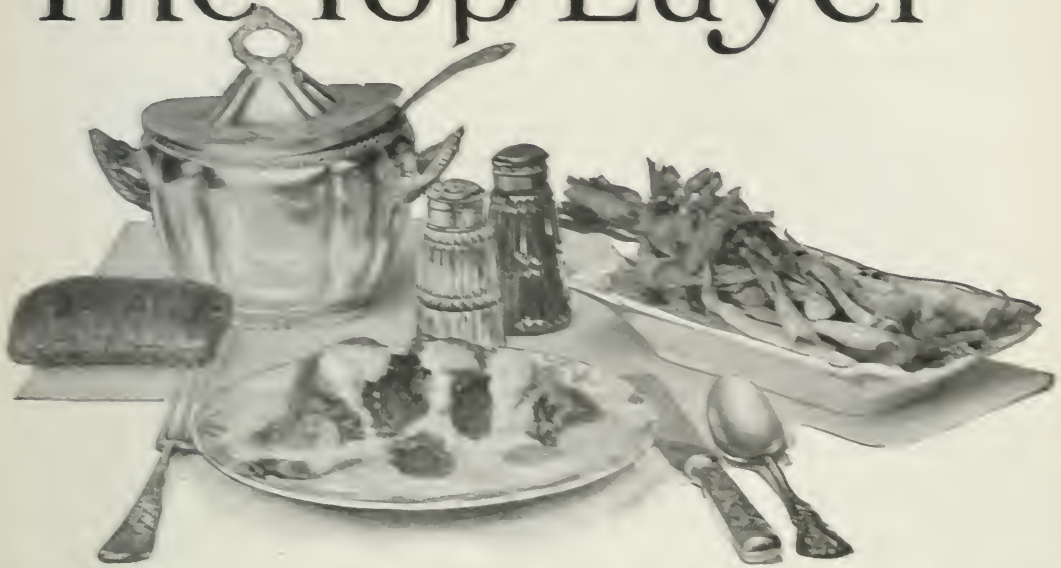
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The suggestion of bitter, which only serves to give a zest to the sweet, makes it an ideal and appetizing breakfast accessory, which is easily digested. Upton's Marmalade is absolutely pure, and is made only from the finest Seville oranges procurable. Ask your grocer for Upton's.

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SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

Which is always the same all the way through, clean, wholesome, nourishing—made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world—just the food for the Autumn days when you are trying to store up strength for the rigors of the Winter. Try it for breakfast with hot milk, a little cream and a dash of salt.

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THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Ltd., NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St., E.

1888

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of this magazine is the Classified Advertising Page. There will be found condensed advertisements, properly classified, offering to buy, sell or exchange all manner of things.

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In the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE is a very effective way of selling, buying or exchanging new or second hand articles useful to business men and women; bringing together vacancies and those who are looking for positions; and for buying or selling businesses, securities or real estate. At a cost of but four cents a word you can put your proposition or application before thousands of business people all over Canada and in the United States, Great Britain and Europe. A classified ad, in the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE is bound to reach interested people because it reaches thousands of people near and far from your locality.

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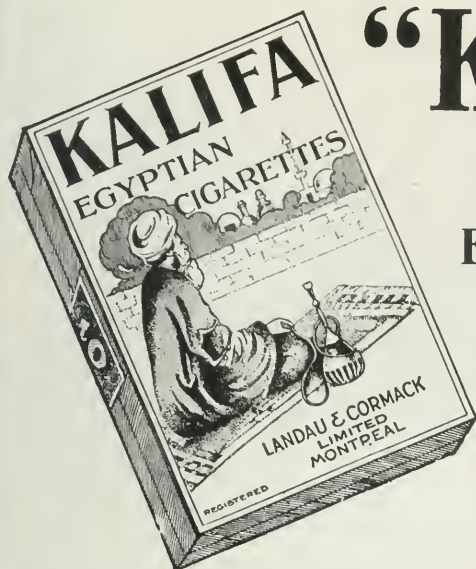
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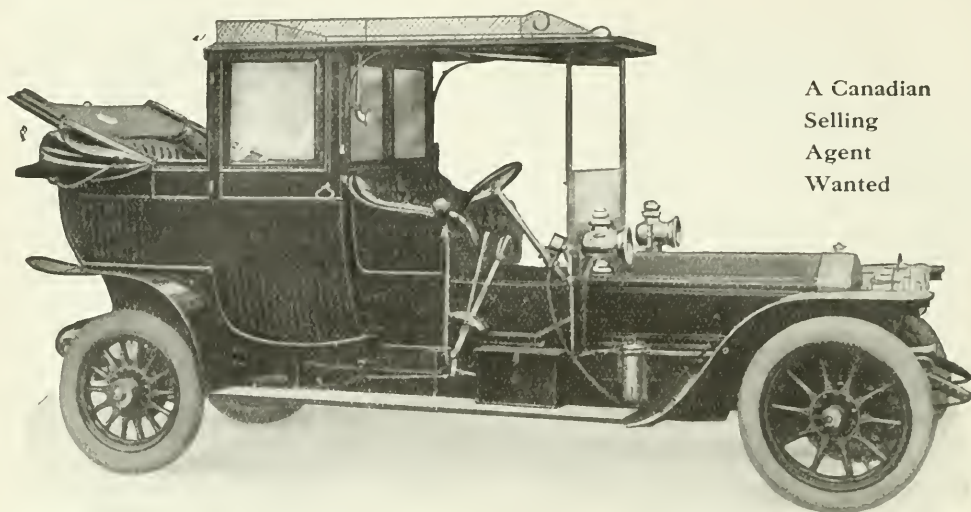
“The Indian Field,” the great sporting paper of India, says of the Ross Sporting Rifle, comparing it with other rifles of world-wide reputation (April 15th, 1909):

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The Rolls-Royce broke the Five Miles Record for all petrol cars of 60 h.p. and under; time, 4 min. 52 secs.

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The Rolls-Royce, competing against cars of far greater horse power, won for Great Britain the bronze statue for the World's International Touring Car Championship. Distance, 20 miles; time, 23 mins. 12 secs.

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Special Gold Medal offered for a 12 miles match between a 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce and a 30 h.p. American Car. Winner, 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce; time, 13 min. 12 2-5 secs.

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The Gold Medal for big cars was awarded to the Six-Cylinder Rolls-Royce.

1907-8

The 15,000 Miles Non-Stop Record

A Six-Cylinder Rolls-Royce, under Royal Automobile Club observation, covered 15,000 miles with only one minute stop (for petrol tap), or 14,371 miles Non-Stop Record, and no signs of wear to either engine, gears or main bearings. "Two years' work in seven weeks."

The cost of fuel, oil and all work done on the car during this trial, including cost of making the car equal to new at the end of the trial, was £93 15s. 10d., or under £48 a year of 7,500 miles.

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The Six-Cylinder Rolls-Royce was easily winner of its class by no less than 44 miles; was the fastest car on the hills in its class; was the most economical car on petrol of any car in the trial, having made the extraordinary record of 40.98 ton-miles per gallon, equal to 20.1 miles, per gallon throughout the trial, a result probably unprecedented in any all-round trial ever held; also lost less marks than any car in the trial of more than 21 h.p.

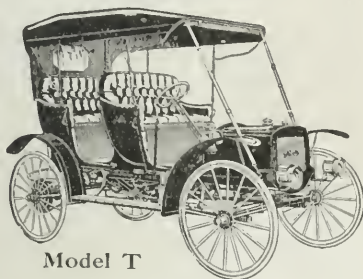
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\$1,000



Model T

The ideal family carriage. The one carriage that is always ready when you are—that will take you anywhere that a horse can draw a buggy—that will climb any hill that a horse can, and run easily through sand, mud and snow that the low-wheel, high-priced automobiles cannot negotiate.

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16-18 horse-power, double cylinder air-cooled motor—Chapman double ball-bearing axles, solid rubber tires, horn, 3 lamps, extension top, fenders and running boards. Handsomely finished throughout—a luxury to ride in—and fully guaranteed.

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The TUDHOPE-McINTYRE CO. Dept. B.M. Orillia, Ont.



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(Made also for the automatic selling of candy, sweetmeats, etc.)

is the biggest paying—the most easily started and developed proposition ever offered to you. You can start as small as necessary—you can make it as large as your ambition carries you. 1 machine or 100 will earn the enormous dividends of 217%. Do you see the wonderful possibilities of such a proposition to you? Do you realize what a great opportunity is placed in your hands, if you will reach out and grasp it? You can work it along with your present occupation without the least inconvenience. A few minutes' time, a little pleasant work is all that is necessary, until the business grows too big. You can then devote your entire time to it, operate a big business of your own that will be steady, permanent—that will bring enormous profits—that will grow indefinitely.

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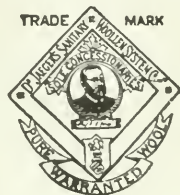
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Comfortable Underclothing

¶ If you have been wearing cotton underwear because you dread that irritating tickling in ordinary woollen underwear just try “CEETEE” Pure Wool Underclothing and you will never wear any other make.

¶ Our secret shrinking process removes all that irritating foreign matter and makes “CEETEE” soft and velvety to the skin.

¶ “CEETEE” fits perfectly, being *knit* (not cut and sewn) to the form and is absolutely unshrinkable. It is made from only the finest Australian Merino Wool and Silk and Wool and is the most comfortable underclothing on the market.

¶ “CEETEE” in medium weight is the right underwear for this season.

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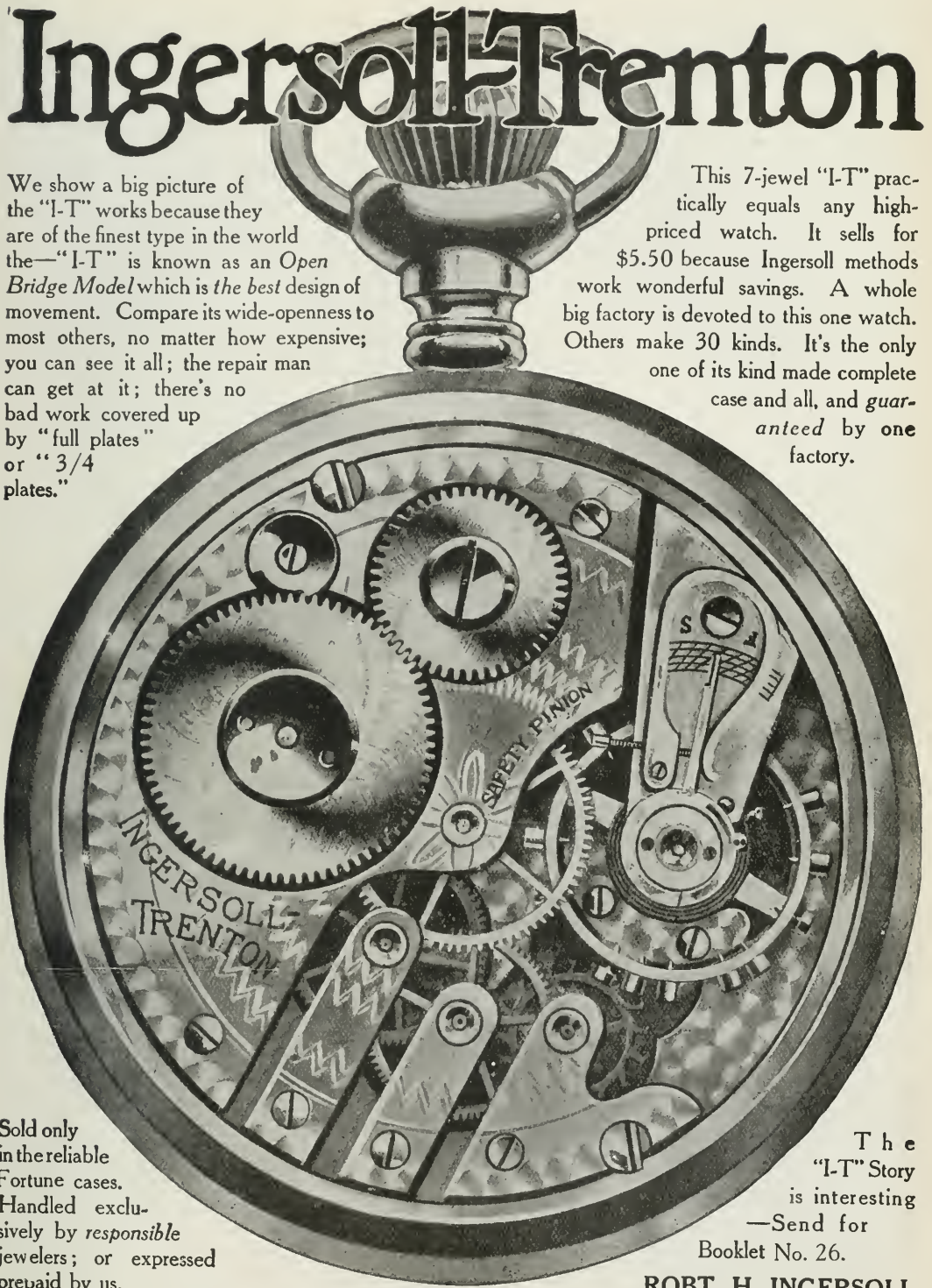
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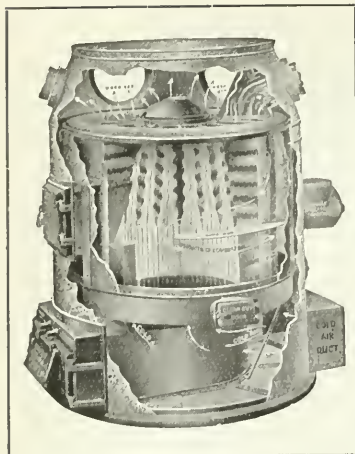
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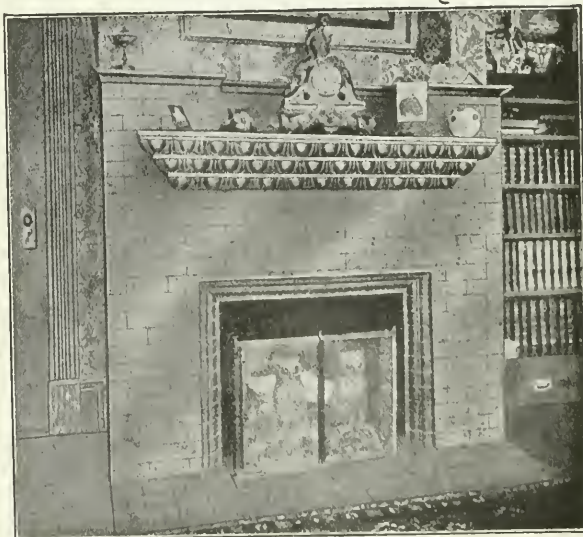
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The Hecla Steel Ribbed Fire-Pot has been proven by severe tests to result in an actual saving of over 13% in the amount of fuel necessary to produce a comfortable heat throughout the house. It never becomes red-hot, and will easily last for a life-time. The Hecla Cast Iron Combustion Chamber is practically a continuation of the fire-pot and will out-last any chamber of steel construction. Not the least of the advantages possessed by the Hecla are the Fused Joints used exclusively by this most modern of house-warming apparatus.

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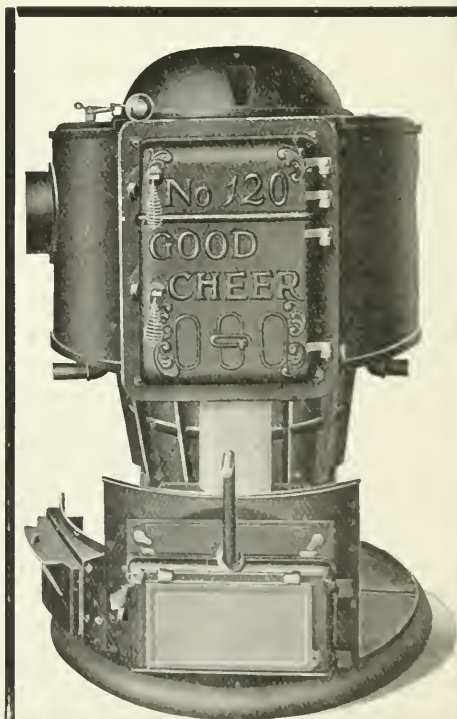
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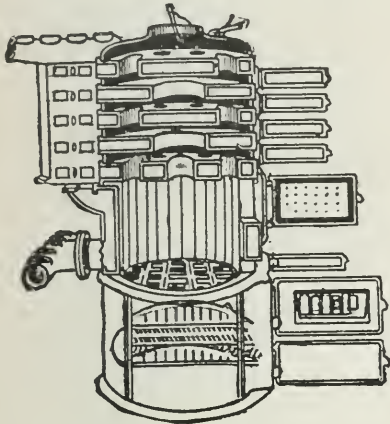
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